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THE GARDENS OF CORNISH

BY FRANCES DUNCAN



ARDENING in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country goes a-gardening in early youth. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden-writing body has repeated until Sir Francis in Elysium must regret he ever made the remark, which none the less is true. Gardening is essentially a middle-aged enjoyment, and America being, as nations go, still young, her garden-craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, inharmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.

We are frequently informed that "Mr. — is to have a fine place." And why? "He is spending thousands of dollars on it."

Yet when the rich man pulled down his barns and built greater, he did not necessarily improve the architecture; in fact the Lord said unto him, "Thou fool!"

It is at once the joy and the despair of a gardener that his work is never done; his materials are growing, changing,

ever-varying things. This is an endless delight to a man who lives with his garden and can watch his plans grow up; when he makes a garden for another it is a different matter. Then, after spending his best thought and skill, the garden must be turned over into the hands of the Philistine, who may—doubtless will—spoil his color effects, make gaudy what before was rich, introduce tawdry display where before was a sensitive delicacy. These are the things that try men's souls and will continue to try them until the owners of large places acquire some degree of sympathy with and understanding of art.

However, though in American gardening sin abounds, yet grace also abounds. There are many clients blest not only with intelligence, but with a willing mind; while, in spite of the client hanging like a millstone about his neck, many a landscape-gardener is doing admirable and enduring work.

Yet it is because garden art, more than any other, is at the mercy of the laity, that when one looks for signs of better times he looks not toward those places where the most money has been spent, but rather where the art instinct

is the strongest, and where desecrating and devitalizing standards do not obtain. For this reason one of the most hopeful spots which any believer in the future of American garden art can visit is the little New Hampshire town of Cornish.

It is now twenty years since Augustus Saint-Gaudens rented from Mr. Charles Beaman (of Evarts, Beaman & Choate,) an old, deserted brick inn standing on a bare tract of Cornish pasture. Three

Parrish. Of the Cornish elect are Kenyon and Louise Cox. Mrs. Frances C. Houston was an early comer; at the same time came Miss Annie Lazarus, sister of the poet. Later were Louis Saint-Gaudens, Henry B. Fuller, and his wife, Lucia Fairchild Fuller. Everett and Florence Scovel Shinn are comparatively new arrivals. Though artists predominate, there are also literary folk: Percy Mackaye, the poet;



SHRUBBERY ABOUT HENRY O. WALKER'S HOUSE

years later the sculptor bought both pasture and house. Since that time, one after another, artist after artist came and saw and settled likewise, until this bit of the New Hampshire hills is permanently linked with names that stand for the best in American art.

Among those who early left the Egyptian bondage of the city and followed the sculptor into his Promised Land were men of such worth and note as Herbert Adams, the sculptor, Henry O. Walker, Thomas W. Dewing, and his wife, Maria Oakley Dewing. Later came Stephen Parrish and his son, Maxfield

Louis Evan Shipman, the playwright; Norman Hapgood of "Collier's"; Herbert Croly of the "Architectural Record," and Winston Churchill of "Richard Carvel" fame. Garden-craft (professional, not amateur) is represented by Mr. Charles A. Platt, well known in architecture and garden art, and also by Miss Rose Standish Nichols, of the younger set of landscape-gardeners, who is doubtless most widely known by her scholarly work on "English Pleasure Gardens." Through Arthur Whiting and John Blair, music and the drama are naturalized at Cornish.



MAXFIELD PARRISH'S LOGGIA

Large as Cornish looms in art, known as the home of good architecture and good gardening, it is one of those New England towns through which one may pass without realizing that he has reached the town at all. The Windsor road stretches itself along beside the Connecticut in leisurely fashion. Now on one

side, now on the other, as the stream winds, lie meadows in sunny stretches; but the valley is wilder than the country farther south, where the land descends to the river level in orderly terraces. Across the river, reached by toll-bridge and ferry, is Windsor, the metropolis, post-office, and mart; for into the

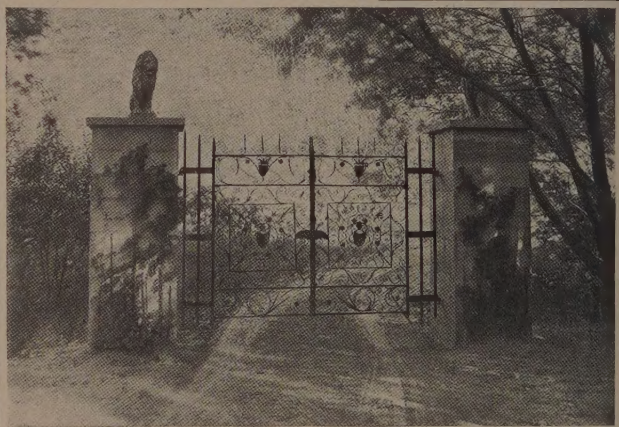


THE OAKS AT MAXFIELD PARRISH'S HOUSE



Cornish of the colony naught that defileth has yet entered, and there are neither shops nor trolley cars. East of the river and the road are the hills and steep, rough pasturelands, broken again and again by wooded ravines, where the white delicacy of the canoe birch and the warmth and color of tawny yellow birches light up rough oaks and shadowy hem-

locks. The woods are not so dense but that the boles of pale-gray beeches stand out clear-cut and sculpturesque against darker tree-trunks, and in the heart of the silence a little brook sings merrily to itself, content with the trees as auditors. Oh, the brooks! Never was there such a country for brooks. Every man has at least two within his



gates, and after each rain they spring up unexpectedly.

Except for Winston Churchill, Dr. Nichols, and the Fullers, who live on the Plainfield road, Cornish folk have wisely taken to the hills, and overlook the valley and Ascutney, each with a view of his own; for there are views and to spare at Cornish. There are acres and acres of pasture-land where, except for a chance

THE TERRACES AT "HIGHCOURT," OWNED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE GATES AT "HIGHCOURT"

THE GARDEN AT "HIGHCOURT"



THE PORCH WITH A BRICK FLOOR, THOMAS W. DEWING'S HOUSE

foot, Cornish cows are in mild possession of a wonderful sweep of country—wide-spreading valley, meadow, and river, and line upon line of deep-blue distant mountains.

Lovely as the country is, its rare, wild

beauty as yet unspoiled by the Philistines, it is not precisely what one might call "gardenable." The hills, in their picturesqueness and charm of outline, though strong in their appeal to an artist, are, as building sites, rather difficult to manage.



THE ENTRANCE TO THOMAS W. DEWING'S GARDEN

In the first place, Cornish hills are bare; and every one knows that any variety of hill-top residence, castle or cottage, should be "bosomed high in tufted trees," and that a house, well enough on a suburban street, when placed on a bare knoll, looks often no more at home than the Ark on Ararat before the animals passed out to enliven the scenery. For, set on a hill as a statue on a pedestal, nothing is hidden: the house must compose well from every point of view.

first house that ever he built, "High-court," erected for Miss Lazarus and now owned by Mr. Norman Hapgood, was almost perfect in this respect. Again and again one catches sight of the low spreading villa, its white walls, red-tiled roof, and tall poplars standing out against the sky, and from no point displeasing. One glimpse of it, for instance, from some three miles away, shows plainly the white curve of the road sweeping around the eastern end of the



THE GARDEN OF LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN

Now, in this matter of "composing" with the site, an artist, thoroughly familiar with the contour of the near-by hills and intensely alive to their beauty, may be less likely to go wrong in placing his house and garden than an office-bound architect. It is for this reason, doubtless, that Mr. Charles A. Platt's work at Cornish has been so satisfying. Mr. Platt was a painter when first he came to Cornish. He had the artist's acquaintance with the Cornish hills long before he took up landscape-gardening. His houses all compose well; in fact, the

villa, and the two groups of Lombardy poplars which stand on each side of the drive are in precisely the right position—almost as if the house and its setting had been planned from that point.

Lombardy poplars have more than once been used with excellent effect by Cornish gardeners, and, what is rarer, with reserve. Mr. Platt has shown great skill in the use of these. The single poplars, which, on Mr. Saint-Gaudens's place, stand one on each corner of the terrace, are planted solely for their architectural value. The house is rather nar-

row and high. These tall, slender "Lombardys" seem to belong to the scheme of the house and bring it into better proportion. The placing of two or three trees may appear a slight matter, yet, if instead of these poplars, there had been planted the usual assortment,—one or two Norway maples, a catalpa (probably the golden one), and a red-leaved Japanese maple, with *Hydrangea paniculata* on the lawn,—both distinction and dignity would have been lost.

This fitting of house and garden to the site has been accomplished in a variety of ways by Cornish gardeners. At Mr. Stephen Parrish's place, the house and garden extend along almost to the brink of a steep descent; yet by means of a fifteen-foot grass terrace west of the house, guarded by a tall hedge and chiefly by the single Lombardy poplar which stands at the extreme edge, the house is united to the site, while the extension from the house of a pergola one side of which forms the garden-wall



LIVING-ROOM OPENING ON THE GARDEN, KENYON COX'S HOUSE

gives a reason for the wall and a sense of security to the garden.

Mr. Walker's house has not even this terrace between it and the steep ravine on the west. East of the house, however, is a level grass court, its borders gay with old-fashioned flowers, while the house itself is substantial and low-spreading, and the broad porch is almost level with the ground. On the west, the view-side, is an even broader porch, making the house seem securely anchored. Like many Cornish houses, this is of Mr. Platt's designing.



THE BRICK-PAVED TERRACE AT KENYON COX'S HOUSE

Maxfield Parrish's house, a long, low structure, stretching east and west almost at the top of a steep hill, is set far enough back from a group of fine old oaks to be in the right relation to them. Though the gardening is slight indeed, the broad grass path, bordered by snowy *Spirea Van Houttei*, is wide enough to give a sense of breadth and completion to the loggia. Lombardy poplars are wisely left unplanted; they would have marred the effect of the splendid oaks,

for one thing, and been out of keeping with the style of the house, for another.

Aside from the good garden-craft shown in the harmonious fitting of house and garden to the site, good art is also shown in the almost invariable subordination of the garden to the view. Rare is it in Cornish that the garden runs an

would have seemed almost garish. But stepping from the reception room out into a garden, which is on the same level, with the scent of flowers coming into the room and the color of the tall larkspurs harmonizing with the hangings on the walls, one feels no jarring note.

At another place, although the view from the house is charming, for the best



THE POPLARS AT AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS'S HOUSE

opposition show, or challenges comparison with the loveliness of the mountains. At "Highcourt," especially, where, as one enters from the north, and looks directly through the wide doors to mountains far enough away in the blue distance to be seen in their dreamy, poetic beauty of outline, the wisdom of placing the garden at the east of the house is at once felt; for, after lifting up one's eyes unto such hills, the gay color of flower-beds

sight of valley and mountain one ascends several steps from the little, half-enclosed garden and follows a smooth, shrub-bordered grass path ending at a great pine, a magnificent old tree, gnarled and twisted with the stress and strain of more than a century. From this point one overlooks a wide sweep of country. Near the tree is a wooden seat, simple in design; and there is no attempt by decorative exedra or flower-beds to add a



A PATH IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

touch of mistaken prettiness to the noble, massive strength of the old tree.

Aside from the wisdom of showing temperance and occasionally abstinence in the use of Lombardy poplars, Cornish gardeners have made an exceedingly skilful use of material at hand. Mr. Dew-

stinct are plain to see in many a Cornish garden.

The climate of northern New Hampshire is no light thing to reckon with, and many a plant that thrives lustily in Long Island or Philadelphia gardens is very summarily dismissed by a single Cornish



WHERE THE HOUSE AND GARDEN MEET AT STEPHEN PARRISH'S

ing, one of the pioneers in Cornish gardening, did much in the way of horticultural experiments, proving which plants were possible or impossible. His own place passed into the hands of another artist, Mr. W. H. Hyde, and is being remodeled on a more elaborate scale, but the traces of Mr. Dewing's garden-craft and the rare quality of his artistic in-

winter. Therefore, it is interesting to note the skilful use made of those worthy plants which are able to endure severe cold. The usual stand-bys for hedges, privet and box, are impossible, but one sees hedges of the *Spirea Van Houttei*, a mass of snowy bloom in June, and, after its glory has departed, trimmed, hedge-fashion. In Mr. Parrish's garden it is

even clipped into a square shape after its blossoming is over, and makes a very creditable piece of topiary work. Mr. Platt has used *Berberis* with good effect. At "Aspet" the common white pine, which at Cornish grows serenely in the most barren of windswept pastures, is used as a tall hedge; in which station, having been closely clipped for years, it makes almost as dense a screen as the English yew, serving both as a defence against the chance sight-seer and affording a soft,

suckle and the crimson-rambler roses are impotent things beside so inexpensive a luxury as a wild grape-vine. Elsewhere in Cornish a house wall is completely covered by grape-vines, which afford an admirable background for the color of the garden. Yet another reversion to a simpler, less nurserymanic form of planting is shown in the use of dwarf fruit-trees for the strategic points in a charming garden where they are far more in keeping than bay-trees, which would have re-



POOL AND PERGOLA IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

dark background for the gayety of poppies and the daintiness of delicate sweet-peas. One doubts, however, its permanent vale. Here at St. Gaudens's, wild grape-vines run riot over the white-pillared portico of the studio with a gay luxuriance and a beauty of artistic effect that should make a crimson-rambler pergola, beautiful during only the few short weeks, of bloom, feel like drooping its vines for very shame. In their purely artistic value, in their contrast of vine-stalk and leaf with white walls and pillars, such vines as the Japanese honey-

quired a more polished formality and a more equable climate. Cornish gardeners, like most formal gardeners, incline to hardy gardening and set out chiefly herbaceous plants. Daffodils, poet's narcissus, Scilla, columbines, phlox, and iris, hardy chrysanthemums, poppies, Michaelmas daisies, and larkspurs in perfection are what one sees. Roses, except the sturdy Japanese Rugosas, which even aphides in hordes like Egyptian locusts cannot dishearten, have a melancholy existence. One is a bit surprised that more use has not been made of the beautiful

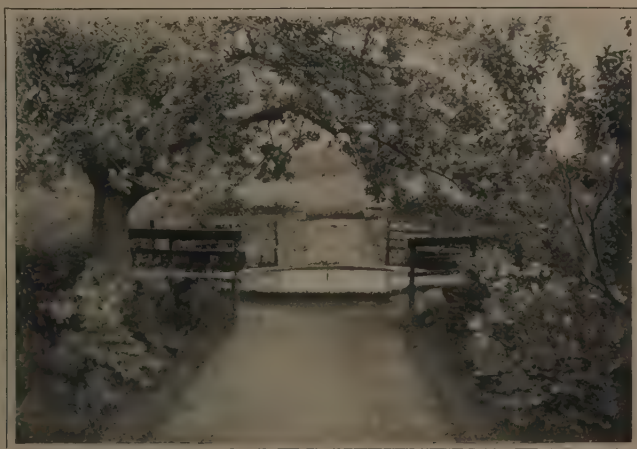


IN THE GARDEN OF MISS ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS

native thorns, which abound in the pastures.

Many details of garden device are very interesting, such as the steps made of rough stones, with cement poured in the generous interstices, or of alternate diamonds of brick and cement, tile fashion.

Clever also are the brick gate-posts which should have been crowned with a stone top; but the artist's purse forbade, so he built a mold on top of his four-square post and poured in cement for his capital. The gate-posts of the Dewing garden are also of home manufacture,



THE POOL IN MISS NICHOLS'S GARDEN

the gates themselves are Mr. Dewing's design, executed by a village carpenter.

These are only a few of many points of skilful garden-craft, more deeply interesting to the gardener than to those engaged in less Edenic pursuits. Yet an incongruity in an apparently trifling detail, a single false note, has marred many

to site and prospect, yet the gardens themselves are individual. Mr. Cox's gardening is almost done in miniature. Here the most attractive part of it is hardly more than a strip outside the living-room windows. The long French windows occupy most of the wall of this room on its southeast side, and by them,



THE GARDEN OF HERBERT CROLY

a good garden, and many gardeners who have good ideas and think good thoughts, think them in English or Italian, in terms of yews and ilexes, and are utterly unable to translate their ideas into American horticulture and express their yews and ilexes in American plants which can thrive in a given climate.

Though Cornish gardeners have been of the same mind in showing deference

almost on the same level, is the garden. A narrow brick path runs between the phlox and the tall larkspurs, and the little terrace, with its low wooden balustrade, seems a very integral part of the room.

One of the most satisfying of all Cornish gardens, and one of the most individual, is Mr. Stephen Parrish's. Here house and garden are almost inseparable.

The pergola seems an extension of the porch, and between its outer posts is the garden-wall, with long, low seats making it a charming place in which to lounge or to read. The two house-walls which enclose the garden on the north and east are completely vine-covered. From the time of the earliest crocus



THE PORCH OF HERBERT CROLY'S HOUSE

to that of the deep-purple Michaelmas daisies the garden is a-bloom. Mr. Parrish has inclined more to the use of shrubs than most Cornish gardeners. Leaving the little formal garden and its quiet pool, one follows shrub-bordered grass paths which lead one to unexpected, charming retreats, for the garden has a delightful intricacy of device. Here, also, is the only satisfying planting of the Colorado blue spruce which the present writer remembers having seen. Usually it is to the garden what the plush album is to the parlor table.

There is an ingenious disposal of the "offices"—a studio and a workshop, a

charming little tool-house and a greenhouse. Instead of being objects which must skulk behind shrubbery, these, while not obtrusive, and not seen unless one happens to walk their way, are yet made a part of the scheme.

Very different from this, but very delightful, is the garden of Miss Nichols.

The house is not of the type to make the architectural accompaniments of balustrades and terraces needful; the garden, therefore, is enclosed in a low stone wall, not of smooth masonry, but built of rough, flat stones, and is separated from the house by a broad grass terrace. Although the paths are laid out with proper regularity, there is yet a charming, half-careless grace in the planting. The color schemes are lovely, and over the pool in the center bend the twisted branches of an old apple-tree, giving a touch of quietness and repose to the whole garden.

Much more closely united to the house



THE HILLSIDE GARDEN OF MRS. FRANCES C. HOUSTON



THE TERRACE OVERLOOKING CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

is Mr. Croly's garden, which, like the house, is of Mr. Platt's planning. It has far more compactness, with neatness and trimness of finish, as befits its nearness to the very doors of the house. There are delightful little borders of tiny, gayly flowering plants, and the whole place has an air of thrift and prosperity; for Mrs. Croly is a notable gardener, even among Cornishites. Different again is Mrs. Houston's garden. The house is of the English half-timber sort; the studio wall is radiant with *Clematis paniculata*, and against the porch grows a lusty gray-green honeysuckle with excellent effect; but the steep steps lead to the garden, lying on a little terrace some fifteen feet below and guarded by a low wall. At "Highcourt" the architectural arrangement is the garden's chief excellence.

Mr. Platt's own garden is thoroughly characteristic, especially admirable in its proportions in its relation to the house and in its treatment of the view; for by that rarely exercised privilege, judicious thinning, a vista is opened through which one sees the mountains to perfection.

Aside from satisfying the mere liking

of the eye, the Cornish gardens are livable, lovable spots, on very intimate terms with their owners. One sometimes sees rooms wherein art has been so breathlessly pursued that the position of each object is the result of the most careful consideration, the most intense and pious care, until one feels as if no chair or table would dare to move an inch for fear of disturbing the color scheme; and garden and grounds are done in like manner. At Cornish there is nothing of this strained and uncomfortable art. A garden is not sacred and a thing apart, to be gazed at from the drawing-room windows or strolled through occasionally with an admiring visitor. It is simply an outgrowth of the house, an out-of-door living-room, to be used and changed if one pleases, until one finds the best possible arrangement.

Perhaps the intimacy of gardens and owners is due to the fact that no Cornish garden is given over to the care of a hireling. Each is in the keeping of its owner, with merely such lay assistance as may be found in the average "hired man."

Formal gardenening has suffered many

things in America. In the first place, any kind of architectural arrangement is eyed as rank heresy by the lovers of "naturalistic" planting. Yet to imitate nature is by no means as easy as it sounds, and a house, superimposed on the brown old earth is not precisely a natural object. It did not spring up like Jonah's gourd, nor was it deposited by a glacier, and to provide for it a suitable setting, to unite it with the site, to "frame" it by a slight architectural setting, does not seem so unlawful a thing even to a nature-lover. In America, divorce between architecture and garden-craft is woefully prevalent; or, if not open divorce, incompatibility of temperament at least is the rule; so that when, as at Cornish, the

two appear in public as a happily married couple, one is apt to wax enthusiastic.

There are other types of gardening in America; there are notable gardens which are well worth attention, and most of them are receiving it. These Cornish gardens are small indeed compared with the great estates; yet a miniature may be as admirable a work of art as that painting of the Primrose family which the good vicar was unable to bring inside the house, and in their adaptation to site and environment and owner, in their sincerity, their rare-found harmony and proportion, these gardens, unpretentious as they are, are yet blessedly indicative of a very definite and hopeful development in American gardening.



A VIEW IN CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

IMPERIALISM

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

AND is power all?—brute lunge of arms,
 The metal crown, the actual earth?
 A little country overseas,
 'Mid strife of tongues and war's alarms,
 Sits calm above the potencies
 And boasts, "To Homer I gave birth,
 And Plato, and Praxiteles."



Drawn by J. N. Marchand, Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"HE WHIRLED SUDDENLY UPON THEM"

THE ROPING MATCH AT ANTELOPE

BY ALICE MacGOWAN



UNCLE HANK'S blue eyes twinkled so brightly that Hilda, scudding past with two-year-old Burchie in tow, lingered to listen. The old man was not only manager of The Three Sorrows, and foreman and ranch boss as well, but he was also guardian of the orphan children left there by its last owner, poor Charley Van Brunt, sometime New York clubman, one of those lovable, helpless derelects which the swift tide of Eastern civilization casts upon the hopeful coasts of the frontier. Hank Pearsall, seasoned cattleman, knowing the cow business, hoofs, horns, and hide, had come to the bewildered, inexperienced Easterner as comes the thing that we must have. Between little Hilda, newly orphaned of her mother, and the great-hearted, childless old cowpuncher, it had been love at first sight. So, when the father, too, was gone—killed by a fall from his pony in a roundup—and Miss Valeria, his maiden sister, the helpless fine lady, weepingly proposed to take the children back to New York and what she alluringly described as "beggary," the ranch manager's assurance that he could and would make a living for them all on The Sorrows was eagerly welcomed; and Miss Val rose to the occasion with the one memorable, sensible proposal of her life, which was that he become legal guardian of the orphans.

"See, here, Shorty," Uncle Hank was saying to his best cowpuncher as Hilda stopped, "they's some things that ort to be did, an' they's some things jest has to be did. This hyer's one of the kind that has to be did."

Shorty O'Meara, perplexed, but ac-

quiescent, nodded his red head energetically. The ranch boss must know, and what he said went. "Sure," he agreed. "But—"

"They ain't no buts about it," Pearsall broke in. "You plumb p'intedly got to do it—you no-'count, wastful cuss, stravagin' round ropin' steers an' tyin' 'em down in forty-five or fifty seconds' time all over The Sorriers pasters any day o' the week!"

Taxed with his proficiency, Shorty looked embarrassed, and offered the safe reply: "Sure, Hank, sure. Anything you say. I 'll try to make better time, if that's it."

"Your time 'll do—hit's the best in the Panhandle," said the old man. "Leastwise, that's what I'm banking on. You jest lope into the match over to the fair at Antelope next week. I've got it fixed in my own mind for you to scoop that kerridge they've put up for the ropin' prize."

"Why, Hank," remonstrated the cowpuncher, dubiously, "I was goin' to try for somethin' else—sorter 'lowed I 'd take that silver-trimmed sombrero they've fixed up for the best rider. I can rope better than I can ride, that's a fact; but I hain't got no use for a family carriage—not yet, I hain't. An' that one don't go to the winner, nohow: it goes to the ranch that he works for, you know."

"That's so, Shorty. You hain't got no use for the kerridge—personal; but I know some folks that has," Pearsall said. "Hit's a-comin' right down to this, that Charley's children 'll have to ride broncs or hoof it around over this State of Texas 'less'n something's done pretty quick. Charley's old buckboard is a

plumb wreck. The ambulanch is all we 've got to take Miss Val an' the kiddies anywhere in, an' hit's a staggerin' cripple—one leg broke, one arm in a sling, both eyes blacked, an' one year chewed off."

"That's whatever, Hank," agreed O'Meara, accepting the other's description of the ambulance with entire seriousness. "You bet I 'll go for that carriage. I 'll ketch up Pardner now."

The two passed out of hearing, to put O'Meara's crack cutting pony into the home pasture and carefully prepare him for the great event. And Hilda, carrying Burchie pickaback, gained the *asequia*, the little irrigating ditch, which, on its willow-fringed way from the native spring to do good work in the alfalfa field, left its benignant trail of greenery—grass, tall cottonwoods, bird-haunted, and a charm of coolness and rest—on the face of the hot, open plain. A great limb, leaning low in cosmic gratitude across the little stream, the child pulled down, and with great care wedged the chubby, two-year-old brother into a stout crotch, fastening each dimpled fist firmly around a convenient upstanding twig. Then gently waggling and teetering the equipage, she whispered exultantly: "That's the way the new carriage will ride. An' Uncle Hank said Shorty was to get it for us. Shorty sure has to do it if Uncle Hank says so." The childish voices murmured on in an accompaniment to the lispng water. A king's coach of state would have shown a modest vehicle beside that which Hilda depicted; she had not seen it, not she. It was the radiance of her love for, her trust in, Uncle Hank which lent glitter to the varnish and an adorable softness to the cushions.

A dragon-fly darted out from the obscurity of the other bank, and hung above the water in all its burnished bravery, turning, wheeling, flickering, darting here and there, displaying dazzlingly the blue-black polish on body and wing. Hilda welcomed it as a providential illustration. Her eloquence, satisfying to her own ardent imagination, she had felt to be something short of convincing to the material-minded little male; but here 'was something concrete, visible, with which to clench her assurances, and she cried out softly:

"It looks just like that, Burchie boy,

only bigger. It's shiny that way, an' it can go 'most as quick; but it 'll go the way Uncle Hank wants it to."

Throughout the long, sunny, sleepy summer day, and for six days thereafter, as long and sweet and drowsy, the two happy children rode in that wonderful carriage, the beauties and perfections of which were dwelt upon till it was wholly theirs: they were only going over to the Lame Jones County fair to claim it publicly, formally to prove ownership.

When the wonderful morning dawned at last, the ancient, crippled ambulance was once more "toggled up," as Uncle Hank called it, a pair of quiet ponies put to it, and the old man drove his little household gallantly over the twenty miles of open plain to Antelope. Beside them or ahead, Shorty, Jeff, old Snake Tompson, and the other Three S cowpunchers rode in a brave squad, from which came the sounds of jingling spurs, creaking saddles, and that deep, satisfying music of big bass voices.

It was a customary caravan. Sometimes as Hilda rode so, she was a Persian princess in her palanquin, with her retinue of slaves; or a prisoner, torn from some indefinitely splendid home, her cruel captors galloping beside, exchanging callous jest and laughter across her delicious, silken-robed despair. And her elders never guessed that the quiet, dutiful child was riding in a world, splendid, hideous, marvelous, of her own.

But to-day all such imaginings were thrust aside by the more practical and specific appeal of the new carriage. She neglected to make sounds of pursuit or rescue out of the thudding hoofs of the led horses behind the ambulance, where trotted Shorty's "gilt-edged cutting pony," and a sober buckskin-colored mount from the back of which Uncle Hank purposed later to view the races and the contest. So, by natural and usual steps, they came to Antelope and to the fair grounds, where the little girl had eyes, ears, and thoughts for nothing of all the gay show—the horses, the cattle, the patchwork quilts, buttonholes, preserves, tidies, and hand-painted pin-cushions. Uncle Hank, guessing her secret, found a comfortable seat for Miss Val, and then, carrying Burchie, led Hilda to where stood the special prize

for the roping contest—the graceful, shiny, cozy little vehicle. Nobody knew that the carriage was Hilda's very own, and, with a good child's outward docility, she listened, mute, to the eager speculations concerning its probable fortunate winner. Grown people were curiously addicted to these transparent fictions. Perhaps they were the grown-up equivalent of Persian princesses, weeping captive, and the like. At any rate, the civil thing was to let them pass unchallenged; and now the time was at hand when, Shorty having roped his steer, they could openly take possession of their own.

Life went by with little flavor or meaning, while the many products of nature, and of man's and woman's skill, were sampled, judged, and the awards made. It still crept on feeble wing while the gentlemen rode for the bullion-trimmed sombrero, which Frosty McQueen won; and the ladies rode for a resplendent Texas cow-girl side-saddle, which fell to Miss Tommie Lee. It made little better progress during the races, and the bestowal of the purse and the cup, the giving of the various first, second, and third prizes. Yet it did pass. The moment did arrive when one said, and truly, that the roping contest was the only event now remaining. At the words Hilda's heart beat fast, then seemed to stop with a vicious buck. Her dilated eyes quested almost wildly for Uncle Hank among the groups of horsemen. He was gone. She slipped away in search, and presently found him at the corrals with Shorty. The young Irishman stood nursing upon his broad breast, with his left hand, something wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. And that something? Oh, no, no, it could not be, God would not let it be, Shorty's own right hand—the hand which could cast the swiftest, cunningest lariat in western Texas; the only one which could write, with the twirl of the looped rope, the children's formal deed to the dear little carriage! Yet it must be so, for Shorty, a grown man, was crying.

Yes, down O'Meara's sanguine cheeks the big tears of anger and humiliation and disappointment were following each other, and he groaned: "Oh, durn a fool—they ain't worth raisin'! Pearsall, just fire me; I wish you'd kick me, too.

Had to go and git a drink ahead. I'd never 'a' broke into that there scrimmage ef I had n't tuck a drink—ye know that, Hank. An' now—" he choked—"now they's no one to ride for The Sorrers; nobody to git that little carriage for the kiddies."

He gave up and wept openly, sheltered from the crowd by Uncle Hank's tall frame. The old man's back was to Hilda; unseen, unsuspected, the child stood there, paralyzed with dismay. Here, at one blow, all hope and delight were struck out of life. But upon the numbness of her despair fell the quiet tones of Uncle Hank's big voice, saying:

"Nobody to ride for The Sorrers? Well, I don't hardly know; but—I—I guess they's a' old yap—hain't so very old neither—a' old yap by the name of Pearsall that's a-gwine to ride for The Sorrers. Them there kiddies of mine don't stand much show to git that ker-ridge now, I reckon; but I'm shore a-gwine to make a turrable set at it. Hit sha'n't never be said they was nobody to so much as try for my little girl."

Hilda's small frame had ado at all times to contain the great heart of the child, and Uncle Hank was the special object of that heart's worship. Now the carriage must, in the nature of things, be saved to her, since he said he should contest for it; and the revelation of that "my little girl" swelled the tumultuous heart till it threatened to rend its inadequate envelop. Quite blind with love and the rapture of relief, she crept back to the grand stand, squeezing into her place beside Aunt Val, carefully drawing her dusty little feet as far as possible away from that lady's voluminously flounced skirts, and breathed a long sigh.

At the corral Shorty was crying out: "My Lord, Hank, that's a fact! Why did n't we think of that before?" The "drink ahead" that had been his undoing still warmed his view of things. "Barrin' me, you're 'way yonder the best man on The Sorrers—ef you don't brag, nor make bets, and ain't never timin' yourself on a throw. Thank the Lord! Go on and enter, Hank—go right along! Take my pony—"

But the old man made answer: "I reckon I could n't rope nary lick on any other hoss than my Buckskin, Shorty."

So, very unexpectedly and very late in the day, another contestant was entered in the roping match—old Hank Pearsall, on Buckskin, a figure which had long been, and was long to be familiar in the new county of Lane Jones,—the birth of which the fair celebrated,—and through all the Panhandle country.

The preparations for this particular event, always a favorite, were complete and extensive. Across the plains there had been brought in, fighting, bellowing, protesting, every wild old outlaw steer from the ranches within a radius of forty miles. Within the oval race track they were confined in a large pen, out of which a smaller one opened by heavy bars. And now Colonel Jack Peyton, formerly of Kentucky, rode out upon his cream-colored pony and, lifting high his hat with a double-curved sweep, announced that the roping contest was about to begin. It was felt by others besides Hilda that the interesting moment of the fair had arrived. The crowd cheered him, as it always cheered the pictorial Kentuckian. Peyton bowed, flashed his white teeth in a smile beneath his dark mustache, and recited the terms:

Each man should have only one trial, thus making the struggle short and sharp, and tincturing it with the stimulating element, chance. For the battle was lost to him who failed to get a quick start after the steer at the outset, who missed his cast too often, or whose horse stumbled in a prairie-dog hole. A steer was to be loosed to each contestant from the mouth of the smaller pen, twenty feet from which a broad line had been chalked upon the ground. Close beside the bars of egress the candidate was to take his stand, and the moment his steer crossed the chalk-line he should be free to follow.

It was a fine-looking body of men who now ranged themselves in front of the judge's stand. In the early eighties one found examples from all classes among Texas cowboys; and here were also several business men, a deputy sheriff, two lawyers, and a doctor: for whatever else a man might be in the Texas Panhandle in those days, he certainly owned cattle; and it followed that to ride and to rope, along with the other items of a cow-puncher's business, were features of a

young fellow's collateral education. Uncle Hank was the only rider not under thirty; and when, amid this youthful assemblage, his grizzled head and smiling, wrinkled front appeared, there arose a breeze of bantering applause and friendly guying.

"Go it, Hank!"

"Hi, Pearsall, hi!"

"Say, Hank, whirl in and learn the boys how to rope a steer and tie him."

One strange, squeaking, falsetto voice, the mere sound of which called forth peals of mirth, piped:

"Well, I'll be hanged—from head to foot! If old Hank Pearsall ain't a-lin'in' out after that kerridge!"

At the ludicrous tone, and the merriment evoked by it, the great black eyes in Hilda's little peaked face flashed and her lip trembled. Could it be possible that they were treating her Uncle Hank disrespectfully—that they meant to ridicule him! She had never heard of the cruel Roman's wish that his city's entire populace had only one neck for him to wring; but as those big, tender, passionate eyes swept the faces of the chuckling, guffawing, giggling crowd, fiercely demanding its meaning, the capacity for that savage wish was in her childish soul—if they were guilty. But Uncle Hank beamed good-naturedly, and Hilda smiled again. He took off his sombrero in response to the familiar, hearty rallying, and waved it, displaying thick, crinkled curls of a wonderful black-and-silver sheen, temples and brows with their singular and characteristic calm, and twinkling blue eyes, placid and smiling. Even on horseback his commanding six-feet-two of stature made itself noticed; while his clean, athletic leanness, his long, straight, supple limbs, and his tremendous reach of arm, were unmatched amid that youthful band.

The riders drew back to station; the bars between the two pens were let down, and a steer was admitted into the smaller enclosure, a lean, sorrel-colored animal which plunged instantly to the farther extremity of the pen, found it closed, and turned to rush back the way he had come. A mounted man with a big whip held him in check till the dividing bars were up. The bony, yellow brute whirled, and leaped from side to side of

the little pen, attempting first one fence and then the other, to be opposed at each essay with whoops and yells, so that when the outer bars were finally withdrawn he shot forth, a tawny streak of maddened Texas steer.

At the pen's mouth waited Jim Tazewell from the Q K X, on his nervous little bay cutting pony, Pappoose. As the horse made after the yellow streak, Jim sitting easily in the saddle, his rope swinging about his head, over all the great assembly there was silence so intense that the soft noise made by the irregular thudding of those eight flying hoofs sounded curiously distinct. Tazewell had had a good start; Pappoose was swift and dexterous. After some galloping and several thwarted attempts, the cast was successfully made; then came the moment of suspense when the pony was straining every nerve to keep with the steer, while both horse and rider watched for a chance to throw him.

When they had succeeded, and Tazewell leaped from the saddle to tie the animal, leaving Pappoose to hold him, the steer, with a sudden convulsive effort, rose to his feet. But the pony's bright black eyes were upon his enemy; he instantly ran backward, and brought the quarry once more to earth with a slam. Tazewell threw himself upon it, tied its feet, sprang erect, and held up his hands, signaling that the business was done; and when the applause which followed its successful completion quieted down, the judge read out Tazewell's time—fifty-two seconds.

Throughout this spectacle, Hilda had sat bent forward, scarcely breathing. Her cold little hands were clutched tightly together. Her heart was torn between the very real demands of neighborly kindness—for this was Kenny Tazewell's papa—and her fierce loyalty to Uncle Hank. Even the imperiled carriage was forgotten in the new emotion—this passion of blind partisanship, this spirit of crude, savage competition, descendant of that instinct which, in primitive man, led him to slay his neighbor in order to tear from him the food he had secured.

But now the yelling and whooping were renewed; a white steer leaped over the lowered poles into the small pen,

and flung himself half across the outlet bars, refusing to be beaten back, bursting through them before they could be taken down, and galloping swiftly away, followed by the rider from the Matador, young Kedge Dawson, nicknamed "the Kid," a boy yet in the early twenties.

Kedge had ridden the range since he could remember, and was a crack roper, given, in his hours of relaxation, to the facetious shooting up of casual small cow towns. He made very sure, in his heart, of carrying the prize home to Velva Ortiz of the Matador; and as Hilda looked piteously at him, her own child's heart foreboded that he reckoned not without some assurance.

When the white steer shot across the chalk-line, with Dawson, upon his black horse, Nigger Boy, close after him, tears rose and swam in Hilda's eyes; and when, with no mishap whatever, the Kid made his cast, and the noose settled as though predestined about the curving horns, the little girl's throat ached, and she murmured bitterly beneath her breath:

"But—but Uncle Hank's old. He—Kid Dawson ought not to—they might know—Uncle Hank can't—" Her chest contracted spasmodically, and cut the poor sentences in two with painful gasps. And the last choking, whispered cry was always, "He—Uncle Hank—he's older'n they are!" Never had mere youth seemed to Hilda so malevolent. It did not occur to her that she herself possessed much more of the offensive quality than any of these insolent antagonists.

Meantime the Kid had dropped into the carelessness of the cock-sure. As the steer fell heavily to the jerk of his staunch little pony, he took two or three dallies round the saddle-horn with an off-hand flourish, skipped smiling from horse, the wine of victory sending its fumes to his brain, and hastened, cord in hand, to tie his victim. But the instant the steer felt Dawson's hand upon him, he surged to his feet, casting the Kid into a somewhat unsightly wad on the dusty turf. Of Hilda's emotions at this sudden collapse of Kid Dawson's fortunes probably least said is best.

Nigger Boy would have saved the situation. Loyal, ready, he instantly ran backward on the rope; but the Kid's

hasty dallies had made it insufficiently fast to the horn. With the first impact it tautened, gave, gave yet again, and, at the final vicious lunge, came off the saddle entirely, the white steer going over and over sidewise, Nigger Boy falling backward, just as young Dawson was getting to his feet.

A roar of amusement went up from the crowd; for nobody was hurt, and it would have been hard to say which of the three looked most sheepish, the white steer, the vainglorious Kid, or the clever little pony, which had been nowise at fault. Hilda laughed and trembled and cried all together. She prayed, too, a little under her breath and doubtfully, fearing it might not be altogether respectful to approach God in such a connection; yet to refrain entirely she could not.

The next man was a rider of the C Bar C, Champe Capadine's ranch. He missed his throw repeatedly, and time was finally called upon him from the judge's stand. Hilda hastily, nervously protested to the Heavenly Powers that she had neither meddled nor made in the matter.

There followed MacGregor's rider from the Cross K, Lefty Adams, on a fine little blue roan. He was at the steer's heels in good time, and, after half a dozen of those quick, aimless-looking turns which cattle pursued will nearly always make, finally succeeded in roping him. But the pony was light, the steer heavy; Lefty failed to seize just the right moment for throwing him, and when the attempt was made, with a tremendous plunge ahead he jerked horse and rider forward, Blue Dick coming down hard upon his knees, Lefty striking on the top and back of his head.

Exclamation and cries of distress sounded across the big concourse. Sobs were heard from women, as pony and steer struggled to their feet, and the two animals, connected by the fifty-foot lariat, ran and pulled and dragged back and forth, seemingly all about and over the prostrate form. At sight of Lefty lying there, Hilda reproached herself for desiring failure for the others that the path of glory might be smoothed before the feet of Uncle Hank and Buckskin, yet pleaded that she had asked for nobody's ruin to upbuild that dear success, and

joined shrilly in the wavering cheer as several mounted men rode out to the rescue and Lefty was observed to rise first to one knee, then to his feet.

While they were bringing the defeated one in, all eyes were attracted once more to Blue Dick, who had by no means given up the fight. He manœvered shrewdly, ran forward, sidewise, and back. The big steer bolted; Blue Dick loped quietly at his quarter; then, watching a chance when the lariat trailed beneath the big animal, he suddenly "set back on the rope," and the steer went over in a somersault.

They had brought Lefty to the Cross K group, and the word had gone forth that he was not injured at all. Now, when Blue Dick made his play so gallantly and so successfully, delighted shouts greeted him. The air was full of relieved laughter, the clapping of hands and cheering. The pony meant to leave no room for unpleasant accidents; he continued to move slowly backward, keeping the rope taut, dragging the prostrate steer inch by inch, until, amid prolonged cheering, MacGregor himself rode out and tied the animal's feet. Here was a *succès d'estime* which the child could praise with a light heart. She clapped her small hands and shouted happily till Aunt Valeria fretfully bade her be still.

Zack Pardon of the Circle Six rode next; and there was much noisy enthusiasm at the announcement of his record of fifty seconds, which bettered Jim Tazewell's time by two seconds. After him, Billy Andrews of the A Bar K made it in fifty-five, young Snow of the Alamositas in fifty-three, and the two lawyers in fifty-seven and sixty-seven seconds respectively. Frosty Tadlock, a sort of local wag, having failed three times in his cast, plainly gave up trying, and set to work to play clown—a part in which he was well practised and eminently successful. The pony he rode, the very steer he pursued, seemed to catch the genial hint, and to lend themselves to his jocular purpose. Ludicrous postures, absurd threats, complaints, and adjurations, and all sorts of cowboy horse-play, kept the big concourse in good humor until the judges called "Time!"

Now, standing strained up on her tip-toes, looking over the heads of those in

front, Hilda could see that there was just one steer in the pen; she had already noted, with wildly beating pulses, that only one rider remained. In Lane Jones County's great roping contest, with Zack Pardon's time of fifty seconds so far the best, there remained only one round to be fought: old Hank Pearsall on Buckskin, the party of the first part; a lean, long-horned, wild-eyed, brindled steer of the original Texas type, fleet, savage, knowing, the party of the second part.

Pardon's record of fifty seconds was so good that the idea of this last contestant bettering it seemed almost a joke; and when the tall, gaunt, brindled steer, with a toss of the spreading horns, leaped from the open bars and across the chalk-line, Pearsall, a little delayed in getting his start after the animal, was received as a jest. It was undeniable that both Buckskin and his rider bore a touch of the antiquated, which, despite old Hank's heroic stature and his look of the thoroughbred cow-man, was irresistibly suggestive of humor in such a connection—a graybeard at the Olympian games.

Hilda's chest swelled and pinched in erratically. Her throat seemed to close up altogether. A dimness was over her vision as she watched Uncle Hank, who, with his long loop swinging free from his right hand, the rein hanging as free in the left, leaned forward, very upright and at an angle with his saddle, murmuring beneath his breath to Buckskin, while that worthy made for the flying steer.

"Hit's up to us, Buckskin. Hup! Hup! Eeey-up! E-e-eeey-up, here! Oop-a-daisy, now!" The big sombrero, turned squarely up off the forehead, revealed the deeply lined, kindly, weather-beaten face, and Hilda saw Uncle Hank's lips move in the recorded adjuration. She wondered if he, too, were praying.

This steer was a notorious outlaw, which had made more than one roping match interesting. As Buckskin and Uncle Hank drew toward his left quarter, he whirled suddenly upon them. Hilda cried aloud, and was not aware of it. She instantly trafficked with Heaven in a desperate panic of love and terror, proferring back all hope of the precious, much-needed, long-desired carriage, if Uncle Hank were only permitted to return safely to her. A carriage one might

forego; that any little girl could get along without some sort of Uncle Hank was not to her conceivable.

But Hilda had not reckoned with Buckskin, just as the brindled steer had not. If the latter was a survivor of numerous encounters, Buckskin was no less experienced a warrior. Seasoned cow pony that he was, trained by the ablest cattle-man in the Panhandle, and veteran of many a round-up, sagacious, alert, as quick as a cat, and of an indomitable spirit, able to whirl where he stood almost like a man, Buckskin, whose eyes had never left the steer, and whose subtle instinct had warned him in advance of the big brute's intended maneuver, made of the apparent check his rider's opportunity.

The movements were too quick for the eye to follow, but when again Hilda saw the group clearly, Buckskin had evaded those long, sharp horns, and was once more upon the steer's quarter, well back of him. Uncle Hank's right arm lifted, the swinging coil of rope rose to the horizontal, sang round and round, and out of it a line darted forward, exactly as the serpent sends forth his length from the spring of his coil. The noose opened like a sentient thing, dropped, clutched, and fastened upon the savage, spreading horns. Buckskin swerved in behind the furiously running steer; Uncle Hank allowed the rope's length to drop to the ground, and the steer in his stride ran over it, so that it trailed back to the rider's hand from between the galloping hind feet.

Instantly Buckskin "set back on the rope," with crouched haunches and braced forefeet. The rope tautened; the brindled nose shot to earth; the galloping hindfeet cut through the air in a half-circle, and the beast, having turned a somersault, lighted upon his back with such a thump that it seemed his spine must have cracked.

Amid a hesitant cheering, Uncle Hank slipped from the saddle and ran to tie those four motionless feet. A sea of gratitude submerged Hilda. The steer, which had been stunned for a moment, recovered breath and consciousness just as the old man's weight was precipitated upon him, and reared tumultuously. But no cock-sureness had been Uncle Hank's.

It he failed this day, please Heaven, it should be because he could not possibly win through the best that he and Buckskin could do. The rope had been made firmly fast to the saddle-horn—the rope which, prepared for Shorty's use, they had tested and tried for this very exigency. With the creature's first wild plunge, Buckskin heaved himself backward, while Uncle Hank's strong hands grappled the big horns and all his weight was flung upon the rearing head, which once more went down flat upon the plain, the long bridled neck stretched out to Buckskin's zealous pull.

Once more the clapping and cheering broke out, but this time with no assistance from Hilda. She was past speech. The sudden relief had left her weak. To an accompaniment of friendly applause Uncle Hank tied his steer's feet, sprang erect, and threw up his hands. The cheerful noise held for a moment, then all was intensely still as Colonel Peyton was seen to half rise, stop-watch in hand.

Judge Eldredge leaned across and spoke to the colonel. There was a moment of uncertainty during which Hilda was sure she aged rapidly. Several voices were heard making unofficial statements, which cleft the child's heart like so many swords.

"Fifty-two seconds, I make it," announced one. "It's a tie with Tazewell's time."

"Better 'n that," declared another. "Pearsall made it in exactly—"

Old man Morrison broke in with: "Oh, no, you're 'way off. Hank's time is only sixty seconds—jest one plumb minute. My watch—"

"Sssh!" cried the crowd as one man, for Colonel Peyton was on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, as he advanced smiling to the rail—"friends and fellow-citizens of our new county, I think we have all been given a surprise."

A vague murmur arose. The smiling speaker waited a moment, then continued:

"I am proud to tell you that the best time made to-day is forty-eight seconds—so far as any of us present in the judge's stand know, the best time ever made in the Panhandle. The winner distanced all other contestants by just two seconds. Ladies and gentlemen—"

The speaker's dark eyes enjoyingly swept the mute, expectant faces before him. None knew better than Colonel Peyton of Kentucky how to heighten an effect by dramatic delay.


"Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing to you that the prize goes to Mr. Henry J. Pearsall, riding for The Ranch of the Three Sorrows."

Colonel Jack Peyton, smiling more than ever, sat down. The surprise and approval which he had bespoken, bubbling up in broken words and phrases, soon swelled to a deep-voiced roar. Hats were taken off, waved frantically, and pitched far into the dusty air. Uncle Hank, quietly leading Buckskin back toward the stand, old man and old pony seeming to wear a demure smile, was met by a shouting, laughing, gesticulating crowd, headed by most of the contestants over whom he had triumphed. They seized him, hoisted him from his feet, and bore him upon their heaving shoulders, as upon a troubled sea, toward the grand stand and a little black-eyed girl who stood up on the seat and unconsciously cried aloud her inmost heart.



THE STRENUOUS REFEREE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

EN DARWIN listened thoughtfully to the speech of the labor leader.

"We hold the balance of power," the latter was saying with enthusiastic confidence, "and if union labor acts as a unit, it can force any concession desired. Let us not be satisfied with glittering generalities and indefinite promises, but let us demand unequivocal pledges from the party we support. Let us unite and say to these people, 'Here is the solid labor vote, which goes to the party that makes the best bid for it. What will you bid?' That's the way to talk to them, men! We're not after a financial bid, of course, but we want to know what kind of legislation the next administration will give us and what use will be made of the police power. Are the policemen that we help to pay to be used to club us into submission when we are battling for our rights? Are they to do the bidding of monopoly when monopoly tries to grind us down? That's what we want to know, and we can throw our strength to the party that gives the right answer."

"We want an administration," declared another speaker at this meeting, "that will put the responsibility for any interruption of business where it belongs. We are tired of having capital, when it lacks the necessary men for its business during a strike, send out a few hoodlums to make trouble and then declare that riotous conditions alone prevent the complete resumption of operations. We want an administration that can't be bluffed, that has the nerve to enforce the law to the letter."

"It looks to me," commented Darwin, "as if the politicians were going to have

trouble in this campaign. The conditions are just right for a united labor vote."

Being deeply impressed with the importance of what he had heard, Darwin went to his club to find some one with whom to talk it over. Darwin was one of the younger members of a club that had a number of solid citizens on its rolls, although the young man himself had nothing except a reasonably good salary.

Finding none of his intimates there, he settled himself comfortably in the reading-room, and presently became aware of the fact that three influential business men were having an animated discussion near him.

"I tell you, it's time to act concertedly," said one of them. "If we don't, we might just as well turn our affairs over to the labor unions at once. For one, I shall not contribute a cent to the campaign fund of either party until there is a definite declaration of principles and policy that satisfies me. If capital would unite in such a stand, it would find that it held the balance of power and could compel local legislation that would protect its interests."

Darwin reflected idly that the balance of power seemed to be a very easy and popular thing to hold.

"Maddern is right," asserted another of the men. "We contribute the campaign funds, but the politicians cater to the labor vote. We are expected to pay for the election of a lot of demagogues. If we stick together, we can force one or the other of the parties to go on record unequivocally for the strict enforcement of the law."

The third nodded gravely.

"There is virtually no protection for us in times of labor disturbances," he said. "Officials are altogether too anx-

ious to please the unions. Let us agitate this matter and demonstrate our strength."

"The interests of labor must be protected," mused Darwin, "and the interests of capital must be protected, but where do I come in? Both hold the balance of power, according to their own statements, but what about me? I don't belong to either class, and I seem to be overlooked."

Then Darwin, having a sense of humor, laughed to think of the distress of the politicians; for the politicians of both parties wanted the contributions of capital and the votes of labor, and the conditions never before had been so puzzlingly unsatisfactory. Capital and labor had been disagreeing for some time. There had been numerous strikes, some of them involving public and semi-public utilities, and capital and labor accused each other of the responsibility. Each demanded the enforcement of the law, but each meant the enforcement of such features of the law as would bear hardest on the other. And now it seemed likely that both would formulate detailed demands that would have to be met by each of the great parties.

"This fight," remarked Darwin, "is going to be worth watching. I think I'll watch it a little more closely than usual. It's going to be a fight to find out who 'the people' are, and I'd rather like to learn that myself. I've heard a good deal at different times about what the people want, but it's been mighty confusing and conflicting. If I could just get that straightened out once, it might do some good. Anyhow, some wide-awake fellow ought to be on hand to act as referee."

In accordance with this plan, Darwin made a careful study of the situation, and the more he saw of it the more interested he became. Darwin previously had made a study of local politics in a quiet way, but he was not known as a politician, although he had occasionally been of some help to men who were thus known. Anything unusual could claim his attention, and he liked to understand things. Thus, curiosity had taken him to the meeting at which union labor first declared itself in the matter of the approaching mayoralty election. Then, keeping in touch

with the other movement, he had discovered that the existing conditions promised to make that a real force. Capital was very much in earnest. He fully understood this when he happened to see the chilly reception that was given to a solicitor for campaign contributions by the head of a great corporation.

"I have no desire to contribute to the election of a labor demagogue," he said.

"You have always contributed without question before," it was urged.

"Well, conditions are a little different this time," he replied. "It looks to me as if this would be a fight between capital and labor, rather than between Republicans and Democrats, and there are a few of us who would like to know where we stand before we put up any money. If labor is to control, we might as well quit now; if we are not to be allowed to manage our own affairs and to have the necessary protection to enable us to do it, we can't know it too soon. The efforts of the politicians to keep on the right side of labor, even at the expense of property, have cost us a lot of money already, and we are not anxious to pay any one for the privilege of making conditions worse."

"I think we have always shown a disposition to see that capital has fair treatment and all the protection that the law gives," persisted the politician.

"But you never before have been confronted by a solid labor vote to warp your judgment and force pledges that will be anarchistic in their effects," was the reply. "You'll have to go on record before you can do business with us this time."

Darwin, waiting to see the capitalist on a business matter, smiled grimly as he heard this.

"There's surely going to be a lot of fun," he told himself, "and there ought to be an opportunity to do something worth while, if a fellow keeps his eyes open. I can't get it out of my head that there is a point that's being overlooked by all these astute people."

Another incident, quite as significant, claimed his attention at a political meeting a little later. He attended meetings of both parties, and he did not fail to note that the speakers were having a hard time of it. The mayoralty candidates were of about equal merit, but the very nature

of the situation made them and the party managers unusually noncommittal and evasive, and somehow the "glittering generalities" that had so often proved effective did not bring the usual response. In fact, it was a very disconcerting interruption that Darwin heard and treasured for further consideration.

"Let 's get down to facts!" cried a man in the audience during a speech in a labor district. "If we elect your man, what is he going to do with the police?"

"Enforce the law," declared the speaker.

"Rats!" was the reply. "What do you mean by that? Will they be corporation employees as they are now?"

Darwin pondered this as deeply as he had other developments of this strange campaign, and he was sorely puzzled.

"It seems to me," he mused, "that there is a very decided difference of opinion as to who 'the people' are. Suppose that neither party to the controversy should prove to be right!"

As the campaign became more acrimonious and the lines were more closely drawn, Darwin found the problem becoming clearly defined in his mind, but he failed to find a solution to it.

"Capital demands its rights and labor demands its rights, but how about me?" he asked. "I don't seem to count at all. I just stand between capital and labor and— By thunder!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if I can dodge the blows, I 'm in a bully good position to referee the fight."

It seemed to him a happy thought, and he became even more interested than previously in the developments. Incidentally, he formulated a plan, which he later presented to a few men who were not allied with either capital or union labor. He said that "the people" at last had a real opportunity. For years they had bowed meekly to one master or another, because they did not know their own strength, but now they could assert themselves effectively. Capital and labor, fighting each other bitterly, were so evenly matched that the wise onlooker was in a position to dictate the terms upon which either could have victory.

"Nothing to it," retorted one of the men. "The situation naturally worries both political parties, but both will bow

to labor in the end. The contributions of capital are mighty convenient, but capital has n't the numerical strength to elect anybody in such a fight as this. Why, in the matter of votes, when the lines are drawn like this, labor can smother it."

"Don't you believe it," returned Darwin. "I happen to know something about the situation, and capital is stronger numerically than you imagine. The enthusiastic unification of labor has alarmed all local investors. The capitalists have secured the stockholders' lists of virtually all local concerns, including the street railways, and they have thus been able to reach the small investors. These are people that no one thinks about as a general thing, but they constitute a small army, and the possibility of further labor dictation has alarmed them. They don't figure very much in the world of finance, but the little money they have is invested in stocks of one kind or another. If you don't think this movement means business, come with me to the meeting that has just been called of those who have large or small financial investments that they believe to be in jeopardy. I tell you, labor and the politicians have made the mistake of thinking that only millionaires are in the ranks of capital."

The other parties to the conference were sufficiently interested to pursue the investigation, so they attended the meeting that had been called as an offset to the great labor demonstration. And it proved to be a revelation. The gathering was big and demonstrative, and the small investors, who never before had been identified with capital in the minds of the practical, were out in full force.

"What we want to know," one of the speakers asserted, "is whether we are to be ruled by law or by labor unions and walking delegates. Is our property to be wrecked whenever some dictator decides that wages ought to be raised? Are we to suffer because a lot of politicians want to get the labor vote? You know what has happened, for you have suffered. Your incomes have been curtailed and the value of your stocks depressed. You are not allowed to manage your own affairs. You are not allowed to employ men who are willing to work for the wages you can afford to pay, and when you try to do so

your property is destroyed, while the police stand supinely by. Labor has combined and will dictate absolutely, if you don't combine to thwart it. You will not even get the small protection that you get now; the police will be withdrawn from the scene of any strike, the mob will rule; you will be powerless in the hands of unscrupulous demagogues. If labor says, 'We want ten per cent. or twenty per cent. or fifty per cent. more pay,' you will have to grant it or go out of business. Are you prepared to submit to this? Are you, the small investors, willing to have the little you have accumulated confiscated?"

There was no mistaking the answer. These people would vote for the party that promised to protect their interests: they would not be sacrificed to political expediency. They saw the danger of labor domination, and they were prepared to act as a unit in combatting it.

"You are right," Darwin's companions admitted. "Capital is strong, and the fight is going to be a hot one, but where do we come in?"

"That 's the question I 've been asking myself for two or three weeks," replied Darwin, "and I 've just got the answer. We 're going to referee this fight. It 's a foregone conclusion that the Republican party will surrender to capital and the Democratic to labor, for it is already working out that way. We 'll just superintend the whole thing and dictate the terms. If they resent our interference, we 'll do the strenuous referee act and whip both parties into submission."

"An impossible task," it was urged.

"Nonsense!" retorted Darwin. "There's a mighty big bunch of the population that lies between capital and labor, and I 'll undertake to make it a cohesive force if you 'll hire a hall for me. I 'm just getting waked up to the job. I confess it puzzled me for a long time, but I see my way clear now. The referee class is so disgusted with this scrap, in which it receives no consideration whatever, that it is in the right humor to be harmonized. Talk it up and hire a hall,—a big one,—and I 'll do the rest."

Now, the great middle class has no union fund to draw upon for expenses, and it has no one member who could pay the rent of a big hall without feeling it,

but in the aggregate it has money and lots of it. While it does not invest, except possibly in its own small business (when it is not on salary), it lives reasonably well and does not lack a little spending-money on occasions—that is, in most instances. Some there are who are fairly close to poverty, but others have incomes of very good proportions. So, when a few became interested in the experiment, the hiring of the hall was far from an impossibility.

"Make it a big one," said Ben, "the biggest in the city, and let me write the announcement of the meeting."

The details being arranged, this announcement appeared in all the papers for several days in succession:

LET US HAVE PEACE!

Capital and Labor Being Lined Up
for Battle, It Devolves upon the
Great Middle Class to

REFeree THE FIGHT!

All who are Not Allied in Any Way
with Labor Unions and who have
No Investments to Color Their Views
are Invited to Attend the Great
Mass-Meeting to Be Held Saturday
Night.

STOCKHOLDERS BARRED!

To say that this created a sensation would be to put it mildly. But there was also laughter. It seriously complicated the situation, but it was amusing. There was something absurd in the great middle class daring to demand consideration for itself, but it might prove troublesome. It had played the part of the spoils of victory for so long that no one had thought to reckon with it, and no one was quite sure that it was entitled to any recognition now. Still, there was something disconcerting about the movement.

When the leaders of it were interviewed, they merely stated that a union card or a share of stock entitled the bearer to be summarily fired out of the hall. This meeting was for those who had no sort of personal interest in either side to the controversy that had raged for so long a time, to the great discomfort of all. But they wanted the pres-

ence of every man who was entitled to be there.

And so great was the interest created by the advertisements and the interviews that the hall was filled and two overflow meetings were held. Ben Darwin addressed all three meetings, and these were among the points he made:

"Capital and labor have been battling intermittently for a long time, and who has paid the bills? We have. When labor has won, who has paid the additional wages? We have. When capital has won, who has paid the cost of the fight? We have. We have caught it coming and going. If labor got a ten-per-cent. increase, capital has added five, and we have paid the bill. When labor and capital disagree in a little street-railway matter, they say to us, 'Walk, you tarriers, walk!' And we walk and try to pretend we like it. Our comfort has been nothing; our rights have been nothing: labor and capital can't see beyond their own little interests. Both sides make long statements of their grievances, but what about ours? With them there is a chance to win; with us the best we can get is the worst of it. Whichever side gains the victory, we will pay for it and pay high. We walk at one time, we tote home our own goods at another, our supplies are shut off at still another; we climb to our offices, we go without coal, we are turned away from our favorite restaurants; and then we pay the bills. Is n't it about time for this to stop? Just think over the conflicts, in which you have had no personal interest, that have resulted in great discomfort or loss to you, and then tell me if you are willing to stand it any longer."

There had been frequent interruptions, but at this point the audience, in every case, rose to yell its defiance at the warring factions and declare that its rights must be respected.

"Capital and labor are now lined up for control of the city government," Ben continued. "Shall we let them have it? If we do, what will be the cost to us? If either gets it, who will be saddled with the expense? There will be profit for the winner, but who will pay that profit? Why, fellow-citizens of the great middle class, these people are fighting for us: we are the spoils of war. We've thought we

were neutrals, but we're nothing but Korea between Russia and Japan: we're playing the insignificant rôle of mere booty. And now we have our chance to stop it, for we hold the balance of power. We can referee this fight between capital and labor, if we will, and we can decide on just what terms it shall be settled. Shall we do it?"

The answer was unanimously and vociferously in the affirmative in every case. Then the voters were asked to pledge themselves specifically to vote for that candidate or that party that went on record unequivocally and specifically to enforce the law to the letter against both capital and labor, and printed pledge-forms were passed out with the request that they be signed and mailed to Darwin's office. He promised in the meantime, with the aid of a lawyer, to put candidates and party managers on record in written statements that should cover every possible contingency that could be foreseen, and that should guarantee that the rights of the great middle class should receive first consideration in the future. Under this, there should be no dallying with capital when charters should be revoked and no dallying with labor when the law was violated: there should be absolute and impartial protection for all, and no more than that did the great middle class ask.

The politicians received the reports with dismay; the labor leaders began to wonder if they were "so many" after all; the leaders of capital looked solemnly at one another when they met at their clubs. All admitted deep down in their hearts that they had labored under a misconception as to who "the people" were. Here was a class that ordinarily said nothing, that ordinarily was used by warring factions of one kind or another, that never before had been cohesive; but it not only held the balance of power, it was the power: it could elect a candidate of its own without regard to those who always before had demanded the utmost consideration. It had been wheedled and ignored and spurned, as occasion seemed to dictate, but never really consulted. It was so unobtrusive that it had received scant attention, except when it was called upon to pay the bills.

Both Republicans and Democrats had

men on hand to see how much mail Darwin received. These men reported that it was brought over from the post-office in a wheelbarrow, and that more was coming. Darwin was promptly requested to call at both headquarters. He might easily have insisted that the Democratic and Republican leaders should come to him, but he was after results merely, so he went.

"What do you want?" asked the manager of the Republican campaign, whom he visited first.

"I want a statement from you, in your own handwriting, covering these points," said Darwin, laying some type-written sheets on the table, "and I want another from your candidate for mayor."

The manager scowled. There was no dodging the issue, for the thing was explicit on every point, covering every possible favor of omission or commission to either capital or labor. It would satisfy neither, and yet it asked nothing but the absolute enforcement of the law, to the end that the public should not suffer without punishment being meted out to whoever was derelict.

"Suppose I refuse to sign," said the Republican.

"Then I shall take it to the Democrats."

"And if I do sign?"

"I shall take it to the Democrats just the same. We're not playing politics in this; we're merely refereeing the fight and settling the terms of it."

"Take it to the Democrats first," said the Republican.

"If I take it to them, and they sign, I shall not come back," said Darwin. "I shall simply publish their pledges in

every paper in the city, in accordance with the arrangement made at the meeting, and that will be notice how the votes are to be cast."

"Suppose both parties make satisfactory pledges?"

"They will be published, and the referee party will split and vote as it pleases," said Darwin. "That was the understanding. But this is your only chance."

"I'll write out a statement that can't be misunderstood and have our candidate for mayor do the same," sighed the manager, "but it will lose us a good many of the votes of capital."

"Well, you'll get some of the labor vote, won't you?"

"I suppose so."

At Democratic headquarters capitulation was prompt, as soon as it was learned that the Republicans had surrendered.

"But it will lose us a lot of labor votes," grumbled the Democratic manager.

"Well, you'll get some of the silk-stocking vote, won't you?" asked Darwin.

"I suppose so."

"Well, the split of these factions is one of the things the referee wants," said Darwin.

With facsimiles of the pledges he published this strange statement:

The fight was referred to a point where the antagonists have become so mixed up and entangled that it is no longer possible to tell which is which, so vote as you please. But don't forget that "the people" have been at last discovered, all previous claims to the contrary notwithstanding. And theirs is the power whenever they wish to exercise it.



THE ARCHITECTURAL TREATMENT OF A SMALL GARDEN¹



JOHN SEDDING, in pleading for the garden-rights of the architect, urged that "the house is his child: he knows what is good for it"—for its outer adornment as for its interior planning.

Yet it is not so long since, in America, that the architect's concern ended with the house walls. All without was purely the affair of the gardener, or of the owner who planted or did not plant as the spirit moved, and rare indeed is the architect who carries not with him as a thorn in the flesh the sight of some house of his own devising which lacks that balustrade or terrace or scheme of planting which, if executed as he had planned, would have united it with the site and made a complete and harmonious whole. But just here the client "balked." Thus far would he go and no farther. While the architect could only feel with Browning:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!"

If the garden be but small, or if the available land is only a strip of ground between house and street, a formal treatment is especially necessary, since, in such a situation, the house dominates the garden, and, in order to be in harmony, the lines of the latter must assume a certain architectural severity. In fact, the smaller the space, the greater the need that all its details be treated with a strict regard to proportion, the house and its surroundings being taken as one artistic whole.

The best examples that we have of such wholeness and symmetry of treatment are the Italian gardens of the early Renaissance, which were an outcome of the revived study of the classics. People then planned their pleasure-grounds accord-

ing to the hints found in Pliny and in the later Latin poets. With these, the garden was an extension of the house; in the smaller places, near Rome, where every foot of ground had to be turned to the greatest advantage, it was sometimes little more than an unroofed conservatory, where statues of bronze or marble were relieved against the somber green of bays, and rare flowers were potted about a fountain or banked in marble boxes, rank above rank, against the bounding wall. The wall itself was often painted with trellises and vines to give an effect of perspective.

Setting aside such extremes as the last, let us consider what may be done, first, with a small plot of ground separating a building from the street, and, next, with a garden of one or two acres. That it may be treated without regard to the scale of neighboring objects, the place should be, as far as possible, inclosed or framed in with walls or hedges.

The first consideration, however, is the site—its possibilities and impossibilities. If there is an undesirable view, a high wall is the obvious remedy. This need have no architectural adornments, but, covered with ampelopsis, wistaria, *Euonymus radicans*, or other creepers, will serve as a background for the flowers. If, on the other hand, the garden affords the luxury of a fine prospect, a low wall is naturally required, since its function is simply to serve as a frame to the garden without preventing a view of it, and a balustrade or cresting gives this boundary the necessary importance. If the ground slopes abruptly, every inch of it can still be utilized by means of terraces, which must be carefully planned that they be not out of scale with the house.

The treatment of the small "front

¹ This article was originally written by the late Roger Riordan, after conversations with Mr. Charles A. Platt. It has since been re-shaped by Miss Frances Duncan.

plot" should be, first of all, simple. Crowding or complicity of design is a thing to be avoided in a small garden, as in a small room. The paths, which may be bordered with low shrubs or with flowers, should lead straight to the house. The spaces between paths and wall will look best laid down with grass, which gives an air of spaciousness and freedom that a more elaborate planting, however carefully designed, cannot yield. The garden-wall should be clad with vines, the trellised portion may be gay with climbing roses or trumpet-creeper. In fact, the smaller the garden, the more should be made of this wall and trellis gardening, keeping the grass-plots open. The portico of the house may well be the principal feature of the plan to which everything should lead up.

Taking, now, the garden of an acre or two, a space still relatively small, but which may properly be dignified by the name of garden, here much greater variety is permissible both in the natural and artificial elements of the scene. Here the house is not so dominating an element, but the garden must be on the same axis as the house: it must also be in harmony with it. An elaborate Italian garden attached to a Queen Anne or "conglomerate" dwelling is no more natural than the gathering of grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The bounding wall, if low, may be topped by a balustrade, perhaps of wood, interrupted by low piers which will serve as pedestals for statues or vases. To add to the sense of privacy, there may be alleys, bordered by clipped hedges; for this purpose privet may be used, or, if the climate prove too rigorous for that, Japanese barberry or *Spiræa Van Houttei* will serve. Water adds greatly to the charm of a garden, whether in a simple pool, or in a more ambitious fountain. There will also be room for seats shaded by greenery, ("roosting-

places," in the Duke of Buckingham's phrase); statues and terminal figures may flank the entrance to a path or the foot of a flight of steps; for the garden may be as ornate as one pleases, and in the setting up of statues, the habit as costly as one's purse can stand. But the gardener must ever watch against the artistic sin of letting his garden, in richness of architectural device, outgrow his house. In Mr. Charles Platt's garden at Cornish, the terminal figures are of terra-cotta. Instead of these, the large water-jars, Spanish or Italian may be used, but if new, it will be well to subject them to the sand-blast to roughen the glaze a little and make it less crudely lustrous. Glazed terra-cotta, similarly treated is very effective for the capitals and bases of columns. The shafts may be of wood which, if protected at the extremities by the terra-cotta, will be virtually imperishable.

The plants suitable to such a garden do not enter into the purpose of this paper. Soil, climate, and exposure determine to a great extent the selection, and the gardener will experiment for himself. The architect's work is to furnish a suitable frame for an ever-changing picture. The chief delight of gardening is its vast variety. Even the shape and disposition of the flower-beds may be changed from year to year, the color schemes vary from month to month or even from week to week. It is only the permanent features—the walks, hedges, rows, and boundaries—that are here in view.

It is true that the first cost of a garden so laid out will be greater, but its cost of maintenance will be less. Also, a little care and expense in the beginning to secure a harmonious whole, may save the amateur much future labor and sorrow, and—what is of immense importance to Americans—loss of time.



THE GARDEN OF THE SUN¹

ROUTE NOTES IN SICILY

BY WILLIAM SHARP

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PART II



HE two great ruined glories of western Sicily are Segesta and Selinunte. The one can best be reached from Palermo, the other more conveniently from Marsala.

It would be easy to indulge in hyperbole as to the imposing mass and grandeur of these vast ruins: it is not easy to give the untraveled reader any idea of the magnificence, or any sense of the majesty and beauty, which must have characterized the forgotten cities which stood here. To see Segesta among the wild mountains of the interior, to see Selinunte in its desolate immensity by the lonely shores of the southwestern coasts, to see Pantalica, the City of the Dead, near the forlorn sources of the Syracusan Anapo, will impress the imagination as much as the greatest ruins of Egypt or of India.

Most visitors to Segesta reach the site of the ancient city by way of Calatafimi, a station on the Palermo-Trapani line some five and a half miles distant. Perhaps the Albergo Centrale is now more tolerable: till recently sojourn there and martyrdom would be interchangeable terms. Happy the traveler who can visit Segesta and other such outlying places in a motor-car. But most of us must be content with the railway as far as it will take us, and then do the rest on foot or on mule-back or in a rickety carriage.

No historian has yet revealed to us the date of Segesta's birth, and, what is more surprising, none has disclosed the date of its disappearance, though that happened between the fourth and eleventh centuries. Even its name as a great Elymian city is not known. To the Greeks familiar as Eggesta, its first historical appearance is as the ally of the Phenicians against its lifelong rival and foe, Selinus, the city whose ruins now rival its own. That between four and five hundred years B.C. it was a place of great importance is obvious from the fact that the Athenians entered into alliance with it. After the collapse of the Athenian power subsequent to the disastrous war against Syracuse, Eggesta was threatened with extinction, and so fell back upon the invariable ancient method by calling on the strongest available power to step in, smash the enemy, and make their own terms. As usual in all internecine Greek conflict in Sicily, Carthage was the power invoked. Hannibal, the son of Gisco, came with one hundred thousand men, and in eight days made a clean sweep of the city and territory of Selinus. The Selinuntians were made a memory. A hundred years later, however, and the equally usual turn of fortune happened to triumphant Eggesta. The tyrant Agathocles laid waste its territories, annihilated its troops, and sacked the city; then, having with fire and sword and indiscriminate tortures massacred or

¹ See the first paper in the *CENTURY* for March

driven out every inhabitant with a drop of Elymian blood, he repeopled it with Greeks, Syracusan and continental, and, in a whim of savage irony, renamed it Dicæopolis, the City of Righteousness. When, in course of time, the Romans became masters, they transposed the name to Segesta. Slowly the city shrank to a town, to a ruined village, to a hamlet among ruins, and for a long period is last heard of in the fourth century A.D. At the coming of the Normans in the eleventh century there was not a trace of Segesta.

It is still a lonely site, the hawk, the hill-wind, and the passing clouds being its most frequent visitors. The traveler coming from Calatafimi (the scene of Garibaldi's first victory in Sicily) will, whether versed in the classics or Bædeker-primed, be endeavoring to recall Vergil's words about Trojan Acestes and the second Ilium which was bidden to rise here in these remote Sicilian highlands, when suddenly all else will be forgotten by the sight of a vast gray temple rising in solitary majesty. Then in a moment all thought of the *Æneid* or of Cicero (and never was the great orator more eloquent than in the Segesta section of his famous indictment of Verres) will go off on the wind. If he remembers any words at all, they will not be those of Vergil or Cicero or Goethe, but of Cardinal Newman, who found here "the genius of ancient Greek worship." Although not the largest, this temple of Diana is the most complete and the most beautiful in Sicily. Its remote hill-set position, its great lonely strath, its superbly harmonious grace and strength, make it one of the finest of all Greek remains. Then there is the lovely Greco-Roman theater cut from the bed-rock, one of the finest in Sicily, though smaller than that of Syracuse, with views of noble, if somber, beauty. Altogether the sympathetic visitor is likely to echo the words of Cardinal Newman (in his "Correspondence," Vol. I): "In all Sicily the chief sight has been Segesta. . . . Oh, wonderful sight!—full of the most strange pleasure. . . . It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta!"

Not less impressive, though in a different way, is Selinunte. This vast ruin of the past, in actual area of fallen majesty, has no rival in Europe, perhaps in the world. Nor is any city of desolation more

impressive in approach, whether by the wild and barren valley of the Madiuni or from the malaria-haunted shores.

The traveler coming from Marsala or Palermo will find tolerable accommodation at the Albergo Bixio at Castelvetro, a town the extent and prosperity of which will be a surprise to him, for the city, though of over fifty thousand inhabitants, is little known by repute, and is situated in the least-visited part of Sicily. Carriages can be hired at the Bixio to drive the six or seven miles to Selinunte.

The City of Wild Parsley (for the name of the ancient Selinus, *pace* Freeman, who says it is the wild celery, is generally identified with this famous Greek herb, which to this day is found in great quantities in the vicinage of the ruins) has been referred to as the paradise of the archæologist and the antiquarian. No idea is to be had of the vast extent and fallen magnificence of the ruins of Selinus from knowledge of other ruined sites. It is unique. I recall the deep impression of the buried city of Selinus in Tunisia, but there little is to be seen, as the grass and desert sand have covered most of the ruins. Nor is there any ruined beauty to excel that of Selinunte in spring. I have seen Olympia when spring is at its loveliest in the Peloponnesus, and a wave of flowers has spread over the ruins till they have broken like surf against the leafy walls of the Hill of Cronos: but the Greek wave at Olympia becomes a Sicilian flood at Selinus. In March and April one might well believe that, in the words of a Sicilian poet, here is the spot where every spring Persephone is reborn "in supreme beauty, in perfect womanhood, and with all the flowers of all the world." Some idea, however, may be had of the amazing wealth of antiquarian treasure-trove from such facts as that, on one occasion, eight thousand antique Greek lamps were dug up in a single day, and that over fifty thousand had been disinterred by 1900, besides great numbers of bronzes, busts of terra-cotta figurines, and even unmutated figures, ancient jewelry, Phœnician beads and amulets, and so forth.

Vast in size as well as in extent these temples must have been. Professor Middleton speaks of the Apollonion, or, as generally called, the temple of Olympian



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT SEGESTA

Zeus, as the largest peripteral temple of the whole Hellenic world. "For vastness, magnificence, and solidity, it was excelled by only two temples in Greece, Italy, Egypt, and Asia Minor, that of Diana at Ephesus and that of Jupiter Olympius at Girgenti."

Unlike Olympia in the Peloponnesus, Selinunte will never become a place of even temporary residence. Malaria is its curse to-day, as it was of old, when the great Empedocles tried to improve it by constructing a sea-drain beneath the Acropolis. In summer and autumn, and on sirocco days in spring, the visitor will have to be very careful against chill from over-heating or hunger or fatigue.

From Selinunte one can reach Girgenti either by way of Sciacca (by carriage from Castelvetro or by arrangement from Selinunte) and thence, if preferred and if the sailing-times are opportune, by steamer to Porto Empedocle; or, as is generally done, by returning to Palermo, and by a fresh start thence through the vast, lonely, somberly beautiful highlands of central Sicily. The Girgenti line diverges at Roccapalumba, and enables the traveler to reach this famous city—with Taormina, Syracuse, and Palermo, one of the four goals of the great majority of those who come to Trinacria. The town, of course, is also easily to be reached from the south by express from Catania and its connections.

Very few travelers take the shore road from Selinunte by Sciacca. Nor is it to be recommended save to the fortunate few who can travel by motor, or who know Sicily and the ways of Sicilians well, and all the drawbacks to independent travel in the south and southwest. There is no place en route where accommodation can be had, and even at Ribera or Siciliana, the chief townlets by the way, milk, bread, or other provision is likely to be sought in vain.

The only place of special antiquarian interest to visit between Sciacca and Girgenti are the ruins of Heraclea Minoa, reputed to be the birthplace of Zeuxis, the most famous of Greek painters. Little is to be seen here, however, and the ordinary traveler will be more interested in the bold cliff and headland scenery of the coast, or in the small, picturesque village-town of Cattolica-Eraclea isolated among

gaunt gypsum hills on a height circled by the shallow Platani, or (one of the great possibilities for the first artist in Sicily who makes his way to this remote place) the village of Montallegro, or Angìo, as it is sometimes called, an all but deserted alabaster town, abandoned for want of water, and of which a French traveler has written as the skeleton of a town occupied only by aloes and prickly-pears, which lean from its cavernous windows and doors. After rain, the walls and houses gleam with iridescent light, and the blue-green of the agave or yellow-green of the spurge glow as though aflame.

No doubt Girgenti is most impressive when approached by sea. The Syracusan boat service, however, is neither frequent nor punctual, so that one should ascertain full particulars before leaving the port or joining the steamer at Terranova or Licata.

Every one has heard of Girgenti, as of Syracuse, before coming to Sicily. The most beautiful city of antiquity has left an enduring name, and if the Girgenti of to-day be far from the Agrigentum of Roman splendor, and still further from the Acragas of Greek beauty and magnificence, it is still nobly worth seeing. Even the least responsive imagination can hardly fail to apprehend some idea of what this town must have been of old, when Acragas, with its vast extent and over two hundred thousand inhabitants, looked out across the dark-blue waters of the Greek Sea, or Mare Africano, from a lordly wilderness of superb temples and magnificent buildings of all kinds. To-day it is worth a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth. There is perhaps no place of ruin in the whole world more beautiful than this. To see it, as the present writer last saw it, in a golden sunset glow, with the great temples gleaming like yellow ivory, and the town itself of a dusky gold, and the sea beyond, and uplands and mountains behind, irradiated with a serene glory of light, is to see what will be for life an unforgettable impression, an ever deeply moving remembrance. To localize the three loveliest views in Sicily (and I fancy that most travelers would agree with me), I should specify that from the terrace of the Hotel Timeo at Taormina, that from the monastery-hos-telry of Madonna del Tindaro over Tyn-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HARVESTING WHEAT IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS AT SELINUNTE

daris and the Æolian Isles, and that from the terrace of the Hotel Belvedere on the south wall of Girgenti, looking out on the lovely temples, the beautiful uplands and slopes, and the blue sea washing Porto Empedocle below. But there is one material drawback to Girgenti from which Taormina is free: the people are of a surly and often sullen and disagreeable temper, and the ill-bred boys are not infrequently a serious nuisance to travelers unfamiliar with Italian, or to ladies going about unaccompanied. No doubt the town-manners are slowly improving, though the Sicilian saying, "Girgenti—*male gente*," still holds as disagreeably apt. Again, apart from a serious drawback such as this, Girgenti is not a healthy place for foreigners to remain in long, except from December till March. Even in the latter part of April, though a beautiful flower-month, malaria in prolonged sirocco weather, as may well happen at this time, is apt to attack the sensitive and the heedless.

A week, if possible, should be allowed here. It is a common mistake to suppose that there is little of interest beyond the Greek temples. The town has many attractions, and above all to the archæologist and student of art and architecture; and if only the city were somewhat more civilized and the people as a whole more agreeable, no doubt the day-visitors would no longer be in so overwhelmingly a majority. The time is not far distant when foreign loungers in the charming public garden of the Villa Garibaldi on the Rupe Atenea will be as habitual a sight as on the terrace of the Timeo or in the gardens of San Domenico at Taormina. The fine ancient Greek house; the Latomie, or great quarries like those at Syracuse; the Greek and Roman necropolis; the many churches (one or two of them, like S. Biagio on the Rupe Atenea, on the site of ancient temples); the tombs; the cave-dwellings; the walls; and many more objects of interest chronicled in the guide-books of Murray and Baedeker and Douglas Sladen (whose dictionary of Sicily affords the most convenient epitome of all that is to be seen here and elsewhere throughout the island), invite a more prolonged stay than that commonly allotted to the city of Empedocles—a city that even now does not seem a mockery when

one recalls Pindar's famous "the splendor-loving city, most beautiful of all cities."

Of the superb temple of Olympian Zeus, which was not only the largest in Sicily, but in the world; the lovely temple of Concordia, admitted (apart from the Parthenon) to be the finest Doric temple extant after the Theseion at Athens, and, seen some distance off, much more impressive, dwarfed as the Theseion is by its position and environment; the many-columned temple of Juno Lacinia, or, rather, of Minerva; the rock-set temple of Juno, so nobly beautiful in design and so majestic in harmonious ruin (still bearing the marks of the fire when Gellias, the Vanderbilt or Rockefeller of Acragas, immolated himself and his household and treasures on the night, 406 years B.C., when the Carthaginians took the city); the temple of Vulcan, which tradition associates with orations and teachings of Empedocles (possibly on its steps the great philosopher uttered that famous satire of his on his luxurious fellow-citizens: that the people of Acragas had built their houses as though they were to live forever, but gave themselves up to luxury as if they were to die on the morrow)—of these, and the others, no need to write here. No one will go to Girgenti without having read up the essential part at least of what the guide-books have to offer, to say nothing of Freeman and other writers.

Few tourists travel by the slow, inconvenient, and, for the most part, monotonous and uninteresting south-coast line from Girgenti via Licata. Archæologists and historians will visit, or wish to visit, Terranova, the ancient Gela, the later home of Æschylus, who died here, and the city of that magnificent warrior-brigand, Gelon, Tyrant of Gela and Syracuse; but to the ordinary traveler the two days' journey would be a weariness with little relief.

Modica and Ragusa are of course well worth going to see, but they can conveniently be visited from Syracuse. Modica makes up in picturesqueness of aspect and in the cordiality of its citizens what it lacks in cleanliness and general pleasantness; and if it has few entertainments of the kind customary for a town of its size (it is a rival of Trapani, with its



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX AT GIRGENTI



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

OLIVE-TREES AT GIRGENTI AND "THE MANY-COLUMNED TEMPLE OF JUNO LACINIA"

sixty thousand inhabitants), it can often manage a flood or an earthquake. It is worth while putting up a night at the Stella d'Italia if there is a *festa* imminent, for there is no place in Sicily to surpass Modica or Ragusa in picturesqueness of costume; and it is again worth while (barring plague, earthquake, or flood, which the country-people say are what one may expect at Modica, as in November one thinks a shower of rain likely) to remain yet another night here, in order to make a trip to the intensely interesting Val d'Ispica, a valley with great rock-walls full of the cave-tombs of troglodytes, the ancient cave-dwellers and later refugees, one of the vastest collections of prehistoric tombs in Sicily. Then, if possible, the short journey to Ragusa—to the two Ragusas, rather—should be made by carriage from Modica, as thus the traveler will have a vision of Sicilian towns such as Turner would have been impassioned to paint. Tens of thousands of people in London and New York have unwittingly

had cause to thank Ragusa, for from here comes the Pietra Pece which has revolutionized asphalt-paving. Many of us know the trade-sign "Val di Traversers." This great asphalt company has its head-quarters in Ragusa, and asphalt, as politics with the Athenians and missionary-steak in certain South Sea isles, is the absorbing topic for Ragusans.

Between Modica and Syracuse there is no place of particular interest except Noto, which is very well worth seeing as an example

of what Sicilians of to-day can do when they set out to build a handsome city and make it a prosperous trading center as well. One so often hears that Sicily is too hopelessly poor to have any energy in its towns, except Messina, Syracuse, and Palermo. Let those who believe these statements visit towns such as Trapani, Marsala, Castelvetro, Ragusa, or Noto, and they will modify their opinions.

Syracuse calls itself the capital of the south, but it has no cause to dispute pride



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SO-CALLED TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES AT SYRACUSE

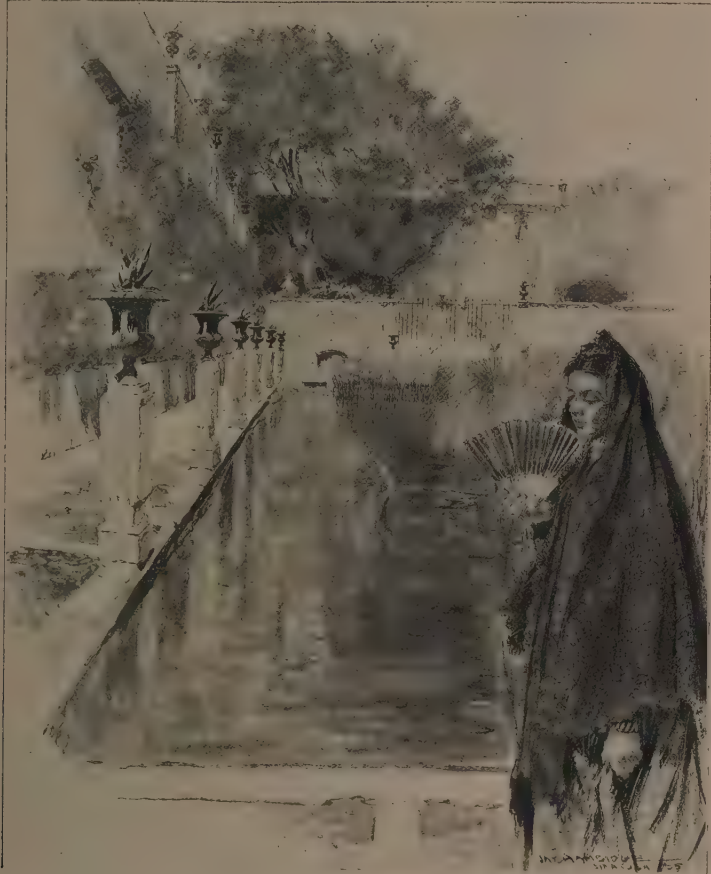


Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE ALTAR OF HIERO II AT SYRACUSE

of place with Palermo. The metropolitan city is superior in population, wealth, and much else, but it is deficient in what its ancient and glorious rival has in such abundance. For Syracuse has the supreme charm of Greece in a way that no other city except Athens has. Not even

Sicilian Greeks, a city as great in power and wealth and beauty as Athens herself, and victor at last in the long and fatal rivalry which indirectly involved the passing of the Hellenistic dominion of all the lands washed by the Ionian and Mediterranean seas.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA AT SYRACUSE

in Corinth, nowhere in Hellas from Messana or Sparta in the south to Thebes in the north, is there any Hellenic town to compare with "the Queen of Sicily." As a sanctuary, Delphi is far more impressive than anything in Sicily, as a national meeting-place Olympia has no rival; but nowhere except at Athens is a Greek city to be seen to-day which has the proud record of the marvelous metropolis of the

This city, which was great enough to found colonies in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., is still existent, is still a great town, with Syracusans busy seafarers as of yore, and even taking their pleasure at times in the same vast open theater as that in which the plays of Sophocles and Euripides were so often heard, where Æschylus saw his own dramas produced, and where the great

Plato himself found reflected the light and genius of sovereign Athens. The chosen city of Pindar, greatest of Greek poets; the place where Simonides, that prince of the lyric, came to die; the city to which Æschylus voluntarily came from Athens; the beautiful town which gave birth to Theocritus—well it deserves its name, the City of the Poets.

To-day, however, Syracuse is a small place compared with the ancient city with its five quarters, Achradina, Neapolis, Tyche, Epipolæ, and the island of Ortygia.

With Freeman, Gregorovius, and a score of other authorities and eloquent writers down to those master-compilers, Augustus Hare and Douglas Sladen, the visitor will be sufficiently primed before he comes. He will know what a vast area

of divers interests lies before him, and what he does not bring with him in remembrance from the Greek poets and historians, and from Vergil to Freeman, he will find supplied in apt and illustrative form. These modern *ciceroni*, like their great prototype, have discovered so much that the wisest Syracusans are as babes and sucklings in wisdom compared with them. When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered here the tomb of the once famous Archimedes, of whom Syracusans at that date seemed to have no knowledge, and of whose tomb they had neither remembrance nor record. But the great Roman persevered, and at last convinced the doubters. "Thus," he writes, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and one at one time celebrated for learning, had known nothing of the monument of



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THE LATOMIA CAPPUCCINI AT SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SYRACUSE

its greatest genius if it had not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum." The Syracusans of to-day regard historians like Freeman and commentators like Hare or Sladen as "natives of Arpinum." They are convinced, are quite uninterested, but are very well content if it brings wealthy quæstors and amateurs and free-handed tourists to their good town.

How fascinating Syracuse is! What inexhaustible interest, if one cares for the history of the past! And what past is more wonderful than that of ancient

Greece, and, except Athens, what city of ancient Greece can vie with Syracuse? But amid this amazing, this almost paralyzing, wealth of interest, there is also a great melancholy. So habitual a sojourner in Italy and so enthusiastic an antiquarian as Ferdinand Gregorovius, that most vivid of all the historians of central and southern Italy, could not restrain the despondency which overcame him on Ortygia, that matrix of Syracuse. John Addington Symonds felt it even by the fountain of Arethusa; but

here it was the sadness of a mind filled with Hellenic dreams of beauty face to face with the somewhat sordid disillusionment of the unromantic actuality of the day. One of the chief-living writers on Greek subjects told me that in the beautiful Latomie, those flower-hung, precipitous imprisoning gorges where happened one of the most harrowing tragedies of the ancient world, but which to-day are the delight and wonder of all who visit Syracuse,—whose fame, indeed, attracts strangers from every part of the world,—his depression was so overwhelming that he had to leave the Villa Politi and return to Taormina, where he was staying, because of the obsession of his imagination by the terrible events which had happened more than two thousand years ago in that lovely Latomia Capuccini, whose flower- and heath-clad brows open within a stone's throw of the Villa-Politi windows. Freeman himself, for all his control, was aware of a pervasive melancholy when, on the ruined height of Euryalus, he looked across what had

once been beautiful and superb Syracuse, and saw at the moment no sign of life so far as Augusta itself—nothing but a hawk hovering in the still, blue air over against the white, dreamlike cone of Etna, seeming so remotely far. In truth, no imaginative nature could long be in Syracuse without in some degree yielding to a more or less acute, a more or less enduring, despondency. The contrast between what was and what is comes too clearly home to one. The sense of dust and ashes overcomes for a time the sense of eternal beauty, and the things of the spirit that do not fade, the remembrance of great names, great deeds, terrible

events, monumental heroisms, monumental sorrows. "I could not have believed," wrote to me a friend, "that the wild rose would grow and the thrush and nightingale sing in these divinely lovely but most undivinely horrifying Latomias."

Apart from those enthralling interests of the past, Syracuse is a delightful place to sojourn for a week or so. There are many excursions to be made; some near, as to Plemmyrion, still, as in Vergil's time, "surf-beaten Plemmyrium," and to

be reached either by boat or carriage, and interesting for its own picturesque sake and for the sea-plunge that can readily be enjoyed from one of its many rocky little bays, as well as for all its ancient associations; or the boat-trip up the Anapo, not to be confused with the short sail up the papyrus-edged Cyane. How lovely both the Cyane and the Anapo in spring, with the narrow river-course winding through slow-moving avenues of papyrus and the lofty donax or bamboo rising from wildernesses of clustered yellow iris! Again, those who do not



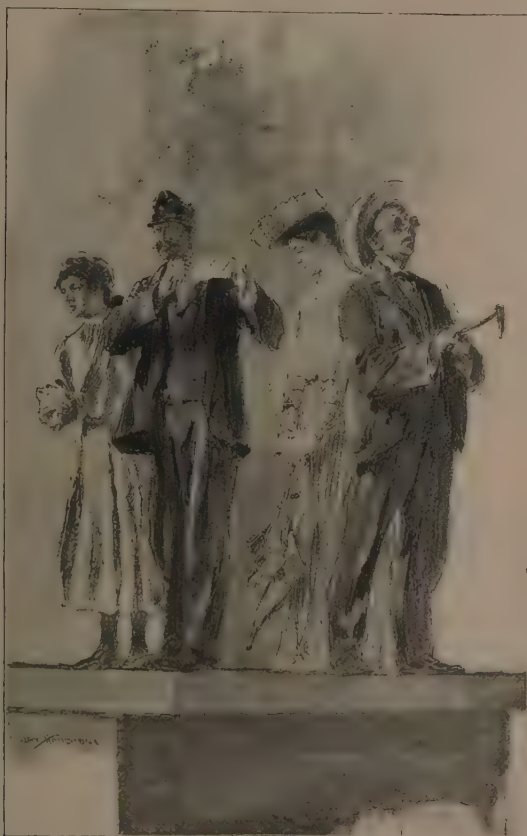
Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS AT SYRACUSE

object to the slight swell which even in calm weather prevails off the sea-walls of Ortygia should take a boat to the picturesque caverned rock (a magnificent spot for a swim) known as the Due Fratelli, whence may be enjoyed one of the loveliest views of Etna to be had from the south of Sicily, sheer from sea-base to white summit. Farther afield are excursions such as that to Augusta, an ancient city with a magnificent harbor, the scene, in later days, of the victory of the French fleet under Duquesne over the great Dutch admiral De Ruyter, who was brought dying to Syracuse—not so ready or willing to lie there, poor man, as an-

other famous Teuton, the German poet Count von Platen, "the Horace of Germany, whose happiest thought was to die in Syracuse"; or as that to Lentini, the ancient Leontinoi colonized by Greeks as far back as between 700 and 800 B.C., with its immense malaria-haunted lake, whence one may drive in a day to and

voyage, this lava-desolated and lava-rebuilt town would no doubt seem a place both of beauty and charm. But after Palermo and Trapani on the north, Girgenti in the west, Syracuse in the south, and Taormina in the east, it has but indifferent appeal. To see it at its best, go there early in February, when the almond-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

GUIDE TEARING PAPER AND TOURISTS LISTENING TO
THE ECHO WITHIN "THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS"

from Pantalica, the City of the Dead, in whose wild gorge are thousands and thousands of rock-tombs and caves of the vanished troglodytes, a vast, indescribably impressive city of the remains of Greek and Sikel and Sicilian.

After Syracuse, Catania is a dull place, indeed. At its best, it is the least attractive city in Sicily. If one had never seen the island, and landed here after a sea-

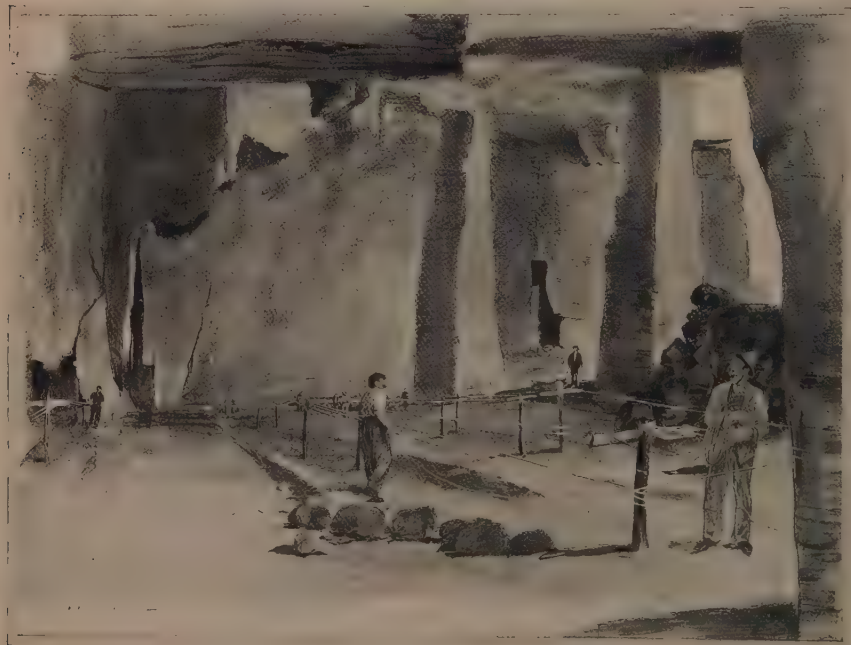
blossoms are out and in many parts cover the dreary bleak masses of lava; at, say, the Festa of St. Agatha, one of the most picturesque and delightful festivals to be seen in Sicily, when the townspeople and the countryfolk stream up the great street of Stesichorus, and a myriad colors gleam in the sunlight in brilliant relief against the immense snowy height of Etna rising gigantically at the far end. For the

most part the city is uninteresting, and the popular life here seems at a drearier stage, at a lower ebb, than in any other large Sicilian town. It can be drearily cold in winter and is always hot and arid and dusty in spring, and in summer is a blazing furnace. Having said all this, I am willing to add that I am prejudiced, and that both the town and its attractions may be as well worth a stay as indicated by Murray and other guide-books.

"I like Dublin better than London because I can get out of it more easily," said an Irishman of my acquaintance; and I like Catania best for this, that one can so easily get away from it, and by what avenues of escape! There is that southward flight to Syracuse, whence we have but just come. There is the northward flight through the lemon-groves and orange orchards of beautiful Aci-Reale, past the Rocks of Polyphemus and under the majesty of Etna, to hill-set Taormina. There is that unique, that unforgettable mountain journey, best started on from here, around the high slopes of Etna, up through Edens of blossom and golden

fruit and flowery paradises to Paterno and Adermò, where once was the great fane of Hadranum, guarded by a thousand dogs, and round by hill-set, semi-barbaric Bronte, and so through Nelson's wonderful duchy to medieval Randazzo and Castiglione, like a nested white eagle on a lonely peak, and down at last, from an elevation of over three thousand feet, through the terrible dead lands of lava, past Linguaglossa, to where Giarre lies by the shore of the great bay overlooked by Taormina from her spur of Monte Venerè. Finally there is that westward flight through central Sicily to majestic, magnificently situate Castrogiovanni, the Enna so revered by countless millions of the Hellenic peoples in all ages, the sanctuary of Demeter and Persephone, the Enna so identified with much of what is noblest and loveliest in the literature of both North and South.

Still farther afield, and best perhaps to be reached from Adermò, are Troina on its mountain summit, and lovely Centuripe, where, after Selinunte, more "remains" are continually being found than



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ROPE-MAKERS IN THE "GROTTA DEI CORDA," OLD MARBLE QUARRIES OF SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

VIEW FROM THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

at any other spot in Sicily; desolate Agira; and many another citadel of ancient renown and present beauty and interest.

It is to Taormina, however, when all is said and done, that one returns as the loveliest goal in Sicily. Here the worlds meet, and in eternal beauty. Naxos lies below, its dark fangs of lava churning into foam the Greek sea, although no longer is to be seen the white temple of Apollo Archagêtes. A railway-line bisects its site, and one does not heed it. The dream is unbroken. The lovely mountains of Calabria gleam from across the straits of Messina, and a steamer with a trail of smoke lies between Reggio at their base and the picturesque castle-crowned peak of Capo San Alessio. It seems as natural as though it were a Greek galley coming from Zancle to Tauromenion. Down in the lovely bay below the crags which support the Castello-a-Mare, beside Isola Bella, where the swallows dart above the clustered euphorbia and yellow-waving genesta, and around the tiny shores of which the green-blue sea breathes with a long, slow, drowsy breath,

lies a tourist yacht at anchor. What then? The tourists are scrambling among these lovely ruins of the Greek theater, looking entranced upon Etna, or gazing up at that marvelous background of Monte Ziretto and Monte Venere, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen; and from the great green-white yacht itself come siren screeches of recall. Again, what then? The boat will sail away, the tourists will depart, and Taormina will be itself again, the same unchanging, most lovely coign where Pythagoras himself once taught, where the dark, searching eyes of St. Paul wandered seeking for some sign of the Unknown God, where the Greek adventurers of old landed and founded a city and raised a great fane to Apollo, and where, in the dim, impenetrable past, a mysterious race worshiped a mysterious goddess of the sea whose very name has passed from the memory of man. As it was then, as it has been through all the changing years, so it is now. These things that people complain of do not matter. They are accidents. The railway-train, the steamer, the strident screech—they all go out upon the

tide upon which they came. Naxos itself is gone, drowned in the sea, swallowed up in lava. In the great silence of time, the Taormina of hotels and tourist trips and the inevitable *funicolare* is only a thing of the hour. Long ago the unknown town built on the scarps of Taorus merged into Tauromenion, and Tau-

its inexpressible, its ineffable charm. Here we may truly feel the soul of Sicily, the soul of Italy, the soul of Greece,—not, as in Syracuse, among the labeled remnants of a living sepulcher; not, as in Selinunte, among the silent wilderness of nameless ruin: but as a spirit, a presence, a Past that is the Present, a Present that



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

AN OLD BEGGAR AT TAORMINA

romenion has known the Sikel, the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, the Moor, the Spaniard, the Neapolitan, the Italian of the North. But the change is less than our history-books pretend. These races, these dynasties, these triumphs and disasters, pass away like the dust of storms. Taormina remains.

It is this meeting of the worlds that gives this most lovely of mountain towns

is the Past. But the eternal soul of Greece it is, above all else, that survives here, that soul whose name is Immortal Beauty. Gregorovius, watching the Syracusan panorama by moonlight from the fountain of Arethusa, uttered words which, with equal truth, one may say here in the very heart of "modernized" Taormina: "What one feels here supremely is love for Hellas, the fatherland of every thinking soul."

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY. WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

XI



AFTER a moderately bright morning, that after-breakfast fog which we owe to the British kitchen and the domestic hearth was descending on the Strand. The stream of traffic, on the roadway and the pavements, was passing to and fro under a yellow darkness; the shop lights were beginning to flash out here and there, but without any of their evening cheerfulness; and on the passing faces one saw written the inconvenience and annoyance of the fog,—the fear, too, lest it should become worse and impenetrable.

Fenwick was groping his way along, eastward; one moment feeling and hating the depression of the February day, of the grimy, overcrowded street; the next, responsive to some dimly beautiful effect of color or line, some quiver of light, some grouping of phantom forms in the gloom. Half-way towards the Law Courts he was hailed and overtaken by a tall, fair-haired man.

"Hallo, Fenwick!—just the man I wanted to see!"

Fenwick, whose eyes—often very troublesome of late—were smarting with the fog, peered at the speaker, and recognized Philip Cuningham. His face darkened a little as they shook hands.

"What did you want me for?"

"Did you know that poor old Watson had come back to town—ill?"

"No!" cried Fenwick, arrested. "I thought he was in Algiers."

Cuningham walked on beside him, telling- ing what he knew, Fenwick all the time dumbly vexed that this good-looking, prosperous fellow, this academician in his new fur coat, breathing success and com-

missions, should know more of his best friend's doings than he.

Watson, it appeared, had been seized with hemorrhage at Marseilles, and had thereupon given up his winter plans and crawled home to London as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey. Fenwick, much troubled, protested that it was madness to have come back to the English winter.

"No," said Cuningham, looking grave. "Better die at home than among strangers. And I'm afraid it's come to that,—dear old fellow!"

Then he described—with evident self-satisfaction—how he had heard, from a common friend, of Watson's arrival, how he had rescued the invalid from a dingy Bloomsbury hotel and settled him in some rooms in Fitzroy Square, with a landlady who could be trusted.

"We must have a nurse before long—but he won't have one yet. He wants badly to see you. I told him I'd look you up this evening. But this'll do instead, won't it? You'll remember?—23 Fitzroy Square. Shall I tell him when he may expect you? Every day we try to get him some little pleasure or other."

Fenwick's irritation grew. Cuningham was talking as though the old relation between him and Richard Watson were still intact; while Fenwick knew well how thin and superficial the bond had grown.

"I shall go to-day," he said, rather shortly. "I have two or three things to do this morning, but there'll be time before my rehearsal this afternoon."

"Your rehearsal?" Cuningham looked amiably curious. Fenwick explained, but with fresh annoyance. The papers had been full enough of this venture on which

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he was engaged; Cuningham's ignorance offended him.

"Ah, indeed!—very interesting," said Cuningham, vaguely. "Well, good-by. I must jump into a hansom."

"Where are you off to?"

"The Goldsmiths' Company are building a new hall, and they want my advice about its decoration. Precious difficult, though, to get away from one's pictures this time of year, is n't it?" He hailed a hansom as he spoke.

"That 's not a difficulty that applies to me," said Fenwick, shortly.

Cuningham stared—frowned—and remembered.

"Oh, my dear fellow, what a mistake that was!—if you 'll let me say so. Can't we put it right? Command me at any time."

"Thank you. I prefer it as it is."

"We 'll talk it over. Well, good-by. Don't forget old Dick."

Fenwick walked on, fuming. Cuningham, he said to himself, was now the type of busy, pretentious mediocrity, the type which eternally keeps English art below the level of the Continent.

"I say—one moment! Have you had any news of the Findons lately?"

Fenwick turned sharply, and again saw Cuningham, whose hansom had been blocked by the traffic, close to the pavement. He was hanging over the door and smiling.

In reply to the question, Fenwick merely shook his head.

"I had a capital letter from her ladyship a week or two ago," said Cuningham, raising his voice and bringing himself as near to Fenwick as his position allowed. "The old fellow seems to be as fit as ever. But Madame de Pastourelles must be very much changed."

Fenwick said nothing. It might have been thought that the traffic prevented his hearing Cuningham's remark. But he had heard distinctly.

"Do you know when they 'll be home?" he asked reluctantly, walking beside the hansom.

"No—have n't an idea. I believe I 'm to go to them for Easter. Ah!—now we go on. 'Ta-ta!" He waved his hand, and the hansom moved away.

Fenwick pursued his walk, plunged in disagreeable thought. "Much changed."

What did that mean? He had noticed no such change before the Findons left London. The words fell like a fresh blow upon a wound.

He turned north, towards Lincoln's Inn Fields, called at the offices of Messrs. Butlin and Forbes, the well-known solicitors, and remained there half an hour. When he emerged from the old house he looked, if possible, more harried and cast down than when he had entered it.

They had had a letter to show him, but in his opinion it contributed nothing. There was no hope!—and no clue! How could there be? He had never himself imagined for a moment that any gain would come of these new researches. But he had been allowed no option with regard to them. Immediately after his return to London from Versailles he had received a stern letter from Lord Findon, insisting—as his daughter had already done—that the only reparation he, Fenwick, could make to the friends he had so long and cruelly deceived, was to allow them a free hand in a fresh attempt to discover his wife, and so to clear Madame de Pastourelles from the ridiculous suspicions that Mrs. Fenwick had been led so disastrously to entertain. "Most shamefully and indensively my daughter has been made to feel herself an accomplice in Mrs. Fenwick's disappearance," wrote Lord Findon; "the only amends you can ever make for your conduct will lie in new and vigorous efforts, even at this late hour, to find and to undeceive your wife."

Hence, during November and December, constant meetings and consultations in the well-known offices of Lord Findon's solicitors. At these meetings both Madame de Pastourelles and her father had been often present, and she had followed the debates with a quick and strained intelligence, which often betrayed to Fenwick the suffering behind. He painfully remembered with what gentleness and chivalry Eugénie had always treated him personally on these occasions, with what anxious generosity she had tried to curb her father.

But there had been no private conversation between them. Not only did they shrink from it: Lord Findon could not have borne it. The storm of family and personal pride which the disclosure of Fenwick's story had aroused in the old

man, had been of a violence impossible to resist. That Fenwick's obscure and crazy wife should have dared to entertain *jealousy* of a being so far above his ken and hers, as Eugénie then was; that she should have made a ridiculous tragedy out of it; and that Fenwick should have conduced to the absurd and insulting imbroglio by his ill-bred and vulgar concealment—these things were so irritating to Lord Findon that they first stimulated a rapid recovery from his illness at Versailles, and then led him to frantic efforts on Phœbe's behalf, which were in fact nothing but the expression of his own passionate pride and indignation, resting no doubt ultimately on those weeks at Versailles when even he, with all the other bystanders, had supposed that Eugénie would marry this man. His mood, indeed, had been a curious combination of wounded affection with a class arrogance stiffened by advancing age and long indulgence. When, in those days, the old man entered the room where Fenwick was, he bore his gray head and sparkling eyes with the air of a teased lion.

Fenwick, a man of violent temper, would have found much difficulty in keeping the peace under these circumstances, but for the frequent presence of Eugénie and the pressure of his own dull remorse. "I too—have—much to forgive!"—that, he knew well, would be the only reference involving personal reproach that he would ever hear from her lips, either to his original deceit, or to those wild weeks at Versailles (that so much ranker and sharper offense!), when, in his loneliness and craving, he had gambled both on her ignorance and on Phœbe's death. Yet he did not deceive himself. The relation between them was broken; he had lost his friend. Her very cheerfulness and gentleness somehow enforced it. How natural!—how just! None the less, his bitter realization of it had worked with crushing effect upon a miserable man.

About Christmas, Lord Findon's health had again caused his family anxiety. He was ordered to Cannes, and Eugénie accompanied him. Before she went she had gone despairingly once more through all the ingenious but quite fruitless inquiries instituted by the lawyers; and she had written a kind letter to Fenwick, begging to be kept informed, and adding at the

end a few timid words expressing her old sympathy with his work, and her best wishes for the success of the pictures that she understood he was to exhibit in the spring.

Then she and her father departed. Fenwick had felt their going as perhaps the sharpest pang in this intolerable winter. But he had scarcely answered her letter. What was there to say? At least he had never asked her or her father for money, had never owed Lord Findon a penny. There was some small comfort in that.

Nevertheless it was of money that he thought—and must think—night and day.

After his interview with the magnificent gentlemen in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he made his way wearily to a much humbler office in Bedford Row. Here was a small solicitor to whom he had often resorted lately, under the constant pressure of his financial difficulties. He spent an hour in this man's room. When he came out, he walked fast towards Oxford Street and the west, hardly conscious in his excitement of where he was going. The lawyer he had just seen had for the first time mentioned the word "bankruptcy." "I scarcely see, Mr. Fenwick, how you can avoid it."

Well, it might come to that,—it might. But he still had his six pictures, time to finish two others that were now on hand—and the exhibition.

It was with that he was now concerned. He called on the manager of a small gallery near Hanover Square, with whom he had already made an arrangement for the coming May—paying a deposit on the rent—early in the winter. In his anxiety, he wished now to make the matter still clearer, to pay down the rest of the rent, if need be. He had the notes always in his breast pocket, jealously hidden away, lest any other claim, amid the myriads which pressed upon him, should sweep them from him.

The junior partner in charge of the gallery and the shop of which it made part received him very coldly. The firm had long since regretted their bargain with a man whose pictures were not likely to sell, especially as they could have relet the gallery to much better advantage. But their contract with Fenwick, clinched by the deposit, could not be evaded; so they were advised.

All therefore that the junior partner could do was to try to alarm Fenwick as to the incidental expenses involved,—hanging, printing, service, etc. But Fenwick only laughed. "I shall see to that!" he said contemptuously. "And my pictures will sell, I tell you," he added, raising his voice. "They'll bring a profit both to you and to me."

The individual addressed said nothing. He was a tall, well-fed young man, in a faultless frock-coat; and Fenwick, as they stood together in the office,—the artist had not been offered a chair,—disliked him violently.

"Well, shall I pay you the rest?" said Fenwick, abruptly, turning to go, and fumbling at the same time for the pocket-book in which he kept the notes.

The other gave a slight shrug.

"That's just as you please, Mr. Fenwick."

"Well, here's fifty, anyway," said Fenwick, drawing out a fifty-pound note and laying it on the table.

"We are not in any hurry, I assure you." The young man stood looking at the artist, in an attitude of cool indifference; but at the same time his hand secured the note and placed it safely in the drawer of the table between them.

He wrote a receipt, and handed it to Fenwick.

"Good day," said Fenwick, turning to go.

The other followed him, and as they stepped out into the exhibition-rooms of the shop, hung in dark purple, Fenwick perceived in the distance what looked like a fine Corot and a Daubigny, and paused.

"Got some good things since I was here last?"

"Oh, we're always getting good things," said his companion, carelessly, without the smallest motion towards the pictures.

Fenwick nodded haughtily, and walked towards the door. But his soul smarted within him. Two years before, the owners of any picture-shop in London would have received him with *empressement*, have shown him all they had to show, and taken flattering note of his opinion.

On the threshold he ran against the academician with the orange hair and beard, who had been his fellow-guest at the Findons' on the night of his first din-

ner-party there. The orange hair was now nearly white; its owner had grown to rotundity; but the sharp, glancing eyes and pompous manner were the same as of old. Mr. Sherratt nodded curtly to Fenwick, and was then received with bows and effusion by the junior partner standing behind.

"Ah, Mr. Sherratt!—*delighted* to see you! Come to look at the Corot? By all means! This way, please."

Fenwick pursued his course to Oxford Street in a morbid self-consciousness. It seemed to him that all the world knew him by now for a failure and a bankrupt; that he was stared and pointed at.

He took refuge from this nightmare in an Oxford-street restaurant, and as he ate his midday chop he asked himself, for the hundredth time, how the deuce it was that he had got into the debts which weighed him down. He had been extravagant on the building and furnishing of his house; but, after all, he had earned large sums of money. He sat gloomily over his meal, frowning, and trying to remember. And once, amid the foggy darkness, there opened a vision of a Westmoreland stream, and a pleading face upturned to his in the moonlight—"And then, you know, I could look after money! You're dreadfully bad about money, John!"

The echo of that voice in his ears made him restless. He rose and set forth again—towards Fitzroy Square.

On the way his thoughts recurred to the letter he had found waiting for him at the lawyers'. It came from Phœbe's cousin, Freddy Tolson. Messrs. Butlin had traced this man anew—to a mining town in New South Wales. He had been asked to come to England and testify, no matter at what expense. In the letter just received—bearing witness in its improved writing and spelling to the prosperous development of the writer—he declined to come, repeating that he knew nothing whatever of his Cousin Phœbe's whereabouts, nor of her reasons for leaving her husband. He gave a fresh and longer account of his conversation with her, as far as he could remember it at this distance of time; and this longer account contained the remark that she had asked him questions about other colonies than Australia, to which he was himself bound. He thought Canada had been mentioned—

the length of the passage there, and its cost. He had n't paid much attention to it at the time. It had seemed to him that she was glad, poor thing, of some one to have a "crack" with—"for I guess she 'd been pretty lonesome up there." But she might have had something in her head—he could n't say. All he could declare was that if she were in Canada, or any other of the colonies, he had had no hand in it, and knew no more than a "born baby" where she might be hidden.

So now, on this vague hint, a number of fresh inquiries were to be set on foot. Fenwick hoped nothing from them. Yet as he walked fast through the London streets, from which the fog was lifting, his mind wrestled with vague images of great lakes and virgin forests and rolling wheat-lands, of the streets of Montreal or the Heights of Quebec; and amongst them, now with one background, now with another, the slender figure of a fair-haired woman with a child beside her. And through his thoughts, furies of distress and fear pursued him—now as always.

"WELL, this is a queer go, is n't it?" said Watson, in a half-whispering voice. "Nature has horrid ways of killing you. I wish she 'd chosen a more expeditious one with me."

Fenwick sat down beside his friend, the lamplight in the old paneled room revealing, against his will, his perturbed and shaken expression.

"How did this come on?" he asked.

"Of itself, my dear fellow," laughed Watson in the same hoarse whisper. "My right lung has been getting rotten for a year past, and at Marseilles it happened to break. That 's my explanation, anyway; and it does as well as the doctor's.—Well, how are you?"

Fenwick shifted uneasily, and made a vague answer. Watson turned to look at him.

"What pictures have you on hand?"

Fenwick gave a list of the completed pictures still in his studio, and described the arrangements made to exhibit them. He was not as ready as usual to speak of himself; his gaze and his attention were fixed upon his friend. But Watson probed further—into the subjects of his recent work. Fenwick was nearing the end, he explained, of a series of rustic "Months,"

with their appropriate occupations, an idea which had haunted his mind for years.

"As old as the hills," said Watson, "but none the worse for that. You 've painted them, I suppose, out of doors?"

Fenwick shrugged his shoulders.

"As much as possible."

"Ah, that 's where those French fellows have us," said Watson, languidly. "One of them said to me in Paris the other day, 'it 's bad enough to paint the things you 've seen—it 's the devil to paint the things you 've not seen.'"

"The usual fallacy," said Fenwick, firing up. "What do they mean by 'seen'?"

He would have liked this time to go off at score. But a sure instinct told him that he was beside a dying man; and he held himself back, trying instead to remember what small news and gossip he could, for the amusement of his friend.

Watson sat in a deep arm-chair, propped up by pillows. The room in which they met had been a very distinguished room in the eighteenth century. It had still some remains of carved paneling, a graceful mantelpiece of Italian design, and a painted ceiling half effaced. It was now part of a lodging-house, furnished with shabby cheapness; but the beauty, once infused, persisted, and it made no unworthy setting for a painter's death.

The signs of desperate illness in Richard Watson were indeed plainly visible. His shaggy hair and thick, unkempt beard brought into relief the waxen or purple tones of the skin. The breath was labored, and the cough frequent. But the eyes were still warm, living and passionate, the eyes of a Celt, with the Celtic gifts, and those deficiencies, also, of his race, broadly and permanently expressed in the words of a great historian—"The Celts have shaken all states, and founded none!" No founder, no achiever, this,—no happy, harmonious soul,—but a man who had vibrated to life and Nature in their subtler and sadder aspects, through whom the nobler thoughts and ambitions had passed, like sound through strings, wringing out some fine tragic notes, some memorable tones.

"I can't last more than a week or two," he said presently, in a pause of Fenwick's talk, to which he had hardly listened,— "and a good job too. But I don't find

myself at all rebellious. I'm curiously content to go. I've had a good time."

This, from a man who had passed from one disappointed hope to another, brought the tears to Fenwick's eyes.

"Some of us may wish we were going with you," he said in a low voice, laying his hand a moment on his friend's knee.

Watson made no immediate reply. He coughed, fidgeted, and at last said:

"How 's the money?"

Fenwick hastily drew himself up. "All right."

He reached out a hand to the tongs and put the fire together.

"Is that so?" said Watson. The slight incredulity in his voice touched some raw nerve in Fenwick.

"I don't want anything," he said almost angrily. "I shall get through."

Cunningham had been talking, no doubt. His affairs had been discussed. His morbid pride took offense at once.

"Mine 'll just hold out," said Watson presently with a humorous inflection; "it 'll bury me, I think,—with a few shillings over. But I could n't have afforded another year."

There was silence awhile, till a nurse came in to make up the fire. Fenwick began to talk of old friends and current exhibitions, and presently tea made its appearance. Watson's strength seemed to revive. He sat more upright in his chair, his voice grew stronger, and he dallied with his tea, joking hoarsely with his nurse, and asking Fenwick all the questions that occurred to him. His face, in its rugged pallor and emaciation, and his great head, black or iron-gray on the white pillows, were so fine that Fenwick could not take his eyes from him; with the double sense of the artist, he saw the *subject* in the man, a study in black and white hovered before him.

When the nurse had withdrawn, and they were alone again, in a silence made more intimate still by the darkness of the paneled walls, which seemed to isolate them from the rest of the room, inclosing them in a glowing ring of lamp- and fire-light, Fenwick was suddenly seized by an impulse he could not master. He bent towards the sick man.

"Watson!—do you remember advising me to marry when we met in Paris?"

"Perfectly."

The invalid turned his haggard eyes upon the speaker, in a sudden sharp attention. There was a pause; then Fenwick said, with bent head, staring into the fire:

"Well, I *am* married."

Watson gave a hoarse "Phew!" and waited.

"My wife left me twelve years ago, and took our child with her. I don't know whether they are alive or dead. I thought I 'd like to tell you. It would have been better if I had n't concealed it from you—and—and other friends."

"Great Scott!" said Watson, slowly, bringing the points of his long, emaciated fingers together, like one trying to master a new image. "So that 's been the secret—"

"Of what?" said Fenwick, testily; but as Watson merely replied by an interrogative and attentive silence, he threw himself into his tale—headlong. He told it at far greater length than Eugénie had ever heard it; and throughout, the subtle instinctive appeal of man to man governed the story, differentiating it altogether from the same story told to a woman.

He spoke impetuously, with growing emotion, conscious of an infinite relief and abandonment. Watson listened with scarcely a comment. Midway a little pattering, scuffling noise startled the speaker. He looked round and saw the monkey, Anatole, who had been lying asleep in his basket. Watson nodded to Fenwick to go on, and then feebly motioned to his knee. The monkey clambered there, and Watson folded his bony arms round the creature, who lay presently with his weird face pressed against his master's dressing-gown, his melancholy eyes staring out at Fenwick.

"It was madame she was jealous of?" said Watson, when the story came to an end.

Fenwick hesitated, then nodded reluctantly. He had spoken merely of "one of my sitters." But it was not possible to fence with this dying man.

"And madame knows?"

"Yes."

But Fenwick sharply regretted the introduction of Madame de Pastourelles's name. He had brought the story down merely to the point of Phœbe's flight and the search which followed, adding only—

with vagueness—that the search had lately been renewed without success.

Watson pondered the matter for some time. Fenwick took out his handkerchief and wiped a brow damp with perspiration. His story, added to the miseries of the day, had excited and shaken him still further.

Suddenly Watson put out a hand and seized his wrist. The grip hurt.

"Lucky dog!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You've lost them—but you've had a woman in your arms—a child on your knee! You don't go to your grave—*ἀπρακτος*—an ignorant, barren fool—like me!"

Fenwick looked at him in amazement. Self-scorn, a bitter and passionate regret, transformed the face beside him. He pressed the fevered hand. "Watson!—dear fellow!"

Watson withdrew his hand, and once more folded the monkey to him.

"There are plenty of men like me," he muttered. "We are afraid of living—and art is our refuge. Then art takes its revenge, and we are bad artists because we are poor and sterilized human beings. But you"—he spoke with fresh energy, composing himself,—“don't talk rot!—as though *your* chance was done. You'll find her—she'll come back to you—when she's drunk the cup. Healthy young women don't die before thirty-five; and, by your account, she was n't bad, she had a conscience. The child'll waken it. Don't you be hard on her!”—he raised himself, speaking almost fiercely,—“you've no right to! Take her in—listen to her—let her cry it out. My God!”—his voice dropped as his head fell back on the pillows—“what happiness—what happiness!”

His eyes closed. Fenwick stooped over him in alarm, but the thin hand closed again on his.

"Don't go. What was she like?"

Fenwick asked him whether he remembered the incident of the sketch-book at their first meeting, the drawing of the mother and child in the kitchen of the Westmoreland farm.

"Perfectly. And she was the model for the big picture, too? I see. A lovely creature! How old is she now?"

"Thirty-six—if she lives."

"I tell you she *does* live! Probably more beautiful now than she was then. Those Madonna-like women mellow so finely. And the child? *Vois-tu Anatole!*—something superior to monkeys!"

But he pressed the little animal closer to him as he spoke. Fenwick rose to go, conscious that he had stayed too long. Watson looked up.

"Good-by, old man! Courage! Seek—till you find. She's in the world—and she's sorry. I could swear it."

Fenwick stood beside him, quivering with emotion and despondency. Their eyes met steadily, and Watson whispered:

"I pass from one thing to another. Sometimes it's Omar Khayyam—'One thing is certain and the rest is lies—The flower that once is born forever dies'—and the next it's the Psalms, and I think I'm at a prayer-meeting—a Welsh Methodist again." He fell into a flow of Welsh, hoarsely musical.

Then, with a smile, he nodded farewell; and Fenwick went.

FENWICK wrote that night to Eugénie de Pastourelles at Cannes, inclosing a copy of the letter received from Freddy Tolson. It meant nothing; but she had asked to be kept informed. As he entered upon the body of his letter, his eyes still recurred to its opening line:

"Dear Madame de Pastourelles."

For many years he had never addressed her except as "My dear friend."

Well, that was all gone and over. The memory of her past goodness, of those walks through the Trianon woods, was constantly with him. But he had used her recklessly and selfishly, and she had done with him. He admitted it now, as often before, in a temper of dull endurance, bending himself to the task of his report.

EUGÉNIE read his letter, sitting on a bench above the blue Mediterranean, in the pine-woods of the Cap d'Antibes. She had torn it open in hope, and the reading of it depressed her. In the pine-scented, sun-warmed air she sat for long, motionless and sad. The delicate greenish light fell on the soft brown hair, the white face and hands. Eugénie's deep black had now assumed a slight "religious" air which disturbed Lord Findon and kindled the

Protestant wrath of her stepmother. That short moment of a revived *mondanité* which Versailles had witnessed was wholly past; and for the first and only time in her married life, Eugénie's natural gaiety was quenched. She knew well that in the burden which weighed upon her there were morbid elements; but she could only bear it, she could not smile under it.

Fenwick's letter led her thoughts back to the early incidents of this fruitless search. Especially did she recall every moment of her interview with Daisy Hewson, Phoebe Fenwick's former nursemaid, now married to a small Westmoreland farmer. One of the first acts of the lawyers had been to induce this woman to come to London to repeat once more what she knew of the *catastrophe*.

Then, after the examination by the lawyers, Eugénie had pleaded that she might see her—and see her alone. Accordingly, a shy and timid woman, speaking with a broad Westmoreland accent, called one morning in Dean's Yard.

Eugénie had won from her many small details the lawyers had been unable to extract. They were not, alack, of a kind to help the search for Phœbe; but, interpreted by the aid of her own quick imagination, they drew a picture of the lost mother and child which sank deep, deep, into Eugénie's soul.

Mrs. Fenwick, said Mrs. Hewson, scarcely spoke on the journey south. She sat staring out of window, with her hands on her lap, and Daisy thought there was "soomat wrang," but dared not ask. In saying good-by at Euston, Mrs. Fenwick had kissed her, and given the guard a shilling to look after her. She was holding Carrie in her arms as the train moved away. The girl had supposed she was going to join her husband.

And barely a week later, John Fenwick had been dining in St. James's Square, looking harassed and ill, indeed—it was supposed, from overwork; but, to his best friends, as silent as that grave of darkness and oblivion which had closed over his wife.

Yet, as the weeks of thought went on, Eugénie blamed him less and less. Her clear intelligence showed her all the steps of the unhappy business. She remembered the awkward, harassed youth, as she had first seen him at her father's table,

with his curious mixture of arrogance and timidity; now haranguing the table, and now ready to die with confusion over some social slip. She understood what he had told her, in his first piteous letter, of his paralyzed, tongue-tied states, of his fear of alienating her father and herself. And she went deeper. She confessed the hatefulness of those weakening timidities, those servile states of soul, by which our social machine balances the insolences and cruelties of the strong,—its own breeding also; she felt herself guilty because of them; the whole of life seemed to her sick, because a young man, ill at ease and cowardly in a world not his own, had told or lived a foolish lie. It was as though she had forced it from him; she understood so well how it had come about. No, no!—her father might judge it as he pleased. She was angry no longer.

Nor—presently—did she even resent the treachery of those weeks at Versailles, so quick and marvelous was the play of her great gift of sympathy, which in truth was only another aspect of imagination. In recoil from a dark moment of her own experience, of which she could never think without anguish, she had offered him a friend's hand, a friend's heart,—offered them eagerly and lavishly. Had he done more than take them, with the craving of a man, for whom already the ways are darkening, who makes one last clutch at "youth and bloom, and this delightful world"? He had been reckless and cruel, indeed. But in its profound tenderness and humility and self-reproach her heart forgave him.

Yet of that forgiveness she could make no outward sign,—for her own sake, and Phœbe's. That old relation could never be again; the weeks at Versailles had killed it. Unless, indeed, some day it were her blessed lot to find the living Phœbe, and bring her to her husband! Then friendship, as well as love, might perhaps lift its head once more. And as during the months of winter, both before and since her departure from England, the tidings reached her of Fenwick's growing embarrassments, of his increasing coarseness and carelessness of work, his violence of temper, the friend in her suffered profoundly. She knew that she could still do much for him. Yet there, in the way, stood the image of Phœbe, as

Daisy Hewson described her,—pale, weary, desperate,—making all speech, all movement, on the part of the woman, for jealousy of whom the wife had so ignorantly destroyed herself and Fenwick, a thing impossible.

Eugénie's only comfort, indeed, at this time, was the comfort of religion. Her soul, sorely troubled and very stern with itself, wandered in mystical, ascetic paths, out of human ken. Every morning she hurried through the woods to a little church beside the sea, filled with fishing folk. There she heard mass and made the spiritual communion which sustained her.

Once, in the medieval siege of a Spanish fortress, so a Spanish chronicler tells us, all the defenders were slaughtered but one man; and he lay dying on the ground, across the gate. There was neither priest nor wafer; but the dying man raised a little of the soil between the stones to his lips, and so, says the chronicler, "communicated in the earth itself," before he passed to the Eternal Presence. Eugénie would have done the same with a like ardor and simplicity; her thought differing much, perhaps, in its perceived and logical elements, from that of the dying Spaniard, but none the less profoundly akin. The act was to her the symbol and instrument of an Inflowing Power; the details of those historical beliefs with which it was connected mattered little. And as she thus leant upon the old, while conscious of the new, she never in truth felt herself alone. It seemed to her, often, that she clasped hands with a vast invisible multitude, in a twilight soon to be dawn.

XII

A FORTNIGHT later Dick Watson died. Fenwick saw him several times before the end, and was present at his last moments. The funeral was managed by Cuningham; so were the obituary notices; and Fenwick attended the funeral and read the notices, with that curious mixture of sore grief and jealous irritation into which our human nature is so often betrayed at similar moments.

Then he found himself absorbed by the later rehearsals of "The Queen's Necklace"; by the completion of his pictures

for the May exhibition; and by the perpetual and ignominious hunt for money. As to this last, it seemed to him that each day was a battle in which he was forever worsted. He was still trying in vain to sell his house at Chelsea, the house planned at the height of his brief prosperity, built and finely furnished on borrowed money, and now apparently unsalable because of certain peculiarities in it which suited its contriver and no one else. And meanwhile the bank from which he had borrowed most of his building money was pressing inexorably for repayment; the solicitor in Bedford Row could do nothing, and was manifestly averse to running up a longer bill on his own account; so that, instead of painting, Fenwick often spent his miserable days in rushing about London, trying to raise money by one shift after another, in an agony to get a bill accepted or postponed, borrowing from this person and that, and with every succeeding week losing more self-respect and self-control.

The situation would have been instantly changed, if only his artistic power had recovered itself. And if Eugénie had been within his reach, it might have done so. She had the secret of stimulating in him what was poetic, and repressing what was merely extravagant or violent. But she was far away; and as he worked at the completion of his series of "Months," or at various portraits which the kindness or compassion of old friends had procured for him, he fell headlong into all his worst faults.

His handling, once so distinguished, grew steadily more careless and perfunctory; his drawing lost force and grip; his composition, so rich, interesting, and intelligent in his early days, now meant nothing, said nothing. The few friends who still haunted his studio during these dark months were often struck with pity; criticism or argument was useless; and some of them believed that he was suffering from defects of sight, and was no longer capable of judging his own work.

The portrait commissions, in particular, led more than once to disaster. His angry vanity suspected that while he was now thought incapable of the poetic or imaginative work in which he had once excelled, he was still considered—"like any fool"—good enough for portraits. This

alone was enough to make him loathe the business. On two or three occasions he ended by quarreling with the sitter. Then for hours he would walk restlessly about his room, smoking enormously, drinking—sometimes excessively—out of a kind of excitement and *désœuvrement*, his strong, grizzled hair bristling about his head, his black eyes staring and bloodshot, and that wild, gipsyish look of his youth more noticeable than ever in these surroundings of what promised soon to be a decadent middle age.

One habit of his youth had quite disappeared. The queer tendency to call on Heaven for practical aid in any practical difficulty,—to make of prayer a system of "begging letters to the Almighty,"—which had often quieted or distracted him in his early years of struggle, affected him no longer. His inner life seemed to himself shrouded in a sullen numbness and frost.

And the old joy in reading, the old plenitude and facility of imagination, were also in abeyance. He became the fierce critic of other men's ideas, while barren of his own. To be original, successful, happy, was now in his eyes the one dark and desperate offense. Yet every now and then he would have impulses of the largest generosity; would devote hours to the teaching of some struggling student and the correction of his work, or draw on his last remains of credit or influence—pester people with calls, or write reams to the newspapers—on behalf of some one, unduly overlooked, whose work he admired.

But through it all, the shadows deepened, and a fixed conviction that he was moving towards catastrophe. In spite of Watson's touching words to him, he did not often let himself think of Phoebe. Towards her, as towards so much else, his mind and heart were stiffened and voiceless. But for hours in the night—since sleeplessness was now added to his other torments—he would brood on the loss of his child, would try to imagine her dancing, singing, sewing, or helping her mother in the house. Seventeen! Why, soon, no doubt, they would be marrying her; and he, her father, would know nothing, hear nothing. And in the darkness he would feel the warm tears rise in his eyes, and hold them there, proudly arrested.

The rehearsals in which he spent many hours of the week generally added to his distress and irritation. The play itself was, in his opinion, a poor, vulgar thing, utterly unworthy of the "spectacle" he had contrived for it. He could not hide his contempt for the piece, and indeed for most of its players; and was naturally unpopular with the management and the company. Moreover, he wanted his money desperately, seeing that the play had been postponed, first from November to February, and then from February to April; but the actor-manager concerned was in somewhat dire straits himself, and nothing could be got before production.

One afternoon, late in March, a rehearsal was nearing its completion, everybody was tired out, and everything had been going badly. One of Fenwick's most beautiful scenes—carefully studied from the Trianon gardens on the spot—had been, in his opinion, hopelessly spoiled in order to bring in some ridiculous "business," wholly incongruous with the setting and date of the play. He had had a fierce altercation on the stage with the actor-manager. The cast meanwhile, dispersed at the back of the stage or in the wings, looked on maliciously or chatted among themselves; while every now and then one or other of the antagonists would call up the leading lady, or the concealed gentleman who was to act *Count Fersen*, and hotly put a case. Fenwick was madly conscious all the time of his lessened consideration and dignity in the eyes of a band of people whom he despised. Two years before, his coöperation would have been an honor, and his opinion law. Now, nothing of the kind; indeed, through the heated remarks of the actor-manager there ran the insolent implication that Mr. Fenwick's wrath was of no particular account to anybody, and that he was presuming on a commission he had been very lucky to get.

At last a crowd of stage-hands, setting scenery for another piece in the evening, invaded the stage, and the rehearsal was just breaking up, when Fenwick, still talking in flushed exasperation, happened to notice two ladies standing in the wings, on the other side of the vast stage, close to the stage entrance.

He suddenly stopped talking, stammered, looked again. They were two

girls, one evidently a good deal older than the other. The elder was talking with the assistant stage-manager. The younger stood quietly, a few yards away, not talking to any one. Her eyes were on Fenwick, and her young, slightly frowning face wore an expression of amusement,—of something besides, also,—something puzzled and intent. It flashed upon him that she had been there for some time, that he had been vaguely conscious of her, that she had, in fact, been watching from a distance the angry scene in which he had been engaged.

"Why!—whatever is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?" said the actor beside him, startled by his look.

Fenwick made no answer, but he dropped a roll of papers he was holding, and suddenly rushed forward across the stage, through the throng of carpenters and scene-shifters who were at work upon it. Some garden steps and a fountain just being drawn into position came in his way; he stumbled and fell, was conscious of two or three men coming to his assistance, rose again, and ran on blindly, pushing at the groups in his way, till he ran into the arms of the stage-manager.

"Who were those ladies?—where are they?" he said, panting, and looking round him in despair; for they had vanished, and the stage entrance was blocked by an outgoing stream of people.

"Don't know anything about them," said the man, sulkily. Fenwick had been the plague of his life in rehearsals. "What?—you mean those two girls? Never saw 'em before."

"But you must know who they are—you must!" shouted Fenwick. "What's their name? Why did you let them go?"

"Because I had finished with them."

The manager turned on his heel, and was about to give an order to a workman, when Fenwick caught him by the arm.

"I implore you," he said in a shaking voice, his face crimson, "tell me who they are, and where they went."

The man looked at him astonished, but something in the artist's face made him speak more considerately.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Fenwick, but I really know nothing about them. Oh, by the way"—he fumbled in his pocket. "Yes—one of them did give me a card. I forgot—I never saw the name

before." He extracted it with difficulty and handed it to Fenwick, who stood trembling from head to foot.

Fenwick looked at it.

"Miss Larose." Nothing else. No address.

"But the other one!—the other one!" he said, beside himself.

"I never spoke to her at all," said his companion, whose name was Fison. "They came in here twenty minutes ago, and asked to see me. The doorkeeper told them the rehearsal was just over, and they would find me on the stage. The lady I was talking to wished to know whether we had all the people we wanted for the ball-room scene. Some friend with whom she had been acting in the country had advised her to apply—"

"Acting *where*?" said Fenwick, still gripping him.

The stage-manager rubbed his nose in perplexity.

"I really can't remember. Leeds—Newcastle—Halifax—was it? It's altogether escaped my memory."

"For God's sake, remember!" cried Fenwick.

The stage-manager shook his head.

"I really did n't take notice. I liked the young lady very well. We got on, as you may say, at once. I talked to her while you were discussing over there. But I had to tell her there was no room for her,—and no more there is. Her sister—or her friend—whichever it was—was an uncommonly pretty girl. I noticed that as she went out—which reminds me, she asked me to tell her who you were."

Fenwick gazed at the speaker in passionate despair.

"And you can't tell me any more?—can't help me!"

His voice rose again into a shout, then failed him.

"No, I really can't," said the other, decidedly, pulling himself away. "You go and ask the doorkeeper. Perhaps he'll know something."

But the doorkeeper knew only that he had been asked for "Mr. Fison" by two nice-spoken young ladies, that he had directed them where to go, and had opened the stage door for them. He had n't happened to be in his "lodge" when they went out, and could n't say in which direction they had gone.

"Why, Lor' bless you, sir, they come here in scores every week!"

Fenwick rushed out into the Strand, and walked from end to end of the theatrical section of it several times, questioning the policemen on duty. But he could discover nothing.

Then, blindly, he made his way down a narrow street to the Embankment. There he threw himself on a bench, almost fainting, unable to stand.

What should he do? He was absolutely convinced that he had seen Carrie, his child—his little Carrie!—his own flesh and blood. It was her face—her eyes—her movement,—changed, indeed, but perfectly to be recognized by him, her father. And by the cruel, the monstrous accidents of the meeting, she had been swept away from him again into this whirlpool of London, before he had had the smallest chance of grasping at the little form as it floated past him on this aimless stream of things. His whole nature was in surging revolt against life, against men's senseless theories of God and Providence. If it should prove that he had lost all clue again to his wife and child, he would put an end, once for all, to his share in the business,—he swore, with clenched hands, that he would. The Great Potter had made sport of him long enough; it was time to break the cup and toss its fragments back into the vast, common heap of ruined and wasted things. "Some to honor—and some to dishonor"—the words rang in his ears, mingling with that deep bell of St. Paul's, whereof the echoes were being carried up the river towards him on the light southeasterly wind.

But first he tried to make his mind follow out the natural implications and consequences of what had happened. Carrie had asked his name. But clearly, when it was given her, it had meant nothing to her. She could not have left her father there, knowing it was her father, without a word. No; Phœbe's first step, of course, would have been to drop her old name, and the child would have no knowledge of it.

But Phœbe? If Carrie was in England, so was Phœbe. He could not believe that she would part with the child. And supposing Carrie spoke of the prating, haranguing fellow she had seen—mentioned the name, which the stage-manager had

given her—what then? Could Phœbe still have the cruelty, the wickedness, to maintain her course of action—to keep Carrie from him? Ah! if he had been guilty towards her in the old days, she had wrung out full payment long ago; the balance of injury had long since dropped heavily on his side. But who could know how she had developed?—whether towards hardness, or towards repentance. Still—to-night, probably—she would hear what and whom Carrie had seen. Any post might bring the fruits of it. And if not, he was not without a clue. If a girl, whose name is known, has been playing recently at an English provincial theater, it ought to be possible somehow to recover news of her. He looked at his watch. Too late for the lawyers. But he roused himself, hailed a cab, and went to his club, where he wrote at length to his solicitor, describing what had happened and suggesting various lines of action.

Then he went home, got some charcoal and paper, and by lamplight began to draw the face which he had seen,—a very young and still plastic face, with delicate lips open above the small teeth, and eyes—why, they were Phœbe's eyes, of course!—no other eyes like them in the world. He drew them with an eager hand, knowing the way of them. He put the light—the smile—into them; a happy smile!—as of one to whom life has been kind. No sign of fear, distress, or cringing poverty,—rather an innocent sovereignty, lovely and unashamed. Then the brow, and the curly hair, in its brown profusion; and the small neck; and the thin, straight shoulders. He drew in the curve of the shady hat, the knot of lace at the throat, the spare young lines of the breast.

So it emerged; and when it was done he put it on an easel, and sat staring at it, his eyes blind with tears.

Yes, it was Carrie,—he had no doubt whatever that it was Carrie. And behind her, mingling with her image—yet distinct—a veiled, intangible presence, stood Phœbe,—Phœbe, so like her, and yet so different. But of Phœbe, still, he would not think. It was as when a man, mortally tired, shrinks from some fierce contest of brain and limb, which yet he knows may some day have to be faced. He put his wife aside, and sank himself in the covetous, devouring vision of his child.

Next day there was great activity among the lawyers. They were confident of recovering the clue; and if Fenwick's identification was a just one, the search was near its end.

Only, till they really *were* on the track, better say nothing to Lord Findon and Madame de Pastourelles. This was the suggestion of the Findons' solicitor, and Fenwick eagerly indorsed it.

Presently inquiry had been made from every management in London, as to the touring companies of the year; confidential agents had been sent to every provincial town that possessed a theater; long lists of names had been compiled and carefully scanned. Fenwick's drawing of the girl whom he had seen had been photographed; and some old likenesses of Phœbe and Carrie had been reproduced and attached to it, for the use of Messrs. Butlin's provincial correspondents. The police were appealed to; the best private detectives to be had were employed.

In vain! The smiling child of seventeen had emerged for that one appearance on the stage of her father's life, only, it seemed, to vanish again forever. No trace could be found anywhere of a "Miss Larose," either as a true or a theatrical name; the photographs suggested nothing to those who saw them; or if various hints and clues sometimes seemed to present themselves, they led to no result.

Meanwhile, day after day, Fenwick waited on the post, hurrying for and scanning his letters with feverish, ever-waning hope. Not a sign, not a word from Phœbe. His heart grew fierce. There were moments when he felt something not unlike hatred for this invisible woman, who was still able to lay a ghostly and sinister hand upon his life. And yet, and yet!—suppose, after all, that she were dead?

During these same weeks of torment "The Queen's Necklace" was produced; it was a pretentious failure, and after three weeks of difficult existence flickered to an end. The management went into bankruptcy, and the greater part of Fenwick's payment was irrecoverable. He could hardly now meet his daily living expenses, and there was an execution in his house, put in by the last firm of builders employed.

Close upon this disaster came the open-

ing of his private exhibition. Grimly, in a kind of dogged abstraction, he went through with it. He himself, with the help of a lad who was his man-of-all-work in Chelsea, nailed up the draperies, hung the pictures, and issued the invitations for the private view.

About a hundred people came to the private view. His reputation was not yet dead, and there was much curiosity about his circumstances. But Fenwick, looking at the scanty crowd, considering the faces that were there and the faces that were not there, knew very well that it could be of no practical assistance to him. Not a picture sold; and next day there were altogether seven people in the gallery, of whom five were the relations of men to whom he had given gratuitous teaching at one period or other of his career.

And never, alack, in the case of any artist of talent, was there a worse "press" than that which dealt with his pictures on the following morning. The most venomous article of all was the work of a man whom Fenwick had treated with conceit and rudeness in the days of his success. The victim now avenged himself; with the same glee which a literary club throws into the blackballing of some evil tongue, some too harsh and too powerful critic of the moment. "Scamped and empty work," in which "ideas not worth stating" find an expression "not worth criticism." Mannerisms grown to absurdity; faults of early training writ dismally large; vulgarity of conception and carelessness of execution—no stone that could hurt or sting was left unflung, and the note of meditative pity in which the article came to an end marked the climax of a very neat revenge. After reading it, Fenwick felt himself artistically dead and buried.

A great silence fell upon him. He spoke to no one in the gallery, and he avoided his club. Early in the afternoon, he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, only to hear from the lawyers that they had done all they could with the new scent, and it was no use pursuing it further. He heard what they had to say in silence, and after leaving their office he visited a shop in the Strand. Just as the light was waning, about seven o'clock on a May evening, he found himself again in his studio. It was now absolutely bare, save for a few empty

easels, a chair or two, and some tattered portfolios. The two men representing the execution were in the dining-room. He could hear the voices of a charwoman and of the lad who had helped him to arrange the gallery, talking in the kitchen.

Fenwick locked himself into the studio. On his way thither he had recoiled, shivering, from the empty desolation of the house. In the general disarray of the ticketed furniture and stripped walls, all artistic charm had disappeared. And he said to himself, with a grim twist of the mouth, that if the house had grown ugly and commonplace, that only made it a better sitting for the ugly and commonplace thing which he was about to do.

ABOUT half an hour later a boy, looking like the "buttons" of a lodging-house, walked up to the side entrance of Fenwick's ambitious mansion, which possessed a kind of courtyard, and was built round two sides of an oblong. The door was open, and the charwoman just inside; so that the boy had no occasion to ring. He carried a parcel carefully wrapped in an old shawl.

"Is this Mr. Fenwick's?" asked the boy, consulting a dirty scrap of paper.

"Ay," said the woman.—"Well, who 's it from? is n't there no note with it?"

The boy replied that there was no note, and his instructions were to leave it.

"But what name am I to say?" the woman called after him, as he went down the path. The boy shook his head. "Don't know—give it up!" he said impudently, and went off whistling.

"Silly lout," said the woman, crossly; and taking up the package, which was not very large, she went with it to the studio, reflecting, as she went, that, by the feel of it, it was an unframed picture, and that if some one would only take away some of the beastly, dusty things that were already in the house—that would n't, so the bailiffs said, fetch a halfpenny—it would be better worth while than bringing new ones where they were n't wanted.

There was at first no answer to her knock. She tried the door, and wondered to find it locked. But presently she heard Fenwick moving about inside.

"Well, what is it?" His voice was low and impatient.

"A parcel for you, sir."

"Take it away."

"Very well, sir." She turned obediently and was half-way down the passage which led to the dining-room, when the studio door opened with a great crash, and Fenwick looked out.

"Bring that here. What is it?"

She retraced her steps.

"Well, it 's a picture, I think, sir."

He held out his hand for it, took it, and instantly withdrew into the studio and again locked the door. She noticed that he seemed to have lit one candle in the big studio, and his manner struck her as strange. But her slow mind followed the matter no further, and she went back to the cooking of his slender supper.

Fenwick meanwhile was standing with the parcel in his hand. At the woman's knock, he had risen from a table, where he had been writing a letter. A black object, half covered with a painting-rag, lay beside the inkstand.

"I must make haste," he thought, "or she will be bothering me again."

He looked at the letter, which was still unfinished. Meanwhile he had absently deposited the parcel on the floor, where it rested against the leg of the table.

"Another page will finish it. Hôtel Bristol, Rome—till the end of the week?—if I only could be *sure* that was what Butlin said!"

He paced up and down, frowning in an impotent distress, trying to make his brain work as usual. On his visit of the afternoon he had asked the lawyers for the Findons' address; but his memory now was of the worst.

Suddenly he wheeled round, sat down, and took up a book which had been lying face downwards on the table. It was the *Memoirs of Benjamin Haydon*, and he opened it at one of the last pages.

"About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood, blood-sprinkled, his unfinished picture. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture—"

The man, reading, paused.

"He had suffered much more than I," he thought; "but his wife had helped him, stood by him—"

And he passed on to the next page—to the clause in Haydon's will which runs:

"My dearest wife, Mary Haydon, has been a good, dear, and affectionate wife to me—a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace."

"And he repaid her by blowing his brains out," thought Fenwick, contemptuously. "But he was mad—of course he was mad. We are all mad—when it comes to this."

And he turned back, as though in fascination, to the page before, to the last entry in Haydon's Journal.

"21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation.

"22nd. God forgive me. Amen."

"Amen!" repeated Fenwick aloud, as he dropped the book. The word echoed in the empty room. He covered his eyes with his right hand, leaning his arm on the table.

The other hand, as it fell beside him, came in contact with the parcel which was propped against the table. His touch told him that it contained a picture—an unframed canvas. A vague curiosity awoke in him. He took it up, peered at the address; then began to finger with and unwrap it—

Suddenly he bent over it. What was it!

He tore off the shawl and some brown paper beneath it, lifted the thing upon the table, so that the light of the one candle fell upon it, and held it there.

Slowly his face, which had been deeply flushed before, lost all its color; his jaw dropped a little.

He was staring at the picture of himself which he had painted for Phœbe in the parlor of the Green Nab Cottage, thirteen years before. The young face, in its handsome and arrogant vigor, the gipsy-black hair and eyes, the powerful shoulders in the blue-serge coat, the sunburnt neck exposed by the loose turn-down collar above the greenish tie,—there they were, as he had painted them, lying once more under his hand. The flickering light of the candle showed him his signature and the date.

He laid it down, and drew a long breath. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he stood staring at it, his brain, under the sharp stimulus, beginning to work more clearly. So Phœbe, too, was alive—and in England. The picture was her token. That was what it meant.

He went heavily to the door, un-

locked it, and called. The charwoman appeared.

"Who brought this parcel?"

"A boy, sir."

"Where 's the note?—he must have brought something with it."

"No, he did n't, sir—there was no note."

"Don't be absurd!" cried Fenwick.

"There must have been."

Mrs. Flint, outraged, protested that she knew what she was a-saying of. He questioned her fiercely, but there was nothing to be got out of her rigmarole account, which Fenwick cut short by retreating into the studio in the middle of it.

This fresh check unhinged him altogether—seemed to make a mere fool of him—the sport of gods and men. There he paced up and down in a mad excitement. What in the devil's name was the meaning of it? The picture came from Phœbe—no one else. But it seemed she had only sent it to him to torment him—to punish him yet more? Women were the cruellest of God's creatures. And as for himself—idiot!—if he had only finished his business an hour ago, both she and he would have been released by this time. He worked himself up into a wild passion of rage, stopping every now and then to look at that ghost of his youth which lay on the table, propped up against some books, and once at the reflection of his haggard face and gray hair as he passed in front of an old mirror on the wall.

Then, suddenly, the tension gave way. He sank on the chair beside the table, hiding his face on his arms in an utter exhaustion, while yet, through the physical weakness, something swept and vibrated, which was in truth the onset of returning life.

As he lay there, a cab drove up to the front door, and a lady dressed in black descended from it. She rang, and Mrs. Flint appeared.

"Is Mr. Fenwick at home?"

"He is, ma'am," said the woman, hesitating—"but he did say he was n't to be disturbed."

"Will you please give him my card, and say I wish to see him at once? I have brought him an important letter."

Mrs. Flint, wavering between her dread of Fenwick's ill-humor, and the impression produced upon her by the gentle decision of her visitor, retreated into the house. The lady followed.

"Well, if you 'll wait there, ma'am,"—the charwoman opened the door of the dismantled sitting-room,—"*I 'll speak to Mr. Fenwick.*"

She shuffled off. Eugénie de Pastourelles threw back her veil. She had only arrived that morning in London after a night journey, and her face showed deep lines of fatigue. But its beauty of expression had never been more striking. Animation—joy—spoke in the eyes, quivered in the lips. She moved restlessly up and down, holding in one hand a parcel of letters. Once she noticed the room,—the furniture ticketed in lots,—and paused in concern and pity. But the momentary cloud was soon chased by the happiness of the thought which held her. Meanwhile Mrs. Flint knocked at the door of the studio.

"Mr. Fenwick!—Sir! There 's a lady come, sir; and she wishes to speak to you pertickler."

An angry movement inside.

"*I 'm busy. Send her away.*"

"*I 've got her card here, sir,*" said Mrs. Flint, dropping her voice. "*It 's a queer name, sir,—somethin' furrin—Madam somethin'.*" She says it *most* pertickler. *I was to tell you she 'd only got home to-day from abroad.*"

A sudden noise inside. The door was opened.

"Where is she? Ask her to come in."

He himself retreated into the darkness of the studio, clinging, so the charwoman noticed, to the back of a chair, as though for support. Wondering "what was up," she clattered back again down the long passage which led from the sitting-room to the studio.

But Eugénie had heard the opening door, and came to meet her.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked anxiously. "*Is Mr. Fenwick ill?*"

"Well, you see, ma'am," said Mrs. Flint, cautiously, "*it 's the sheriff's hoficers—though they do it as kind as they can.*"

Eugénie looked bewildered.

"*A hexecution, ma'am,*" whispered the woman, as she led the way.

"Oh!" It was a cry of distress, checked by the sight of Fenwick, who stood in the door of his studio.

"*I am sorry you were kept waiting,*" he said hoarsely. She made some commonplace reply, and they shook hands. Mrs. Flint looked at them curiously and withdrew again into the back premises.

Fenwick turned and walked in front of Eugénie towards the table from which he had risen. She looked at him in sudden horror,—arrested,—the words she had come to speak stifled on her lips. Then a quick impulse made her shut the door behind her. He turned again, bewildered, and raised his hand to his head.

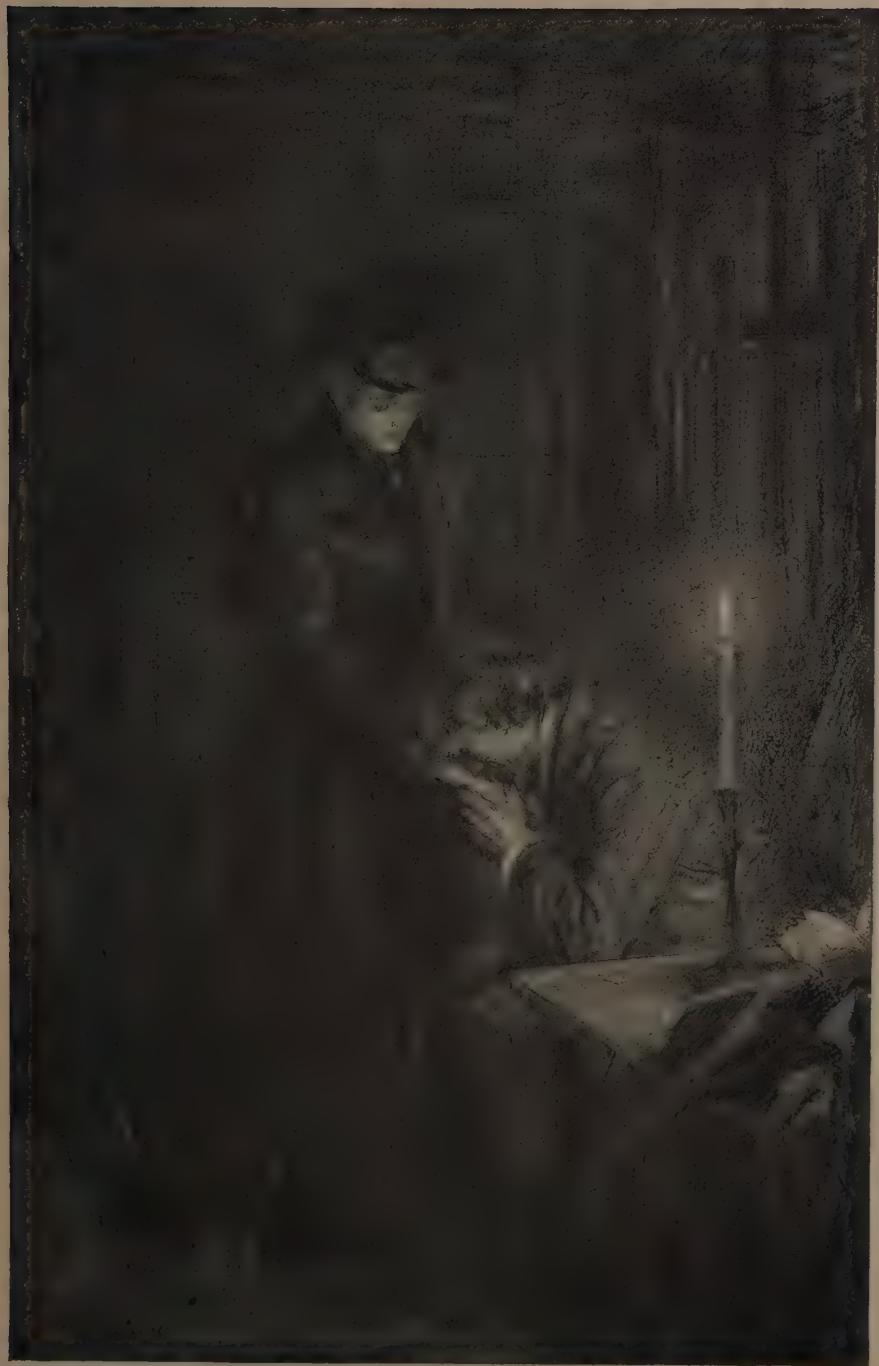
"My God!" he said in a low voice, "*I ought n't to have let you come in here. Go away—please go away.*"

Then she saw him totter backward, raise an overcoat which hung across the back of a chair, and throw it over something lying on the table. Terror possessed her; his aspect was so ghastly, his movements so strange. She flew to him, and took his hand in both hers. "*No, no—don't send me away! My friend—my dear friend—listen to me. You look so ill—you 've been in trouble! If I 'd only known! But I 've thought of you always—I 've prayed for you. And listen—listen!—I 've brought you good news.*"

She paused, still holding him. Her eyes were bright with tears, but her mouth smiled. He looked at her, trembling. Her pale charm, her pleading grace, moved him unbearably; this beauty, this tenderness,—the sudden apparition of them, in this dark room,—unmanned him altogether.

But she came nearer.

"*We only got home this morning. It was a sudden wish of my father's—he thought Italy was n't suiting him. We came straight from Rome. I wrote to you by this morning's post. Then—this afternoon—after we 'd settled my father—I drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields. And I found them so excited—just sending off a messenger to you. A letter had arrived by the afternoon post—an hour after you left the office. I have it here—they trusted it to me. Oh! dear Mr. Fenwick, listen to me! They are on the track—it 's a real clue this time! Your wife has been in Canada—they know where she was three months ago—it 's only a question of*



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"'BE MY MESSENGER!' HE SAID, JUST BREATHING IT"

time now. Oh! and they told me about the theater—how *wonderful*! Oh! I believe they 're not far off—I know it—I feel it!”

He had fallen on his chair; she stood beside him.

“And you 've been ill,” she said sadly, “and in great distress, I 'm afraid,—about money, was it? Oh, if I 'd only known! But you 'll let me make that right, won't you?—you could n't refuse me that? And think! you 'll have them again—your wife—your little girl.”

She smiled at him, while the tears slipped down her cheeks. She cherished his cold hands, holding them close in her warm, soft palms.

He seemed to be trying to speak. Then suddenly he disengaged himself, rose feebly, went to the mantelpiece, lit another candle, and brought it, holding it towards something on a chair,—beckoning to her. She went to him, perceived the unframed portrait, and cried out.

“Phœbe sent it me—just now,” he said, almost in a whisper,—“without a word—without a single word. It was left here by a boy—with no letter—no address. Was n't it cruel—was n't it horribly cruel?”

She watched him in dismay.

“Are you sure there was nothing—no letter?”

He shook his head. She released herself, took up the picture, and examined it. Then she shook out the folds of the shawl, the fragments of the brown paper, and still found nothing. But as she took the candle and stooped with it to the floor, something white gleamed. A neatly folded slip of paper had dropped among some torn letters beneath the table. She held it up to him with a cry of delight.

He made a movement, then fell back.

“Read it, please,” he said hoarsely, refusing it. “There 's something wrong with my eyes.”

And he held his hands pressed to them, while she, a little reluctantly, wistfully, opened and read:

“MY DEAR JOHN: I have Phœbe safe. She can't write. But she sends you this—as her sign. It 's been with her all through. She knows she 's been a sinful wife. But there, it 's no use writing. Besides, it makes me cry. But come!—come soon! Your child is an angel. You 'll forget and forgive when you see her.

“I brought Phœbe here last week. Do you see the address?—it 's the old cottage! I took it with a friend—three years ago. It seemed the right place for your poor wife—till she could make up her mind how and when to let you know.

“As to how I came to know—we 'll tell you all that.

“Carrie knows nothing yet. I keep thinking of the first look in her eyes!

“Come soon!

“Ever your affectionate old friend,

“ANNA MASON.”

There was silence. Eugénie had read the letter in a soft voice that trembled. She looked up. Fenwick was staring straight before him, and she saw him shudder.

“I know it 's horrible,” he said in a low voice, “and cowardly, but I feel as if I could n't face it—I could n't bear it.”

And he began feebly to pace to and fro, looking like an old gray-haired man in the dim grotesqueness of the light. Eugénie understood. She felt, with mingled dread and pity, that she was in the presence of a weakness which represented far more than the immediate emotion; was the culmination, indeed, of a long, disintegrating process.

She hesitated—moved—wavered—then took courage again.

“Come and sit down,” she said gently. And going up to him, she took him by the arm and led him back to his chair.

He sank upon it, his eyes hanging on her. She stooped over him.

“Shall I?” she said uncertainly—“shall I—go first? Oh, I *ought n't* to go! Nobody ought to interfere—between husband and wife. But if you wish it—if I could do any good—”

Her eyes sought the answer of his.

Her face, framed in the folds of her black veil, shone in the candle-light; her voice was humble, yet brave.

The silence continued a moment. Then his lips moved.

“Be my messenger!” he said, just breathing it.

She made a sign of assent. And he, feebly lifting her hand, brought it to his lips. Close to them, unseen by her,—for the moment, unremembered by him,—lay the revolver with which he had meant to take his life, and the letter in which he had bid her a last farewell.

THE OLD GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP



JOHN SEARSON, formerly of Philadelphia, merchant," is a versemaker passed over by the anthologists, and forgotten, probably, by all save the collectors of first editions. From a little volume entitled "Mount Vernon, a Poem," printed for the author a good many years before any of us was born, I have rescued this choice transcript of his

THOUGHTS IN MOUNT VERNON GARDEN

Delightful mansion, blest retreat,
Where all is silent, all is sweet;
Here contemplation prunes her wings;
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While she leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears:
Pursu'd by fancy, how she roves!
Thro' airy walks and museful groves;
Springs in each plant, and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear or see;
In this elysium, while I stray
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new born, and life more bright;
Time steals away and smooths his flight,
And thoughts bewilder'd in delight.

"This rural, romantic and descriptive Poem of the seat of so great a character," the title-page assures us, "it is hoped may please, with a copper-plate likeness of the General. It was taken from an actual view on the spot by the author, 15th May, 1799."

My apology for quoting it here is that it is as quaintly characteristic of its period as the garden that inspired it, and as nearly akin to truth as the traditions

which represent the old flower-beds of Mount Vernon as the handiwork and diversion of George Washington. That is one of the illusions born of the early school readers. We are fain to speak of the Father of his Country as the American Cincinnatus; yet nothing could be less classically Cincinnatus-like than the faithful pen-portrait, given us by a contemporary annalist, of a Virginia gentleman in a sober drab costume and broad felt hat, riding about to look at his growing things and directing the work of his hired men in the fields.

Among the relics of his sojourn at the beautiful estate where he passed the declining years of his life may be found abundant evidences of his wholesome love of out-of-door amusements, and particularly of his tastes in landscape gardening; but in these matters, as in those of statecraft, it was larger interests that absorbed his main attention. The sweep of the lawns, the approaches to the river, the windings of the paths and drives, the planning and platting of the generous spaces, the framing of the vistas—these, rather than the small details, were uppermost in his thought. We hear much of his old garden at Mount Vernon, and can trace its outlines fairly well in its living ruins; but we search his diaries and correspondence almost in vain to discover the trend of his fancy in color and the minor forms which go to make up the mosaic scheme of gardening as most of us understand the term.

The chances largely favor Dame Martha Washington, rather than General George, as the author and finisher of the Mount Vernon garden. She has, unfortunately, left us little or nothing in the lit-

erary way to indicate her share in this part of the simple life into which poured for them the sunset glow of age. Washington's career throughout was an apotheosis of the severely practical; and when he had carried the baby republic through the perils that beset its birth, the bent of his mind revealed itself in such an order as this, sent to his horticultural factor: "A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for field culture; twenty pounds of the best turnip seed; ten bushels of sainfoin seed; eight bushels of winter vetches." Or in this direction for a "field of sundries": "Carrots, five acres; potatoes five; pumpkins one; turnips one; pease fifteen." And here we find, not mere dry statistics, but a ripened judgment: "I have a high opinion of beans"; and elsewhere: "Of all the improving and ameliorating crops, none in my opinion is equal to potatoes."

From these purely material interests it is a relief to run upon such passages in the diaries as this: "Jan. 10. The white thorn full in berry"; or this: "Jan 12. Sowed holly berries in drills (3 rows)." But substantially the sole suggestion of a real garden, where beauty shall be cultivated for its own sweet sake, is found in the letter to William Gordon where the writer assures his correspondent: "I have too, Mrs. Washington's particular thanks to offer you for the flower roots and seeds."

Still, there was at Mount Vernon a place for flowers, and a goodly one, though walled in with the practicalities. Much of it was under cover. It was as orderly as everything that Washington had to do with. Rare exotics—rare, at least, in that day—were grouped there in glass greenhouses, where he could admire them, as the collector admires his bric-à-brac gathered in a cabinet from all quarters of the globe, for what was curious and suggestive in them, rather than for what invited his soul.

In the arrangement of what is left to mark the site of the old garden we note the signs of that precision which distinguished the surveyor turned country-gentleman, the commander of men made over into the master of a landed estate: The diaries are full of references to the experiments he made with lawn-seed and the shaping of his broad expanses of liv-

ing green, here in flowing mounds unembarrassed by changes of level, there in the stiff formality of a bell-shaped arena. The trees, which were his chief concern, and to gather which he made numberless visits to the native groves on his plantation, carry out the idea of a military skirmish line in open order, while the prim box hedges suggest the genius of generalship in arranging the solid lines of battle.

It is the misfortune of the ordinary pilgrim to Mount Vernon that he must see the place only in the garish glare of day. The garden is full of sentiment, but sentiment and brilliant sunshine are sworn foes. It is only in the cool silvery envelop of evening that we can re-people the spot and make it live again the life of that eighteenth century in which it was planned and developed. We can then stand back of the glass enclosures and fancy once more in place the long, straight rows of blooming plants from which Lady Washington replenished her nosegay vases—the flowers nodding drowsily amid the chirp of crickets, and now and then swaying softly in response to the whisper of a passing summer breeze. We can almost fancy the bronze-armed gardener stirring the soil between the rows with his hoe as he put the belated last touch to his work before bidding the care-laden world good night. Or we can take up our position at another point and watch the overseer in his quaint continental garb as he finishes his round, lantern in hand, among the "quarters," and takes his way back to the great house for a final look to make sure that all is well. Or we can ourselves stroll up the path where the varicolored borders merge into the more stately shrubbery that lines the old gray wall. Whether or not the Greatest American actually had a hand in the making of all this dainty array, at least he dwelt amid it, sniffed its odors, heard its faint murmurings, and possibly—nay, probably—was unconsciously meliorated in mind and morals by the influence of such an environment.

Next to the shimmer of the moon, in its power of calling up fancies like these, is the twilight hour at Mount Vernon. As the day draws in, the edges of lengthening shadow are softened in a faint mist trailing close to ground. The earth sends



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

THE MOUNT VERNON WATCHMAN ON HIS ROUND



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE LONG, STRAIGHT ROWS OF BLOOMING PLANTS"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"WHERE THE VARICOLORED BORDERS MERGE INTO THE MORE STATELY SHRUBBERY"

up a rich moist smell, and over this deep bass there plays a fugue of perfume from the flowers. A gauze of thinnest blue air veils the detail of the fine old trees outside of the garden wall and masses them against a tender tinted sky and against a lower glimpse of empurpled red roof and white supports. From the dense foliage on the lawn comes a half-hushed chorus, the softened twang and creak of an oakful of blackbirds away over against the edge of the old kitchen garden, antiphoned by the throaty chirrup of many robins from the big chestnut by the gate. A few small birds hidden among the boughs that overhang the flowers are uttering little notes and cuddling sounds under their breath, and from the topmost twig of a tall maple down at the end of the garden floats the cardinal's even-song.

Perchance the spell may be broken by the advent of one of the custodians of the place, who prowls about to see what the stranger finds so alluring in an atmosphere that to his prophetic sense portends only malaria and a host of discomforting accompaniments. But even he, prosaic as his apparel and manner of speech may lead you to think him, has his own poetic instinct, which is stirred into life if he happens to find you near the Old White Rose Bush—forgive the capitals,

dear reader, for his vocal inflexions print them on your mind.

"Beside this very identical Old White Rose Bush," he will tell you, with a peculiar staccato emphasis on his opening words, "the beautiful Eleanor Custis was wooed and won by her cousin, the elegant Lawrence Lewis, and here they plighted their troth. She gave him her answer with one of its white roses. And since that day many and many a couple have stood here and fixed it up between 'em."

It may be he's a bit too modern there, but he is of our time, however ancient the burden of his discourse.

"There has long been a tradition about it among the hands on the place, and they've always come to settle their love-affairs by the Bush. It kind o' draws lovers, don't you know. The girls can't seem to hold out on this spot. Among the visitors I've watched a many young couples made up right here. And—well, I've even seen an old pair stand a while looking at the white roses when they're at their best in June, and then take hold of hands."

And the fellow's sun-hardened features soften as he looks at you, and then back at the Old White Rose Bush, which you see him still half-caressing as you slip away and cross the main lawn to the path which leads you down to your boat.



TO JOHN LA FARGE

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE ASCENSION

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN

THE glowing angels through the air ascending;
On ridge and cloud and mountain-lake a light
Not less divine, in mystic vapors blending:
Which of these wondrous visions is more bright?

Both in their solemn charm shine uncontending;
Limner of Beauty! be it mine to share
Thy nearness to the Beauty never-ending,
Thy joy in finding Earth and Heaven so fair!



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'WE CAN'T FOOL HERE,' HE CRIED; 'WE GOT TO GET AROUND
TO THEM GAS-TANKS'"



A QUESTION OF COMMAND

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



HE fire had started at sundown in the lumber-yard of a furniture-factory on the East River water-front; and an easterly breeze, puffing steadily into the smolder, had blown it back through the stacks of seasoned boards like a blaze through kindlings. Now it covered the ground of a prairie-fire. Under a brooding volume of dense smoke, the flames reached and writhed and leaped together, darting up their heads venomously, waving aloft their flickering crests, coiling back, and striking low. When the wind lifted the pall that covered their trail, the piles of lumber could be seen burning like torches behind them. In front of them, every now and then, a feathery stream rose white in the ruddy glow, spitting impotently into the air, choked with anger as the firemen, retreating, throttled it and dragged it back; and overhead, continually, the triumphal sparks brightened and soared.

In the rear of this furious advance, the fire-boat *Manhattan* lay under the dark wall of the factory, shaking with the beat of her eight pumps, which were driving their thousands of gallons of water a minute, through a triple line of hose, to cut off the straggling flames in the charred wake of the battle. Her decks were empty, except for the pilot standing black in the door of the lighted wheel-house; and they were quiet except when old Doty, the en-

gineer, came up through the engine-room hatch, looked across the darkness toward the struggle which he could not see, and called out to the pilot, "How 's she goin', Pete?"

The pilot had answered several times, indifferently, that she was "going her own gait all right," that she was "chasing the boys all around the lot," that she had "the bit in her teeth." But at last he reported that the wind had fallen; and then the next time he said, "She 's puffing in from the southeast"; and now he leaned his shoulder against the door-jamb and replied: "You better get your pumps greased. The wind 's come around strong from the south."

"South!" Doty sniffed for the smell of smoke. "That 'll bring her back this way!"

"That 's what I 'm telling you."

The engineer popped into the hatch like a frightened rabbit into its burrow; and the silhouette in the doorway raised the shadow of a pair of night-glasses to the black profile of a nose and stood watching.

In a moment, out of the darkness at the head of the slip, two figures in long rubber coats came striding into the light of the incandescent lamp at the stern of the *Manhattan* and sprang aboard. They were the captain of the boat and the acting chief of the department; and they came forward rapidly toward the wheel-house, the chief waving his arm with an excited gesture of authority.

"She 's working back over there," he was saying of the fire. "You 'll have to hold her here at the factory and keep her from jumping that street to those gas-tanks. If they blow up, it 'll smash half the ward."

They ran up the ladder to the deck of the wheel-house. "We can't get water to hold her, back there," the chief explained. "They 're sucking air from those plugs already."

Keighley swung his keen glances around from the fire to the black wall of the factory, from the factory to the shadow where the street was hidden, and from the street to the huge gas-tanks leaping and falling in the wavering light of the flames. "We

voice of a challenge: "I got a scrub crew here.— They ain't up to much."

The chief asked over his shoulder: "What 's the matter?"

"Well, half o' them are Brownies, an' I 've had trouble with them from the first. That 's what was wrong with the fire on the *Flamisch*."

"Well?"

"They got foolin' with that fire, tryin' to get me into trouble because I 'd broke Doherty. I scared them into line there, an' I put it up to the man that was at the bottom of it, an' they 've been quiet enough since. But I don't know; in a place like this—"

The chief stepped ashore. "I 'm going

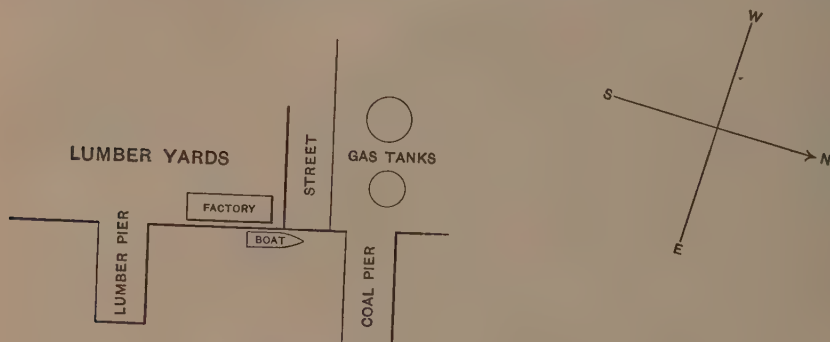


DIAGRAM OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRE

got the water *here* all right," he said; then he asked, "How wide is it?"

"It 's—I don't know," the chief answered impatiently. "It 's about seventy feet from the wall to the nearest tank. I can give you two water-towers."

Keighley looked over his shoulder and coolly calculated the chances. The boat was lying broadside to the shore, at the head of a wide slip that was inclosed by the lumber-wharf at the boat's stern and by the gas company's coal-pier at her bows.

"Fire 's bound to back on to that yard-wharf," Keighley said. "We 'll be between hell an' hades here." He looked up at the factory wall above them. "That 'll be comin' down on top of us." He nodded at the gas-tanks. "All right; we can keep her off them."

The chief ran down the ladder and hurried aft. Keighley followed him.

Suddenly the old captain said, in the

around the factory," he said curtly, and vanished in the darkness.

Keighley stood stroking his sharp nose and smiling under his hand. Then he coughed a dry chuckle, turned, and ran along the trail of the hose toward the fire.

He considered that he had "put it up to the chief."

The "Brownies" of whom he had complained were members of a "benevolent association" which the new Fire Commissioner was accused of having organized in the department to fight the political influence of the older society, which had opposed his appointment. They were the young men of the service, these Brownies, as young as the acting chief himself; and they had been arrayed with him against the old chief, whom they had succeeded in ousting from his position, and who was still fighting in the courts for his reinstatement. Four of them on board the *Manhattan*, under the leadership of

Lieutenant Moore, had attempted to break Keighley with treachery. "Old Clinkers," as they had since come to call him, had taken advantage of a narrow escape from death, in the hold of a burning boat, to read them a lesson on the dangers of conspiracy, to frighten them into submission, to hold up Moore to their ridicule, and to prove himself the better man. Since then they had shown no inclination to meddle with him; they had deserted Moore, and to all appearances they were working together with the rest of the company, reconciled.

But passive submission was one thing and active obedience another; and Captain Keighley had wished to point out to the acting chief that it was *his* turn now to learn the dangers of promoting dissension in the place of discipline. Here was a fire big enough to break *him* if it were badly handled; and he was relying on a disaffected crew and a discredited captain to handle it for him.

As a matter of fact, though Keighley did not know it, his men were no longer disaffected and he was anything but discredited among them. As a matter of fact, though the chief did not know it, he could not have had a fitter company to rely on in the face of danger.

Keighley smiled as he ran, and he ran until the bitter smell of wet embers from the burned wood underfoot was wiped out of his nostrils by a puff of smoke that came warm and dry on his face. It sobered him. He slackened his pace to fill his lungs against the stifle, and proceeded carefully. A few yards farther on the expected blast scorched him. When it had passed, he yelled: "Hi, there! Moore, there!" He got no reply. He broke into a run, stumbled over the hose, and fell among the burned beams and steaming ashes; and as he sprang to his feet again, the glowing smoke was cut by a quivering current of heat, and he saw his crew crouched in a line behind their pipes, fighting in a wide semicircle of flames that held back before them, but reached out, roaring, on both flanks. "Back out! Back!" he called. "You're no good here. Get back to the boat! We can't stop her here. Come along with that two-inch line! Lighten up here, some o' you men! Chase back an' shut off, Moore!"

They obeyed him in suffocated silence,

dragging back the smaller hose: but it was impossible to move the larger lines so long as they were filled with the weight of water; and the pipemen who were directing these, blinded by the resinous smoke of yellow pine, remained bent double before the heat that came licking across them like the touch of flame.

Keighley ran to them. "Get back an' uncouple 'em! We 'll never get out this way."

A man at the farthest pipe pitched forward on his face and lay huddled. His fellows left their nozzle in its pipe-stick, caught him under arms and knees, and stumbled back with him. Their undirected stream threshed about like a snake pinned down at the neck, and the fire began to creep stealthily across the drying debris around it.

A smoking pile of half-burned lumber close at hand flared up in a sudden flame. Keighley threw himself on the other men, dragged them from their pipe, and drove them back. "We can't fool here," he cried; "we got to get around to them gas-tanks."

Reluctantly they abandoned the two nozzles that were caught by their lugs in the crotches of the pipe-sticks, and retreated with the smaller line. But, even so, they had to wait until the water had been shut off before they dared break the couplings to save the hose; and every minute was an hour long to the impatient chief waiting for them to stretch in their lines to protect the threatened gas-tanks. He was fresh to his responsibility, and Keighley's cool insinuation of treachery had put him on the edge of a new fear.

When the men got back to the *Manhattan* with the first lengths of hose, he stormed down on them angrily.

"What're you doing? Get a move on, will you? What the —— are you fooling round with that hose for, Keighley? Stretch in over there, where I told you! Why the devil——"

He abused the old man excitedly; and Keighley, who had his own sense of dignity, set his thin lips in a tight line and looked back at the factory. "Where's yer truck comp'ny?" he growled. "D' yuh expect eight men to stretch in enough o' this boat's hose to feed two water-towers?"

The chief's voice rose to a hoarse curse: "G—— —— you, don't you talk back to

me! Do what you 're told. Get a hustle on, or, by—"

Keighley understood then that his superior officer was "rattled." He obeyed without more words. "Come along, boys," he ordered. "Leave yer lines there."

They jumped aboard the boat and cast off. The *Manhattan* nosed her way across the head of the slip until she lay with her bows a few yards from the coal-pier, her side to the foot of the street that separated the factory from the gas-tanks, and her stern in the shadow of the factory wall. From that position, strategically chosen by Keighley, she would flank the fire. Her supply-lines, laid up the street, would front it; and her stern-lines, trained on the lumber-wharf behind her, would check the flames there. The great danger of the place was this: if the factory burned, the falling of its walls would crush the boat.

"Come along, now!" Keighley called. "Open up that hose-box!"

His men obeyed him eagerly, in a clumsy attempt to show their loyalty. "Shine," who had brought his nickname with him from the Bowery, grumbled: "His Nibs thinks he 's the real screw. If he gets yappy, Ol' Clinkers 'll take an' bite a piece off 'm." And this Shine had once been a Brownie.

Farley, who had always been of the captain's faction, retorted jealously: "Don't *you* worry."

II

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY went forward and climbed to the roof of the wheel-house. He stripped the cover from the searchlight there and ordered the current switched to it from the engine-room; and the leakage of light from the metal hood showed his hard face set in muscular impassiveness, clean-shaven and strong-jawed.

He measured with his eye the distance from the boat's side to the probable position of the water-towers. "Two three-an'-a-half-inch lines, Moore," he called,—"eight 'len'ths. Four inch-an'-three-quarter ones—same 'len'ths." Then he swung the search-light around to the wall of the factory and passed the circle of light, like a great hand, up the windows to the roof.

It showed a brick wall five stories high

and apparently a brick-and-a-half thick. He brought the light back to the window-frames and grunted, "Jerry-built!" Pushing up the helmet from his hot forehead, he stood studying.

The fire, doubling back beside its own trail, where the half-burned lumber was tinder to the flame, had wheeled around toward the factory with such rapidity that the glare of it already lighted the dark interior of the building. Where that glare went the blaze would soon be following; for the windows were unshuttered, the window-trim was bare, and the walls were a frail shell filled with all the inflammable materials of a furniture-factory. To Keighley's mind, it would be impossible to protect such a structure.

He narrowed his eyes and watched the chief leading up a truck company to aid in laying the lines from the boat. Farther up the street, the lights of swinging lanterns marked the massing of other companies, with hose and engines, in the probable path of the fire. He heard the whistle of the "steamers," the bells of the trucks, the immense murmur of the pumps vibrating like a huge purr in the resounding night, and the faint rumor of roaring flames and falling timbers as low and wide as the reverberation of a surf. His nostrils dilated, his frown cleared, his jaw settled. He put his hand on the wheel of the monitor nozzle beside him and shouted: "Loosen yer lines there, men! Hey, you at the wheel, ring Doty to jack her back! I want her in under that wall."

The boat slid back, paying out its lines, until the captain and the wheel-house came under the factory wall again. "Hold her!" he cried. "Start yer water! Look out fer yerselves there, you men!"

They scattered as he brought the stand-pipe around like a machine-gun, laid it to train on the upper story of the factory, and spun the valve-wheel. There was a shout of orders from the deck, answered by another shout from the engine-room; and behind a shrill hiss of air and spray, a solid stream of water, under the mighty pressure of eight pumps, shot from the quivering nozzle and struck like an exploding shell in a burst of spray between two upper windows. For an instant that spray hid the wall there; then it vanished, sucked into a black gap; and above the roar of the water glass crashed and bricks

thudded, and the stream, swinging slowly from window to window, tore its way along above the line of sills. It rose to reach the edge of the roof, and ripped up the sheathing-boards, and stripped the tin, and burst apart the rafters. It came down again to the windows, and bore in the wall above the floor, and battered in the bricks below the floor, and cut into the floor itself, and stripped it to the beams.

By the time the acting chief had fought his way to the pier, through the rush of a truck company retreating from a fall of bricks, half the wall of the upper story had been carried away, the section of the roof above it hung down in a broken wing, and the stream, thrown up to clear the ruin, shot over the building, singing fiercely.

"Get yer men away from there!" Keighley shouted.

The chief cleared the bulwarks with a running jump and sprang up the ladder to the wheel-house top. He clutched Keighley by the breast of his rubber coat and faced him, white with fury, his lower teeth bared as if he were going to bite, his eyes glaring like two balls of yellow glass in the blaze of the search-light, speechless.

Keighley caught his wrist and growled: "What 's the matter with yuh?"

The chief flung him off and yelled: "What 's the matter with *you*? Why don't you do what you 're told, you ——! Did I tell you to do that?" He threw out his arm at the wrecked factory.

Keighley shook his head. "No. Yuh had n't sense enough to."

The captain was a tall, big-shouldered build of Irish ruffian, as hard with age as an old oak. The chief was shorter, stockier, heavier in the waist. They drew back from each other with a menacing stiffening of neck and shoulders. Then the chief said: "You 're relieved of your command here. Report to me to-morrow at headquarters."

Keighley turned to his pipe. "Relieved be d—d! I 'm responsible for this boat an' I 'll take her back to her berth." He threw the stream down to strike the wall again, and shouted: "If we lay here feedin' yer water-towers till the fire drops the side of a house on us, where d' yuh suppose we 'll be? We got the water to smash it in now; we won't have it when we 're pumpin' yer six lines full, will we?

There 's time enough to stretch in after them bricks is down. Look out, there!"

A section of the weakened wall, taken in the middle, broke and dropped on itself like a curtain. Half the roof collapsed and bore down the upper floors. The end-wall, forced out, buckled and fell into the street; and the stream, striking free on the ruin, began to pick it down, course by course, as Keighley laid the pipe to it.

He did not so much as glance at the chief again. In the excitement of his work, he appeared to have brushed aside the quarrel from his thoughts as he would have brushed aside any man who got in his way at such a time. It was a manner that made all blustering insistence of authority impossible to the chief. He waited for the opportunity to reassert himself.

"All right!" Keighley shouted, at last. "Shut her off."

The stream weakened, fell, and ceased. Keighley turned the search-light on the street and called: "All right; now put her back where she was!" He dropped down the wheel-house ladder and ran aft as the boat drew up again at the foot of the street.

The chief stood a moment, the jaw-muscle working in his cheek. Then he went ashore in grim silence. It was a silence that promised him satisfaction in the morning, when Keighley should be notified that he was relieved of his command.

Shine chuckled as he dragged on his line. "His Nibs 's got his dose, I guess."

Farley replied: "There 's trouble in it fer the ol' man, though."

Shine retorted, in his turn: "Don't *you* worry!"

III

TEN minutes later the whole street was blotted out in smoke. The streams roared from the nozles, and were lost in it. The pipemen, with heads down and eyes shut, braced themselves against the back-pressure and fought for breath. The officers, staggering into them, shouldered them forward, smothering. The whole line, throttled in darkness, without orders, without head, swayed and struggled and stood helpless.

Then, like a stroke of lightning, the flame split the smoke before them. The

air seemed to explode in a blaze of burning gases; the heat whipped into their faces with a stinging lash; and the whole row of lumber-piles that faced them lighted up together like a long line of beacons.

Against such a fire the streams were useless. They could beat back the flame they struck, but as soon as they were moved from the steaming lumber they had saved, the heat licked it dry again, and the flames leaped back to it. Behind the fringe which the pipes could cover, the whole yard blazed untouched. The windows in the rear of the factory cracked and broke; the smoke began to pour out through the wrecked roof; the fire rose from floor to floor as fast as it could climb—and it climbed unchecked, despite the three streams from the nearest water-tower that fought it.

The chief licked the tail of his moustache and watched it nervously. The largest of the gas-tanks towered behind him, in the full current of heat which rained a steady shower of sparks against it; and when he glanced back at it his head jerked around with a twitch. He ordered one of the deck-pipes of the tower turned on the tank to wet it down, and his voice was hoarse and anxious. Then, when the blaze in the factory reached the varnish-room and flared out with redoubled fury, he rushed around, countermanding his order and concentrating all his streams on the one whirl of flame. The sides of the tank steamed dry at once. He called out for another line to be stretched in to it from the *Manhattan*, and his voice came shaken from a tense throat. He was losing his head. The boat line did not come. In desperation he started down the street, and was met by Keighley, hastening up at the head of a squad of the boat's crew.

"For—sake, Keighley, hurry up!" he gasped; and his tone was a confession of weakness that was willing to forgive everything—for the moment—for the sake of aid.

The line was stretched and coupled as fast as drill. The water spouted to the tank and drenched it. The chief took off his helmet and wiped his forehead; he was trembling in spite of his efforts to control himself.

Keighley came striding back. "That

coal-pier 's goin' up, if we don't keep her wet," he said.—"It 'll be worse than the fact'ry fer that tank there."

The chief tried to curse. "The—the whole — place 's goin' up," he complained feebly.

"The blaze on the lumber-pier astern of us 'll scorch us out if we don't keep it down. We need a stream on the wall alongside the boat. We 're pretty near pumpin' the limit as it is."

The chief shook his head in a dogged helplessness.

"What 're yuh goin' to do?" Keighley insisted. "We got to do something—an' be quick about it. Look a-here—" He hurried down to the boat, with the chief at his heels.

The *Manhattan* was lying at the head of the slip, in the angle of two fires that swept its deck with a burning blast of heat and smoke. Lieutenant Moore had turned one of the aft stand-pipes on the blazing factory and was fighting back the flames in the nearest windows; but the stream was too weak to be more than a small defiance. He had started the deck-spray on the stern, and the men there were working in a shower-bath; but it was a tepid shower, and the metal and cement of the deck were already steaming under it.

The coal-wharf at the bow was exposed to all the sparks that blew over its great wooden hoist and bunkers. And if the fire took that wharf, the whole defense would be outflanked; the blaze would blow from pier to pier down the water-front; the gas-tanks would be caught unprotected from the rear.

"Hi, there!" Keighley shouted. "Turn yer forrard pipes on there an' keep that pier wet. Two—four—eight—eleven—H—! We got to save som'ers. That won't do." He turned to the chief. "What 're yuh goin' to do about it? There 's too many streams as it is. They ain't strong enough."

But the acting chief was at the end of his resources. It was his first big fire, and it was too much for him. He had the bulldog courage that can take up a position and hold it, fighting, to the last gasp of ruin; but he had not the quality of mind to stand on the height of responsibility unbewildered, and direct confusion and overrule defeat. His face was as

blank as his mind; and Captain Keighley saw it.

"Take charge o' that boat a minute," the captain said. The chief took a step forward, and when he stopped and turned again, Captain Keighley was off up the street.

The old man had a plan—a plan that was drawn from his experience of early volunteer days, when streams were too weak to tear up a fire by the roots and fire-fighters were always on the defensive, checking an enemy that could not be successfully attacked.

He ordered the pipe of the nearest water-tower to be raised to the perpendicular, so that the stream from it rose straight in the air and fell back on itself like a geyser; then he trained the two deck-pipes of the same tower to cut into that stream with two deflecting ones; and the three streams, meeting in mid-air, fought together in a spout of spray that spread in all directions, formed a "water curtain" which no spark could pass, and was blown by the wind in a wide shower over the threatened tanks.

"Shut off that other line—chief's orders!" he shouted to the men who were still flailing the tank-sides with a solid stream.

"Will that be enough, cap'n?" one of the tower-men asked him.

"Sure," he said. "Yuh can't set fire to metal, can yuh? Supposin' the heat does swell up yer gas a bit, ain't those telescope tanks? Yuh could n't explode one o' them if yuh opened it an' dropped a match in. It 'ud go out. It's got to have air, ain't it? She's safe as long 's she don't warp a leak."

He ran along through the scorch to the second tower, and watched it pouring a waste of water on a fire that was already held by the hose from the engines. "We're goin' to cut this tower off," he called—"chief's orders. Yuh can't put that blaze out; yuh got to let it burn out. The other crews can hold it. Get back up the street there where there's buildin's. Stick to it here, boys. We got to have this water to keep her from gettin' down the piers behind yuh."

He doubled back to the water-front. "Two — three — five," he muttered. "That'll do it."

The chief ran into him in the smoke.

Keighley clutched him by the elbow. "What 're yuh doin' here?" he cried.

"Why ain't ye aboard that boat?" And the chief turned and followed him like a lieutenant.

IV

THEY sprang aboard the *Manhattan* together. Keighley ran to the pipe that was feeding the second water-tower and cut it off at the gate. "Get this stand-pipe on the fact'ry," he ordered the chief. "We got the water now—all yuh want. I'll look after the pier."

Shine wiped the tears from his eyes and stared open-mouthed. The chief shouldered past him and swung around the stand-pipe and turned it on the blazing windows. But Captain Keighley bounded up the ladder to the wheel-house and began to bellow his orders through his hands.

There followed the hottest half-hour that the *Manhattan* ever knew. The coal-wharf had taken fire, and the full power of the two monitor nozles was needed to subdue it. Meanwhile the belch of heat from the burning factory, checked only by the lesser streams from the waist of the boat, swept the deck like the blast from a furnace. The paint peeled from the smoke-stack, blistered on the wheel-house, bubbled on the rail. The men crouched behind the bulwarks, their eyes crackling, their throats parched, silent except for a feeble complaint from Shine that they would be "spittin' black buttons fer a month." The chief clung to his stand-pipe, faint with nausea. Lieutenant Moore struggled against the kick of a pipe which he had turned on the burning pier at the stern of the boat and talked brokenly to himself. Keighley's voice came to them all, thin and far, through the muffling of the blood in their ears: "To yer left, Moore. Higher up there, chief! Stick to it, boys!"

There is, in such men, an ideal of self-subordination as strong as the instinct of liberty itself. In the face of danger it held them together under Keighley like an oath. "Stick to it!" Shine gasped. "Stick to it an' roast! Roast! *He* don't care!" Farley muttered: "Old hunk o' slag!" They were filled with a sudden contempt for him, for themselves, for their work; and with an ironical and bitter loyalty

they held to their posts. The lieutenant blinked the spray from his stinging eyes and turned for another look at the chief beside the stand-pipe and Keighley commanding on the wheel-house. The chief, at every crash of falling floors in the factory expected to see the broken wall forced out—and was glad that, by virtue of Captain Keighley's foresight, the bricks that might have crushed the boat were already lying in a harmless pile at the water's edge.

It was the culmination of Keighley's triumph—the triumph of the man who forgets himself in his work, who commands unquestioned because he orders what must be done of necessity in the situation, who humbles himself to his duty, and is exalted by it. He had drowned out the flame in the coal-wharf; he turned one of his nozles on the factory, and poured his tons of water through the broken wall, and cut off the flames in the windows. The roof had long since fallen, and now the walls followed it; and the hot bricks, just missing the stern of the *Manhattan*, hissed in the water like a blacksmith's irons. For a moment it seemed that the opening of the building only gave the flames a fiercer draft. They rose sky-high with the roar of a volcano in eruption. But they fell as suddenly; and, instead of smoke, it was steam that rose in clouds, and, instead of the busy crackling of new fuel, the men heard the sizzle of hot coals drowning in the flood that was pouring in on them.

The final relief came from the shore companies that closed in on the ruin, fighting their way through the smolder of the yard, and beating down the dying struggles of the flames with a score of pipes. To Keighley's orders, the boat drew off and turned broadside to the burning lumber-pier and fairly swept it from its spiles. The acting chief left his nozzle and went forward dazedly.

"All right, chief," Keighley called to him; "we got her beat."

WHEN the *Manhattan* returned to her berth in the gray dawn, Captain Keighley was still in command of her. The acting chief, with a gruff kindness, had said: "All right, Keighley. The shore companies can finish this. You've done your share. Get back and get to bed."

Keighley had heard laughter among his men as they steamed down the river, and from their looks, as he went around among them inspecting his scorched paint, he knew that they had watched his quarrel with the chief, and were proud of him for winning out. His lieutenant received his orders with an almost obsequious meekness.

For the first time since he had taken charge of the *Manhattan*, he felt the prompt response of loyalty in the way that every man hurried to obey him with a will.

"Turn in, boys," he said, when the boat had been tied up.

They trooped up-stairs to their bunk-room noisily. He sat down at his desk before the open window and looked out at the first rosy peep of morning over the horizon. His old eyes relaxed the thoughtful pucker of their wrinkles and filmed with a pathetic moisture. He blinked; his mouth twitched. He looked down quickly at his papers, tore a leaf from his daily calendar, rolled it in a ball, and dropped it in the waste-basket. It was the passing of the last of evil days—the passing of treachery among his men, of enmity among his superior officers, and of the grim misery of his own determination to keep his back to the wall and fight it out.

When he looked up again, he met, with a changed face, the beginning of a new day.





Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BOAT"

"I SOUGHT ME SYMBOLS OF ETERNITY"

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

I SOUGHT me symbols of Eternity:
And vasty deeps of heaven yielded glooms,
And barren space, no furthest star illumes,—
Darkness. I sought 'mid mighty things that be
Uncomprehended within bounds: the sea,
Plumbless, unshored; aloft the westering light,
That plenary stillness, antedating night;
And day's long ebb in after-vacancy.
Yet even in these no perfect glass I saw
For imaging the mystery unblurred;
Nor entered into realms of ultimate awe,
Till drifting, drifting, wheresoever led
In aimless tides of revery I heard
Lear's fivefold "Never" o'er Cordelia dead.



WHERE TO PLANT WHAT

BY GEORGE W. CABLE



FTEN one's hands are too heavily venerated with garden loam for him to go to his books to verify a quotation. It was the great Jefferson, was it not, who laid into the foundations of American democracy the imperishable maxim that "That gardening is best which gardens the least?" My rendition of it may be more a parody than a quotation, but, whatever its inaccuracy, to me it still sounds Jeffersonian—Joseph Jefferson.

Whether we read it "garden" or "govern," it has this fine mark of a masterful utterance, that it makes no perceptible effort to protect itself against the cavalier or the simpleton; from men, for instance, who would interpret it as meaning that the only perfect government, or gardening, is none at all. Speaking from the point of view of a garden lover,

I suppose the true signification is that the best government is the government which procures and preserves the noblest happiness of the community with the least enthrallment of the individual.

Now, I hope that as world-citizens and even as Americans we may bear in mind that, while this maxim may be wholly true, it is not therefore the whole truth. What maxim is? Let us ever keep a sweet, self-respecting modesty with which to confront and consort with those who see the science of government, or art of gardening, from the standpoint of some other equally true fraction of the whole truth. All we need here maintain for our Jeffersonian maxim is that its wide domination in American sentiment explains the larger part of all the merits and faults of American government—and American gardening. It accounts for nearly all our American laws and

ordinances, manners, customs, and whims, and in the great discussion of Where to Plant What (in America) no one need hope to prevail who does not recognize that this high principle of American democracy is the best rule for American gardening. That gardening is best, for most Americans, which best ministers to man's felicity with least disturbance of nature's freedom.

Hence the initial question—a question which every amateur gardener must answer for himself. How much subserviency of nature to art and utility is really necessary 'to my own and my friends' and neighbors' best delight? For—be not deceived—however enraptured of wild nature you may be, you do and must require of her *some* subserviency close about your own dwelling. You cannot there persistently enjoy the wolf and the panther, the muskrat, buzzard, gopher, rattlesnake, poison-ivy, and skunk in full swing, as it were. How much, then, of nature's subserviency does the range of your tastes demand? Also, how much will your purse allow? For it is as true in gardening as in statecraft that, your government being once genuinely established, the more of it you have, the more you must pay for it. In gardening, as in government, the cost of the scheme is not in proportion to the goodness or badness of its art, but to its intensity.

This is why the general and very sane inclination of our American preferences is away from that intense sort of gardening called "formal," and toward that rather unfairly termed "informal" method which here, at least, I should like to distinguish as "free-line" gardening. A free people who govern leniently will garden leniently. Their gardening will not be a vexing tax upon themselves, upon others, or upon the garden. Whatever freedom it takes away from themselves or others or the garden will be no more than is required for the noblest delight; and whatever freedom remains untaken, such gardening will help everybody to exercise and enjoy.

The garden of free lines, provided only it be a real garden under a real government, is, to my eye, an angel's protest against every species and degree of tyranny and oppression, and such a

garden, however small or extensive, will contain a large proportion of flowering shrubbery. Because a garden should not, any more than my lady's face, have all its features—nose, eyes, ears, lips—of one size? No, that is true of all gardening alike; but because with flowering shrubbery our gardening can be more lenient than with annuals alone, or with only herbaceous plants and evergreens.

So, then, our problem, Where to Plant What, may become for a moment, Where to Plant Shrubby; and the response of the free-line garden will be, of course, "Remember, concerning each separate shrub, that he or she—or it, if you really *prefer* the neuter—is your guest, and plant him or her or it where it will best enjoy itself, while promoting the whole company's joy." Before it has arrived in the garden, therefore, learn—and carefully consider—its likes and dislikes, habits, manners, and accomplishments, and its friendly or possibly unfriendly relations with your other guests. This done, determine between whom and whom you will seat it; between what and what you will plant it, that is, so as to "draw it out," as we say of diffident or reticent persons; or to use it for drawing out others of less social address. But how many a lovely shrub has arrived where it was urgently invited, and found that its host or hostess, or both, had actually forgotten its name! Did not know how to introduce it to any fellow-guest, or whether it loved sun or shade, loam, peat, clay, leaf-mold or sand, wetness or dryness; and yet should have found all that out in the proper blue-book (horticultural dictionary) before inviting the poor mortified guest at all.

"Oh, pray be seated—anywhere. Plant yourself alone in the middle. This is Liberty Garden."

"It is no such thing," says the tear-bedewed beauty to herself: "it's Anarchy Garden." Yet, like the lady she is, she stays where she is put, and gets along surprisingly well.

Allow me to assume that you have heard of our Northampton (Mass.) Prize Garden Competition. Or if that be too much, let me (for good reasons, and in a brief parenthesis) tell what it is. We had three hundred and sixty-odd amateur household flower-gardens in it



THE WILD AZALEA IN A CONGENIAL SITUATION

last year (1905), its sixth season, and awarded seventeen prizes, aggregating one hundred and twelve dollars. New England calls Northampton one of her most beautiful towns. But its beauty lies in the surrounding landscape, the rise, fall, and swing of the seat on which it sits, the graceful curving of its streets, the noble spread of its great elms and maples, and the green and blue openness of grounds everywhere about its modest

homes. Its architecture is in no instance extraordinary, and, as in almost every town in our vast America, there are hardly five householders in it who are really skilled flower-gardeners, either professional or amateur.

Lately, however, the opportunity, through private flower-gardening, to double or quadruple the beauty of our beautiful town, and to do it without great trouble or expense, yet with great

individual delight and social pleasure, has come to the lively notice of many of us, and it is for the promotion of this movement throughout all our bounds, and not for the perfection of the art for its own sake, that we maintain this competition and award these "Carnegie" prizes. Hence certain features of our method the value and necessity of which might not be clear to the casual inquirer without this explanation.

May I repeat it? Not to reward two or three persons yearly for reaching some dizzy peak of the art unattainable by ordinary taste and skill, nor to reward one part of the town or one element of its people for gardening better than another, nor to promote the production of individual plants or flowers of extraordinary splendor, nor even to incite children to raise patches of flowers, is our design; but to make the modest and democratic art of Where to Plant What (an art, nevertheless, quite beyond the grasp of children), so well known and so valued that its practical adoption shall overrun the whole town.

To this end we have divided our field into five districts, in each of which the number of gardens is about the same. In each of these five districts only three prizes (out of fifteen) may be taken in any one season. Consequently, three prizes *must* fall to each district every year. Yet the best garden of all still carries off the capital prize, the second-best may win the second, and cannot take a lower than the third, and the lowest awards go into the district showing the poorest results. Even this plan is so modified as further to stimulate those who strive against odds of location or conditions, for no district is allowed to receive two prizes consecutive in the list. The second prize cannot be bestowed in the same district in which the first is being awarded, though the third can. The third cannot go into the same district as the second, though the fourth may. And so on to the fifteenth. Moreover, a garden showing much improvement over the previous season may take a prize, as against a better garden which shows no such improvement. Also no garden can take the capital prize twice, nor ever take a prize lower than it has taken before. The fifteen prizes are for

those who hire no help in their gardening; two others are for those who reserve the liberty to employ help, and still another two are exclusively for previous winners of the capital prize, competing among themselves. In each of the five districts a committee of ladies visits the competing gardens, inspecting, advising, encouraging, sometimes learning more than they teach, and reporting to headquarters, the clubhouse of the Home-Culture Clubs. At these headquarters, in the heart of the town, is coming gradually into shape a model flower-garden, and already in full operation are a winter course of lectures on practical flower-gardening, and a "flower-garden exchange," where shrubs, plants, bulbs, tubers, etc., may be bought by the competitors for a small fraction of their ordinary retail price. Last spring (1905) this exchange sold hundreds of tubers and over seven hundred and fifty shrubs. We are changing the aspect of entire streets and are interesting our whole little city.

But to return to our discussion. Here is a short story of two ladies. They are not in our competition, though among its most ardent well-wishers. A friend had given one of them a bit of green, woody growth some two feet high and half an inch thick. She had a wee square bit of front grass-plot something larger than a tablecloth, but certainly not large enough for a game of marbles. In the center of this bit of grass she planted her friend's gift. Then came our other lady, making a call, and with her best smile of humorous commendation saying:

"My dear, you have violated the first rule of gardening. You've planted your bush where you wanted it."

The delighted gardener went in the strength of that witticism for forty weeks, or at least until some fiend of candor, a brother, like as not, said:

"Yes, truly you have violated the first rule of gardening, for you have put your willow-tree—that's what it is—where a minute's real reflection would have told you you'd wish you had n't."

Where to Plant What! Plant it where you—and your friends—your friends of best gardening taste—will be glad you planted it when all your things are



SPIREA THUNBERGII WITH FORSYTHIA AS A BACKGROUND

planted. Please those who know best, and so best please yourself. Nevertheless, beware! Watch yourself! Do so specially when you think you have mastered the whole art. Watch even those who indisputably know better than you do, for everybody makes mistakes which he never would have dreamed he could make. Only the other day I heard an amateur say to a distinguished professional gardener:

"Did you plant those shrubs of gorgeous flower and broad, dark leaf out on your street front purely as a matter of artistic taste?"

"I did," he replied. "I wanted to put my best foot foremost. Would n't you?"

"Why should I?" asked the amateur. "I would n't begin a song with my highest note, nor a game with my strongest card, nor an address with my most impassioned declaration, nor a sonnet with its most pregnant line. If I should, where wêre my climax?"

Certainly the amateur had the best of it. A garden is a discourse. A garden is a play. See with what care both the dramatist and the stage-manager avoid putting the best foot foremost. See

how warily they hold back the supreme strength of the four or five-act piece for the last act but one. There is a charmingly instructive analogy between a garden and a drama. In each you have preparation, progress, climax, and close. And then, also, in each you must have your lesser climaxes leading masterfully up to the supreme one, and a final quiet one to let gratefully down from the giddy height.

In Northampton nearly all of our hundreds of gardens contesting for prizes are plays of only one or two acts. I mean they have only one or two buildings to garden up to and between and around and away from. Yet it is among these one-act plays, these one-house gardens, that I find the art truth most gracefully emphasized, that the best foot should not go foremost. In a large garden a false start may be atoned for by better art farther on and in; but in a small garden, for mere want of room and the chance to forget, a bad start spoils all. No, be the garden a prince's or a cottager's, the climaxes to be got by superiority of stature, by darkness and breadth of foliage, and by splendor of bloom be-

long at its far end. Even in the one-house garden I should like to see the climaxes plural, to the extent of two; one immediately at the back of the house, the other at the extreme rear of the ground. At the far end of the lot I would have the final storm of passion and riot of disclosure, and then close about the rear of the house there should be the things of supreme richness, exquisiteness, and rarity.

This soft-voiced echo answering back out of the inmost heart of the whole demesne gives genuineness of sentiment to the entire scheme. To plant a conflagration of color against the back fence and stop there would be worse than melodramatic. It would be to close the play with a bang, and even a worthy one-act play does not close with a bang. The back of the lot is not the absolute end of the garden-play. Like the stage-play, the garden-play brings its beholder back at the very last, by a sweet reversion, to the point from which it started. The true garden-lover gardens not mainly for the passer-by, but rather for himself and the friends who come to see him. Even when he treads his garden paths alone he is a pleased and welcome visitor to himself, and shows his garden to himself as to a visitor. Hence there is always at last a turning back to the house, or to the front entrance, and *this* is the play's final lines, the last grouping of the players, the relief of all tension, and the descent of the curtain.

One point farther in this direction and we may give our hard-worked analogy a respite. It is this: As those who make and present a play take great pains that, by flashes of revelation to sight, to smell, and to hearing, the secrets most unguessed by the characters in the piece shall be early revealed to the audience and persistently pressed upon its attention, so should the planting of a garden be; that, as if quite without the gardener's or the garden's knowledge, always, to the eye, nostril, or ear, some clear disclosure of charm still remote may beckon and lure across easy and tempting distances from nook to nook of the small garden, or from alley to alley and from glade to glade of the large one. Where to Plant What? Plant it as far away as, according to the force of its

character or the splendor of its charms, it can stand and beckon back with best advantage for the whole garden.

Thus we generalize. And as long as one may generalize he is comparatively safe from humiliating criticism. It is only when he begins to name things by name and say what is best for just where, that he touches the naked eye-ball (or the funny-bone) of others whose crochets are not identical with his. Yet in Northampton this is what we have to do, and since the competitors for our prizes always have the Where before they are moved to get and place the What, we find our where-and-what problem easiest to handle when we lift it, so to speak, by the tail. Then it is, "What to Plant Where," and for answer we have made a short list of familiar flowering shrubs best suited to our immediate geographical locality. We name only fourteen, and we so describe each as to indicate clearly enough, without dictating, whereabouts to put it. We begin:

"Azalea. Our common wild azalea is the flower best known as 'swamp honeysuckle.' The two azaleas listed here, *A. mollis* and The Ghent varieties, are of large, beautiful, and luxuriant bloom, the only garden azaleas hardy in our climate. *Mollis* is from two to six feet high, three to six feet broad, and blooms in April and May. Its blossoms are yellow, orange, or pink, single or double. Its soil may be sandy or peaty, and moist, but any good garden soil will serve; its position partly shaded or in full sunlight. The Ghents are somewhat taller and not so broad in proportion. They bloom from May to July, and their blossoms are white, yellow, orange, pink, carmine, or red, single or double. Soil and position about the same as for *mollis*.

"Berberis. Berberis is the barberry, so well known by its beautiful pendent berries. It is one of the best shrubs to use where a thorny bush is wanted. *B. vulgaris*, the common sort, and one of the most beautiful, grows from four to eight feet high, with a breadth of from three to six feet. *B. Thunbergii*, or Thunberg's barberry, is the well-known Japanese variety, a dense, drooping bush from two to four feet high and somewhat greater breadth. Its pale yellow blossoms come in April and May, and



WISTARIA ON AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE

its small, slender, bright-red berries remain on the spray until spring. A dry soil is the best for it, though it will grow in any, and needs little shade or none. *B. purpurea* is a variety of *vulgaris* and equally as handsome as the common. It answers to the same description, except that its foliage is purple, which makes it very tempting to new gardeners, but very hard to relate in good artistic taste among the other shrubs of the garden. Few small gardens can make good use of purple foliage.

"*Deutzia gracilis*. The *gracilis* is one of the most beautiful of all the *Deutzias*.

Its delicate foliage of rather light green, its snowy flowers, and its somewhat bending form, make it one of the fairest ornaments of the home grounds. Its height is three feet, its breadth from two to four feet. It blooms in May and June. Its soil may be any well-drained sort, and its position any slightly sheltered aspect."

So we hurry down the alphabet. Our list is short for several good reasons, one being that we expect to give a different list each year. No doubt our inaccuracies would distress a botanist or scientific gardener, but we convey the information, such as it is, to our fellow-citizens, and

they use it. In the last two seasons we have sold to our amateurs twelve hundred and fifty shrubs, at the same low prices for single specimens which we pay for them by the hundred.

But of the really good sorts are there shrubs enough, you ask, to afford new lists year after year? Well, for the campus of a certain preparatory school for boys, with the planting of which the present writer had somewhat to do last spring, the list of shrubs set round the bases of four large buildings and several hundred yards of fence numbered seventy-five kinds. For an ending let us say something about that operation. Some day in the future, if we, reader and writer—and the shrubs—live, we may have a separate and very pretty story to tell of this undertaking; but even now I should like to give a hint or two as to where we planted what, although no doubt we made sundry mistakes. Each thing we did may be vulnerable to criticism, and our own largest hope is that our results may not fall entirely beneath that sort of compliment.

This campus covers some five acres in the heart of a small town. Along three of its boundaries old maples and elms, in ordinary single-file shade-tree lines, tower and spread. On the fourth line, the rear bound, a board fence divides the ground from the very unattractive back yards, stables, and sheds of a number of town residents. The front lies along the main street of the place, facing the usual "shop-row." The entire area has nearly always been grassed. Not what an Englishman would call so, but turfed in a stuttering fashion, impetuous and abashed by turns, and very easy to keep off; most rank up against the granite underpinnings of the buildings, and managing somehow to writhe to all the fences, of which those on the street fronts are of iron. Parallel with the front fence and some fifty feet behind it, three of the institution's buildings stand abreast and about a hundred feet apart. All three are tall, rectangular three-story piles of old red brick, on granite foundations, and full of windows all of a kind, pigeon-house style. The middle one has a fairly good Greek-pillared porch, of wood, on the middle half of its front.

Among these buildings we began our

planting. We had drawn, of course, a ground plan of the whole place, to scale, showing each ground-floor door and window, so that we might respect its customary or projected use. A great point, that, in Where to Plant What. I once heard of a school whose small boys were accused of wantonly trampling down some newly set shrubs on the playground. "Well," demanded one brave urchin, "what made 'em go and plant a lot of bushes right on first base?" And no one was ready with an answer, for there is something morally wrong about any garden that will rob a boy of his rights.

With this ground plan before us we decided indoors where to plant what outdoors, and calculated arithmetically the number of each sort of shrub we should need for the particular interval we designed that sort to fill. Our scheme of arrangement was a crescendo of foliage and flower effects, beginning on the fronts of the buildings and rising toward their rears, while at all points making more of foliage than of bloom, because the bloom shows for only a month or less, while the leaf remains for seven or more. Beginning thus with our quietest note, the interest of any one looking in, or coming in, from the public front is, steadily quickened and progressively rewarded, while the crowning effects at the rear of the buildings are reserved for the crowning moment when the visitor may be said to be fully received. On the other hand, if the approach is a returning one from the rear of the entire campus,—where stands the institution's only other building, a large tall-towered gymnasium, also of red brick,—these superlative effects show out across an open grassy distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet.

Wherefore—and here at last we venture to bring names of things and their places together—at the fronts of the northernmost and southernmost of these three "Halls" we set favorite varieties of white-flowering spireas (*Thunbergii*, *sor-bifolia*, *Van Houttei*), the pearl-bush (*exochorda*), pink Diervillas, and flowering-almonds. After these, on the southern side of the southernmost building, for example, followed lilacs, white and purple, against the masonry, with tamarisk and Kerria outside, abreast of them, and

then pink and red spreas (*Bumalda* and its dwarf variety, Anthony Waterer). On the other side of the same house we set *Deutzias* (*scabra* against the brickwork and *Lemoinei* and *gracilis* outside). In a wing corner, where melting snows crash down from a roof-valley, we placed the purple-flowered *Lespedeza penduliflorum*, which each year dies to the ground before the snow-slides come, yet each September blooms from three to four feet high in drooping profusion. Then from that angle to the rear corner we put in a mass of pink wild-roses. Lastly, on the tall, doorless, windowless rear end, we planted the crimson Rambler rose, and under it a good hundred of the red rugosas.

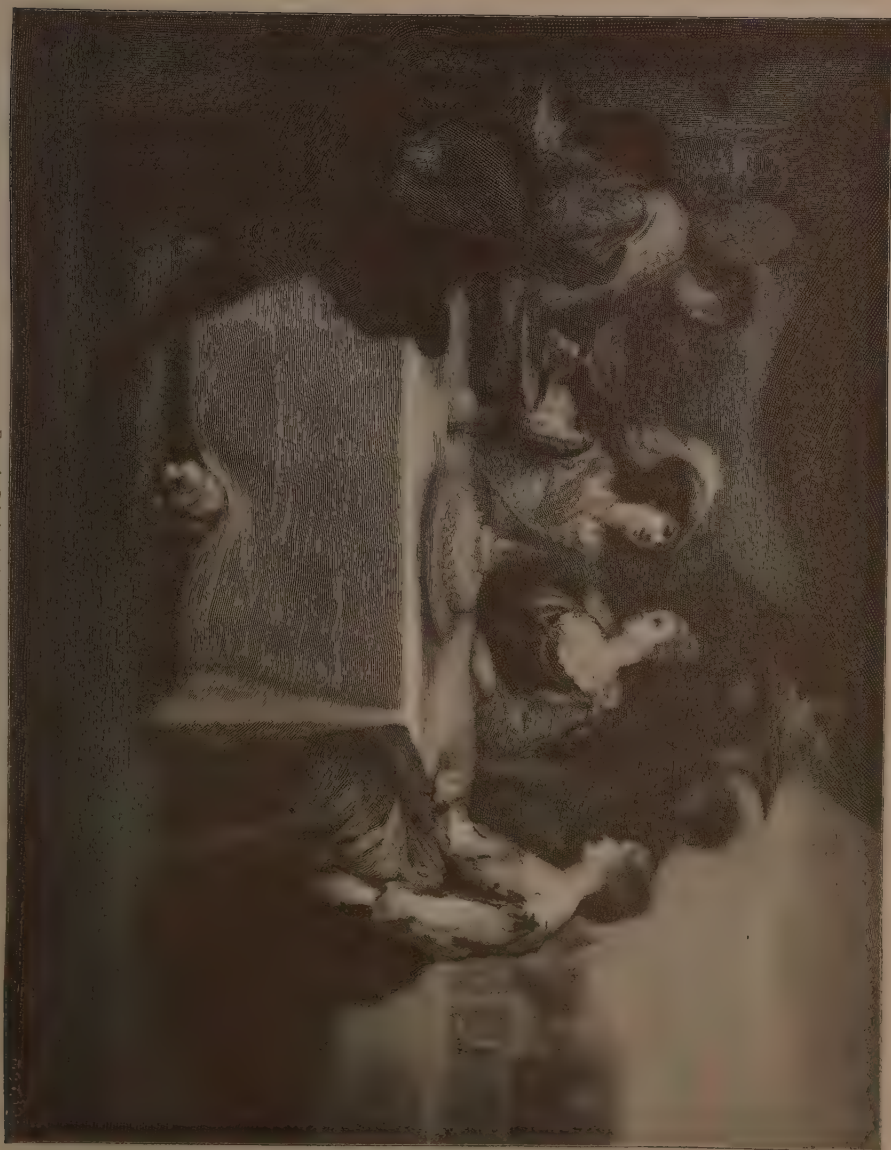
In the arrangement of these plantings we found ourselves called upon to deal with a very attractive and, to us, new phase of our question. The rising progression from front to rear was a matter of course, but how about the progression at right angles to it; from building to building, that is, of these three so nearly alike in size and dignity? To the passer-by along their Main street front—the admiring passer-by, as we hope—should there be no augmentation of charm in the direction of his steps? And if there should be, then where and how ought it to show forth so as to avoid an anticlimax to one passing along the same front from the opposite direction? We promptly saw,—as the reader sees, no doubt, before we can tell it,—that what we wanted was two crescendos meeting somewhere near the middle; a crescendo passing into a diminuendo from whichever end you moved to the other—a swell. We saw that our loud-pedal effect should come upon “Middle Hall.” So there, on its lucky bit of Greek porch, we bestowed the purple *Wistaria* for spring, and for late summer that fragrant snowdrift, the clematis *paniculata*, so adapted as to festoon and chaplet, but never to smother, the Greek columns. On one of this structure’s sides we planted *Forsythia*, backed closer against the masonry by *althæas*, and with the low and exquisite *Mahonia* (holly-leaved barberry) under its outer spread. On the other side of the house we placed, first, *loniceras* (bush honeysuckles); next, azaleas, in variety and profusion; then, toward the rear end, a mass of hardy hydrangeas (*Hydrangea paniculata*

grandiflora), and at the very back of the pile another mass, of the flowering quince (*Pyrus Japonica*), with the trumpet-creeper (*Tecoma radicans*), to climb out of it.

About “North Hall,” the third building, we planted more quietly, and most quietly on its outer, its northern, side where our lateral “swell” (rising effect), begins, or ends, according to the direction of your going, beginning with that modest but pretty bloomer the *Ligustrum Ibo*, an entirely hardy privet more graceful than the California (*ovalifolium*) species, which really has no business in frosty New England away from the seashore.

I might have remarked before that nearly all the walls of these three buildings, as well as the gymnasium on the far side of the campus, were already adorned with the “Boston ivy” (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*). With the plantings thus described, and with the gymnasium surrounded by yet stronger greenery; with the back fence masked by willows, elders, and red-stemmed cornus; and with a number of haphazard footpaths reduced to an equally convenient and far more graceful few, our scheme stands complete in its first, but only, please notice, its first phase. The picture is submitted to your imagination not as it looked the day we ceased planting, but as we expect it to appear about the time you may be reading this in the spring of 1906.

At that time we shall be giving due attention to the introduction of herbaceous flowering perennials, which we have ignored in this chapter of our plan because herbaceous plants are the flesh and blood and garments of a complete living and breathing garden; the walls, shrubs, trees, walks, and drives are its bones. When that time comes, and we begin the placing of such herbaceous things, and of bush-clumps and tree-clumps out on the open campus, and when our hundreds of cottage gardens are shaking off the prison irons of frost, we hope, if you cannot do us the honor to be with us bodily, your spirit may be near, aiding us on in the conquest of this ever beautiful Where-to-Plant-What problem, which I believe would make us a finer and happier nation if it could be expanded to national proportions.



From the Painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid

THE PRODIGAL SON FEASTING. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: NINETEENTH OF THE SERIES)

REFLEX LIGHT FROM AFRICA

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

IN KHARTOUM



HIVERING in the folds of an ulster overcoat, I reached Khartoum in the early morning hours of Friday, the 10th of February, 1905. Having left our Nile steamer at Wadi-Halfa thirty hours before, we had passed two chilly, almost frosty, nights in the Nubian desert; and, about sunrise of the second morning, our train drew up on the banks of the Blue Nile, the railroad terminus. Quite naturally, the average American mind is somewhat hazy as respects the geography of interior Africa, and Khartoum is chiefly associated with vague memories of that modern knight-errant, "Chinese Gordon," and his tragic end there a score of years ago. But, for present purposes, it is sufficient to say that Khartoum is at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, some 1750 miles from Alexandria by river, and some 1500 by river and rail, the route the traveler now takes; for the lower Nile navigation stops at the foot of the Second Cataract, at the point known as the rock of Abusir, a short distance south of Wadi-Halfa. At Wadi-Halfa, Kitchener's military railroad begins; and, traversing the frightful Nubian desert 550 miles to Khartoum, cuts across the great Nile bend rendered difficult by the succession of rapids known as the Third and Fourth Cataracts. Egypt proper,—the Egypt of the Ptolemies,—ends at Phylæ, just above Assuan, and at the head of the First Cataract. Then comes Nubia, and the Nubian desert; while, further south is the Soudan, of which Khartoum is the capital. Further south yet is that central African district known as Uganda,—a vast interior lake region some three thousand miles from the Mediterranean. Drained by the

White Nile, Uganda was first explored by Grant and Speke, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, during the years of our Civil War (1861-1865). In a direct north and south line, the Victoria Nyanza is almost exactly equi-distant from Cairo, on the north, and from Cape Town on the south,—it is in the heart of eastern Africa. Gondokoro is the southern limit of upper Nile navigation. Some 1100 miles south of Khartoum and within 150 miles of the Albert Edward Nyanza, chief source of the White Nile, Gondokoro is almost exactly on the fifth degree north latitude. On the other hand, the tropic of Cancer passes some fifty miles only south of Assuan. The entire region between Assuan and Gondokoro,—the region now to be referred to—is, therefore, equatorial.

COMING directly to my notes of travel, and the conclusions therein drawn, I arrived, as I have said, at Khartoum, early on the morning of Friday, February 10th. Remaining there five days, until Wednesday 15th, the time was naturally spent in the usual tourist excursions, two only of which proved interesting,—that down the Blue Nile to its junction with the White Nile, and then up the latter as far as Gordon's tree, so-called; and that to the African city of Omdurman, the former capital of the Mahdi and the Califa. The first of these excursions is most inspiring; for the junction of the two Niles is impressive,—it stirs the imagination. Recalling the down-pour of the Missouri into the Mississippi,—the White Nile, broad and swift, surges forward and, crowding the Blue Nile before Omdurman over against the eastern bank, then, little by little, absorbs it. About the White Nile there is, too, something at once vast and vastly suggestive—here, nearly 2000 miles from

its mouth, so great in quiet volume. One cannot resist a longing to see more of it, —in short, the ordinary tourist soon distinctly feels a touch of the fever known as "The Nile Quest."

BLACK AFRICA

As to Omdurman,¹ the morning (February 11th) spent there proved most interesting and singularly suggestive. For the first time I saw Africa,—not Egypt, but black Africa;—its streets, its habitations, its marts, its people. As an American, it then came directly home to me what those people were, and how they lived. I looked on the largest native city of a stationary, barbarous continent,—the chief commercial centre of an "inferior race,"—and, comparing it with London, Paris, or New York, those material outcomes of the two species indicated the difference of their capacities. For, of course, races, like individuals of the same race, must be measured and classed by their visible output; and, as Omdurman is to London, so is the African to the Anglo-Saxon. Distinctly, the difference is too great to admit of measurement. And then comes the awful corollary:—What is the duty and what the function of the superior to the inferior race under existing conditions, and in the present advanced stage of civilization? Can we, have we a right to wrap ourselves in our somewhat Pharisaic individuality, and, taking care of ourselves, leave the less developed, or wholly undeveloped, to work out thro' force and fraud a destiny which is no destiny at all?—Unless, as in the former Soudan, an unending tale of violence and wrong be termed a destiny. But, if we have not such a right, and are under an obligation, what, I asked myself, becomes of all my philosophical theories heretofore so confidently advanced? I confess to a faltering. My morning at Omdurman, and my subsequent days in equatorial Africa, were in this respect pointedly suggestive,—indisputably educational. When thus face to face with such a problem one ponders a good deal.

So far as climate was concerned, we all liked Khartoum. In the middle of

the day, the sun had unmistakable power; but the nights were cool, the air dry, and an atmosphere of exhilaration pervaded the place. The hotel, close to the bank of the Blue Nile, looking to the north, while nothing to enthuse over, is good enough. In February it was crowded; in March, it was nearly empty, and shortly to close. But, generally, Khartoum proper is, in 1905, a very different place from what it was a score of years ago in Gordon's time, and altogether unlike what Baker described in 1862. Now the winter haunt of tourists, then it was "chiefly composed of huts of unburnt bricks" extending over "a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water." Numbering some 30,000 inhabitants "densely crowded" and without drains or cesspools, its thoroughfares were necessarily redolent with inconceivable nuisances. "A more miserable, filthy and unhealthy spot," Sir Samuel Baker declared, "can hardly be imagined." It was, moreover, a human hell; for, without the White Nile trade it would have almost ceased to exist, "and that trade," he wrote, "is kidnapping and murder." Assuredly, even Africa does improve! Since that description was penned,—just forty years,—British rule has wrought wonders; and that rule, in its present form, dates back only to 1898. Prior to that very recent time, under the rules of the Mahdi and Califa which followed the fall of Gordon in 1885, it may well be questioned whether Khartoum's last estate was not worse than its earlier. But now, Baker's African city has been swept clean away, or relegated to the suburbs of the modern town; and Khartoum proper is a remarkably clean, well-ordered, embryotic European municipality. Its wide streets are well paved and lighted; residences and public buildings line the river front; and, at the intersection of two broad thoroughfares, immediately south of the spot where he met his death on the "palace" steps, is an imposing effigy in bronze. It is "Chinese Gordon," in easy restful attitude, sitting high on his dromedary, looking out over the desert region he sought to civilize and to rule. But, just beyond all this, not a mile away, are two native African villages,—well-

¹ This name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable—Om-dur-mán.
The town is only six miles from Khartoum.

policed and, after a fashion, scavengered—much as Baker describes the whole place in 1863. Their inhabitants would to-morrow revert to savagedom, murder, kidnapping and the slave trade were British rule withdrawn. As it is, however, Khartoum is the germ of a really considerable and important government and trade center of the future. The natural base from which the Nyanza upland of equatorial Africa will be developed, a great possible future lies before it; but that future is altogether dependent on the continued presence of the Anglo-Saxon.

The White Nile;—Khartoum to Taufikia and Lake No, some 550 miles,—is a magnificent river,—somewhat monotonous, but distinctly interesting. Almost absolutely without affluents, its volume when it issues from Lake No and the great papyrus swamp is half as large again as at either Omdurman or at Cairo; yet, when coming down the Blue Nile, and turning sharply to the south, you enter it at Omdurman, the White Nile is unmistakeably impressive. There is about it a surge and volume which excite a special wonder. Baker, writing in December, 1862, describes the junction of the two rivers as a vast flat as far as the eye can reach, the White Nile being about two miles broad, the banks dead level. "The Tree" which he, over forty years ago, refers to as the rendezvous for all boats when leaving for the White Nile voyage is presumably that still standing, now known as Gordon's tree,—because under it Gordon was accustomed to dismount and sit when, by marching them out from Khartoum, he exercised his troops. Further on, Baker says he had never seen a fog in that part of Africa; and, though the neighborhood of the river was swampy, the air was clear both in the morning and evening. It is so still; and, moreover, the nights in winter are cool; nor, in spite of warning to the contrary, were we annoyed by mosquitoes. Indeed, both going up and coming down, the White Nile proper,—that is as far south as Lake No,—left a not unpleasant impression. The river as a rule is wide; the current steady. One shore at least is usually swampy; but trees are always visible in the distance. There are numerous villages; and immense herds of cattle or goats are seen throughout. The settle-

ments, all of the same character, are shelters of mud and reeds; but, now and again, especially on our way down, we would see a village built under great spreading trees, in the shade of which the inhabitants idly lay during the heat of the afternoon. In the river, a hippopotamus would occasionally project his snout, and, sometimes, a whole herd would be standing in the water sunning themselves. On the sand-banks were great flocks of water fowl of many descriptions and varied plumage, with crocodiles among them, all apparently on the friendliest terms. The country, however, does not impress the passing tourist as fertile; it is always arid and coarse. Evidently a rainless region, it nowhere invites settlement. In aspect it is distinctly monotonous and repellent,—naked barbarians occupants of a God-forsaken land! One day is a mere repetition of another,—river, shore and sky,—all in marked contrast with Egypt and the lower Nile.

In his description of the dreary region known as the Sud,—the region between Lake No and Gondokoro,—Baker refers to the natives,—and he wrote in 1863 what those who follow in the track he blazed might write to-day,—“they are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine.” And again he adds,—“the weather to-day (Jan. 21, 1863) is dull, oppressive, and dead calm. As usual, endless marshes and mosquitoes. I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point.” A finer mosquito-breeding locality could not be imagined; yet they did not annoy us to any noticeable extent. They were indisputably there; and they bothered, making a mosquito netting at nights a necessity, and mosquito-boots in the evenings very desirable: but they were neither more numerous nor more venomous than, in their season, here on the banks of Boston's Charles; and the stories heard concerning them struck us good mosquito-proof Americans as greatly exaggerated. They were mere babes and sucklings compared with the genuine Jersey breed.

But to return to Baker's narrative for one last extract; he winds up by saying—

"it is a heart-breaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country. I could not believe that so miserable a country existed as the whole of this land. There is no game to be seen, few birds, and not even crocodiles show themselves; all the water animals are hidden in the high grass; thus there is absolutely nothing living to be seen, but day after day is passed in winding slowly through the labyrinth of endless marsh." Then referring again to the natives at the now abandoned Austrian missionary station of Kanisa, he says—"twenty or thirty of these disgusting, ash-smeared, stark-naked brutes, armed with clubs of hard wood brought to a point, were lying idly about." It was just so at the same landing place on the 27th of February, forty-two years later. The successors of those Baker saw were loitering about the wooding station, one of them a man, old-looking and emaciated, over seven feet in height,—stark naked, with a long spear in his hand,—clad all in innocence!

Gondokoro also makes on the modern tourist the impression conveyed to Baker. He says of it—"it is a great improvement upon the interminable marshes; the soil is fertile, and raised about twenty feet above the river level. Distant mountains relieve the eye accustomed to the dreary flats of the White Nile." Certainly, the sight of those distant, blue foot-hills rising above the horizon to the South, is at Gondokoro a great relief. One feels that the dreary Sud has been left behind. In 1863, Gondokoro was merely a station of the ivory-traders, occupied for about two months of every year. On longer acquaintance Baker referred to it as "a perfect hell," and characterized it as "a colony of cut-throats"; but there, on the 15th of February, 1863, he ran to meet Speke and Grant, just emerging from the wilderness after their discovery of the Victoria Nyanza; and he himself was the first Englishman who, going south, had ever reached the place.

FINALLY, as to conclusions. During nine weeks passed in Africa, the only really suggestive experience was that obtained above the junction of the two Niles. A strong reflected light was thrown on our

most perplexing home problem,—the African in America. It gave much food for thought,—first, as respects Africa; second, as respects the Negro.

AFRICA'S TIME IS AT HAND

PLAINLY, no matter what is coming to the African, Africa's time is coming. The Nile problem is in process of speedy solution; that of central and interior Africa will certainly follow hard upon it. Of the country beyond the White Nile, whether Abyssinia or that about the Nyanzas, I know nothing; of the Nile basin I know something,—not much, I admit, but a little; and the country beyond is a corollary to it. South of Khartoum,—that is up the Nile,—there is a very considerable, not, as such things go, a vast region, which if drained and then irrigated, would produce largely of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. It is a mere question of water in a country of unevenly distributed rainfall,—where there is any rainfall at all,—lying under a tropical sun. But it is not a country suitable for the Caucasian,—it is a country to be exploited and developed, not one to be occupied and peopled. That it will now be developed, admits of little question. The construction of the Assuan barrage, following hard on the scientific occupation of the Soudan, settles the question. There is money in it,—and big money! So the work will henceforth go right along; the waters of the Nile will be economized at their sources, whether in Abyssinia or at the outlet of the Nyanzas. The gradual reclaiming and systematic irrigation of a very considerable part of the Nile basin north of Lake No will follow; and even the Sud,—that wretched, heart-rending morass,—may, not impossibly, be drained by degrees, and made habitable.

Now a vast papyrus wilderness, it would then prove a great rice swamp and sugar field. So far as the natives are concerned,—what will follow? Clearly, this:—the African will at last find his place in civilization, whatever that place may prove to be. In the Soudan and Nile basin, he will not be brought, as in our Southern States, into industrial conflict with the white man. If he meets with any competitor, it will be the imported Asiatic,—the Asiatic purposely imported

to do what the African will not do, or cannot so well do. The native African of the Nile basin is now a savage,—he herds cattle, and cultivates the soil to a limited extent. He is distinguished from the brute creation only by the fact of articulate speech, the use of tools and weapons of the most primitive kind, and a knowledge of the properties of fire. In such matters as clothes, food or sanitation he is in no essential respects better than various kinds of animals. A savage, he admits, like nearly all known negro savages, of an imitative domestication. Thus, in Africa, the simple question is as to how far he can be developed by external influences, and under altered conditions; for as yet he has evinced no self-elevating capacity. If Africa proper is now to be developed, and if the laboring white man will not, because he cannot, make a home in it or in large portions of it, the field is open to the native. Can he occupy that field, and fill it; or must he, free from forced, regulated labor, languish and die out like the American aboriginal, and the Australian?

A large question, it is as interesting as its answer is obscure,—as yet! Fortunately, its solution is in the best of hands—those of the British. Asiatic experience thus throws light on the African problem; and again, the problem working out in Africa is full of suggestion as respects America. One thing seems clear, without being reduced to servitude, the inferior race must be recognized as such, and, in some way, so dealt with. Facts are facts; and only confusion results when things essentially not equal are dealt with on the basis of natural equality. The world has now for some time been pondering the African problem,—pondering it in America as well as in the place of its origin;—it has been laying up a store of experiences bearing upon it,—experiences stretching through at least 2000 years. The discovery of the Nile source was delayed to our time; in its turn that discovery now bids fair to involve the future of the Negro. The wild animals of Africa are to go; will the Negro go with them? The alternative is domestication. That he will not go with the wild animal our experience shows. That he is imitative has been proven. That he can ever become, or be made,

self elevating in the mass remains to be shown.

THE AFRICAN IN AMERICA

FINALLY, as to the African in America. What gleam of supposable light does a brief visit to the White Nile throw on our home problem? A good deal,—perhaps! In the first place, looking about me among Africans in Africa,—far removed from that American environment to which I have been accustomed,—the scales fell from my eyes. I found myself most impressed by a realizing sense of the appalling amount of error and cant in which we of the United States have indulged on this topic. We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance,—especially we philanthropists and theorists of New England. We do so still. Having eyes, we will not see. Even now we not infrequently hear the successor to the abolitionist and humanitarian of the ante-civil-war period,—the “Uncle Tom” period,—announce that the difference between the White Man and the Black Man is much less considerable than is ordinarily supposed, and that the only real obstacle in the negro’s way is that—“He has never been given a chance!” For myself, after visiting the black man in his own house, I come back with a decided impression that this is the sheerest of delusions, due to pure ignorance of rudimentary facts; yet we built upon it in reconstruction days as upon a foundation-stone,—a self-evident truth! Let those who indulge in such theories go to the Soudan, and pass a week at Omdurman. That place marks in commerce, in letters and in art, in science and architecture, the highest point of development yet reached by any African race. As already suggested, the difference between Omdurman and London about measures the difference between the Black and White. Indisputably great, that it admits of measurement is questionable.

So far as I am advised, the Soudanese are the finest race of the whole African species. Physically, they are tall, as a whole well-formed; and, in their savage way, they are indisputably courageous. Yet in them not the slightest inherent power of development has as yet come to the surface. Baker, after living amongst

them for years, calls attention to the striking elementary fact that, since the beginning of time to the day that now is, they have neither domesticated the elephant nor invented pottery. As respects pottery the Chinese, for instance, were "as civilized as they are at the present day when the English were barbarians"; the Hindoos domesticated the elephant at a period now beyond the memory of man. To-day the African uses the gourd, and kills the elephant for his ivory!

Baker was a rough, typical John Bull; and, as an authority on the subject of the negro what he wrote is very open to question. A sportsman more even than an explorer, he looked with contempt and dislike on the natives; yet he got along with them, and dominated them. He was truthful and just in his dealings with them, even if he did, when the emergency came, lash out with a strong left arm. It would be well to offset his evidence and inferences with those of Livingstone. But, when all allowances are made, there is for Americans much food for thought in Baker's conclusions. His verdict on the Soudanese was at any rate explicit,— "I believe that ten years' residence in the Soudan and this country would spoil an angel, and would turn the best heart to stone." And again—"the apathy, indolence, dishonesty combined with dirtiness, are beyond description; and their abhorrence of anything like order increases their natural dislike to Europeans." The following we also have observed in America,— "In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand,—it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the negro has grown in body, but not advanced in intellect." In this respect, as the individual, so is the race. "In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint...and his natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle or savage state, unless specially governed and forced by industry." The "restraint" in this case is not necessarily physical; it may be moral: but contact with the white man is necessary to keep the negro from retrogression. He has never invented anything—not letters, nor numbers, nor tools, nor harmony, nor

arts, nor architecture; nor has he voluntarily adopted anything, except rum and fire-arms. He taught himself to handle implements and weapons, both of the rudest and most elementary kind; and he can talk. There his development stops. In architecture, he has not progressed beyond the cave, the hovel and the nest. In letters he has not devised a symbol for a sound. In science, his digits represent the sum total of his capacity for computation. Art, poetry, music,—it is the same old story! Religion, law, medicine—to-day the natives of Uganda are perishing by thousands from a strange epidemic known as the "sleeping sickness." The prevailing scientific conviction is that it is caused by a poisonous insect of the mosquito species, to whose attacks the negro is peculiarly exposed from the fact that, unlike the Hindoo, for example, he has not yet got so far as to invent garments, and cover his nakedness. And the worst of it is that, being thus, he is stationary. The instinct as well as the desire for development is lacking. Such being the indisputable fact, Baker, writing in 1865, closes his long enumeration of conditions with a startling corollary—"So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong."

If true, this strikes at the very root of our American polity,—the equality of man before the law. We cannot conform to it. If the fact must be conceded,—so much the worse for the fact! By all good Americans at least, the theory will none the less be maintained, the principle confidently asserted! We are thus confronted by a condition. The existence of an uneradicable and insurmountable race difference is indisputable. The white man and the black man cannot flourish together, the latter being considerable in number, under the same system of government. Drawing apart, they will assuredly become antagonistic. An opposite theory can be maintained, and will work with more or less friction where the white greatly dominates, and the black element is a negligible quantity; when, however, the black predomi-

nates, the theory breaks down, and some practical solution is reached not in conformity with it. As Hamlet was led to observe in a quite different connection,—“This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.”

What, then, is to be our American outcome? The negro squats at our hearth-stone;—we can neither assimilate nor expel him. The situation in Egypt is comparatively simple. The country will be developed by European money and brain; and the African will find his natural place in the outcome. Facts will be recognized, and a polity adopted in harmony with them. Will the results reached there react on us in America?—Who now can say? The problem is intricate. Meanwhile one thing is clear:—the work done by those who were in political control at the close of our Civil War was work done in utter ignorance of ethnologic law and total disregard of unalterable fact. Starting the movement wrong, it will be yet productive of incalculable injury to us. The Negro, after emancipation, should have been dealt with, not as a political equal, much less forced into a position of superiority; he should have been treated as a ward and dependent,—firmly, but in a spirit of kindness and absolute justice. Practically impossible as a policy then, this is not less so now. At best, it is something which can only be slowly and tentatively approximated. Nevertheless, it is not easy for one at all observant to come back from Egypt and the Sudan without a strong suspicion that we will in America make small progress towards a solution of our race problem until we approach it in less of a theoretic and humanitarian, and more of a scientific, spirit. Equality results not from law, but exists because things are in essentials like; and a political system which works admirably when applied to homogeneous equals results only in chaos when generalized into a nostrum to be administered universally. It has been markedly so of late with us.

SAN DOMINGO AND EGYPT—A SUGGESTIVE PARALLEL

GETTING back to Cairo at the close of March, after six weeks of exemption

from letters, newspapers or telegrams, almost the first American tidings related to a fresh phase of this same race question,—the San Domingo imbroglio resulting from the Roosevelt-Morales negotiation. This at once suggested a parallel—San Domingo and Egypt. It was curiously suggestive. In every essential aspect,—reckless financial mismanagement, foreign indebtedness leading to international commitments, internal misrule, instability of government, even importance through proximity to an inter-oceanic canal,—the two cases, to use the lawyer's phrase, “went on all fours”; and, if the United States were England, the American in Egypt would have felt, and would still feel, no sort of doubt as to the course to be pursued: The United States should do with San Domingo exactly what Great Britain has done, and is now doing, with Egypt,—follow closely the precedent there set. But the United States is not Great Britain; nor, again, is Great Britain the United States. Each seems able to accomplish what the other in vain attempts. We, for instance, after one fierce, final struggle for supremacy, pacified the Confederacy in twenty years; in five centuries Great Britain has not succeeded in pacifying Ireland. Great Britain can rule and successfully develop dependencies beyond the sea, peopled by those of another race. That the United States can do so likewise, or in the same degree, is altogether questionable. If we make the attempt we will assuredly exploit them to our own advantage. That we should do so is an inevitable corollary of the protective-tariff system,—a system now ingrained in the minds of our people and embodied in our national polity. Great Britain in Egypt bids fair, I fancy, to constitute a distinct advance both in theory and practice as respects the relations of the more developed with the less developed, or wholly stationary, races,—the naturally dominant with the naturally dependent. It is not the old, brutal, altogether unsympathetic and wholly contemptuous, foreign domination,—it is the “veiled protectorate,” or guidance through influence; the guiding head and hand wisely contenting itself with those incidental benefits which assuredly, as naturally, must and will result from such relations scrupu-

lously observed. It is the principle on which the United States pre-eminently should act;—but, practically, can it,—or, rather, will it so act?

In his conversations with Americans Lord Cromer does not fail distinctly to point out and emphasize that the success of the British-Egyptian system depends absolutely on three things:—(1) a sympathetic attitude, and corresponding speech, on the part of those representing the protectorate. This naturally implies the utter repudiation and forgetting of that "nigger" talk so marked and loud in the earlier Englishman in India, as now in the American in the Philippines; (2) a policy and a practice looking wholly to the good, moral and material, of the community acted upon, regardless of the interests of the alien government acting upon it; and, finally, (3) a continuity of personal relations, carried on through agencies not subject to political change at home. For instance, Egypt is now accustomed to Lord Cromer and Lord Cromer understands Egypt; through him and by him that can be quietly accomplished which would be met with fatal resistance if attempted directly or through any other agency. Now, it is a patent fact,—one altogether undeniable,—that these fundamental postulates of success are one and all either conspicuously absent from or diametrically opposed to the settled and accepted principles of our political system,—the policy of protection, and periodic, sweeping changes of administration. With us these must be accepted as postulates.

Accepting them as such, it is easy to imagine the quiet shrug of the shoulders with which Lord Cromer would remark—"Under those circumstances the less you have to do with dependencies the better!"

THE PHILIPPINES

WHILE in Cairo last April, pondering Lord Cromer's freshly uttered fundamentals, a copy of an American paper reached me, and, in it, I found a letter from Secretary Taft, dated from Washington, March 16th. Naturally it attracted notice. He therein laid down the law. He said that the policy of the present "administration is the indefinite retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of

developing the prosperity and self-governing capacity of the Philippine people." Judged by Lord Cromer's "veiled protectorate" standard, here is a contradiction in terms;—no people on earth ever yet learned self-government through government by others. The way to teach a people, as a child, to walk, is to make it walk; not everlastingly to hold it on its feet. There is a wide difference between this system, and that now practiced in Egypt;—it is not even a protectorate, much less "a veiled protectorate," it is a pronounced foreign domination of professed benevolence: and, the more actually benevolent such a domination is, the more destructive it becomes so far as the capacity of the dependency for self-government is concerned. That road leads direct, not to a rugged spirit of self-government, but to contentment in slavery. It is in no respect Burke's "wise and salutary neglect."

Here was fallacy number one. But number two was worse; and there the cloven hoof obtruded. Secretary Taft in the letter alluded to, spoke of "the prosperity they (the Philippines) will find behind the national tariff wall!" There was the fatal weakness of the proposed policy,—the dependencies are to be exploited for our benefit, through a tariff designed first, last and all the time for the protection of American interests and industries! They, Asiatics, are to serve as consumers of American "surplus" products!—a new field for American enterprise! Thus, under our political system, the dependencies are to be held subject to a change of policy with every incoming administration, and at the mercy of the American protectionist! The Filipino producer and merchant are, for instance, shortly to find themselves entangled in the meshes of our protective coast-wise navigation laws. Such entanglement will unquestionably tend to encourage and develop American shipping interests: but, at whose cost? Is this sympathy? Is this altruism?

To me, pondering imperialistic problems in Cairo, Secretary Taft's letter made further discussion useless. It was a case of Q. E. D. The British policy as seen in operation in Egypt may be,—I believe it is,—a great discovery,—a veritable advance in human polity:—but its

successful prosecution is not consistent with the established fiscal policy and most pronounced political tendencies of the American people. It is fundamentally irreconcilable with religious or political proselyting, and it implies a complete renunciation of all self-protective or self-aggrandising industrial ends; moreover, it is utterly impracticable under an administration subject to continual changes of agency. Therefore, what in this line may now be practicable as well as beneficial in the case of Great Britain, is not unlikely to prove a dangerous deception with us.

To one fresh from Egypt, the San Domingo imbroglia also presents difficulties. The student of the Cromer dispensation finds himself somewhat at a loss. So far as self-government is concerned, he who has faith in the African certainly has the courage of his convictions. Left to himself, the tendency of the negro, whether in Uganda or in San Domingo, is distinctly to deterioration,—he will insensibly but assuredly relapse into his normal African conditions. The fundamental and everlasting principles enunciated in the Declaration may suffer, and even have to be subjected to revision and limitation; but, none the less, facts are facts, and, for his own good, and ultimate possible development, the African has got to be "restrained." But how? In this respect, the Soudan is to-day a most suggestive field for study. Until subject to British domination, the Soudan, and Uganda also, were internal hells and external nuisances; and as they then were, time out of mind they had been. One has but to read Baker's account of the conditions which prevailed in that region anterior to 1890 to appreciate the utter fallacy of the theoretical rights-of-man and philanthropical African-and-brother doctrines. In plain vernacular English, they are all "rot";—"rot" which I myself have indulged in to a considerable extent, and, in face of observable facts which would not down, have had to outgrow.

On the other hand, the domination of the inferior and stationary races, by the superior, for the mere material and selfish benefit of the latter,—as illustrated in the whole former experience of mankind,—Greek, Roman, Russian, British and American,—is not change for the better.

It is one long, loud lamentation, and an ancient tale of wrong. British rule in Egypt marks at last not improbably the beginning of a new era; but of, possibly, incalculable importance to the world, it is not likely at once to displace and replace the traditional abominations. Frankly accepted to its full extent, and subject to its necessary limitations, it might, the observer is now inclined to think, offer a solution of our much talked-of American inferior race, dependency, and, modernized, Monroe-doctrine problems. For, say what we theorists will, those problems do present practical difficulties. It is well to decry naval armaments, and the construction of great fleets of battle-ships and torpedo-boats;—but there is reason in everything: and, after all, practically, under present conditions, what is a powerful nation to do? Sudden complications will arise, and armaments can no longer be improved. Facts and conditions are not as they were. For instance, the days of the armed merchant marine are over; gone, with privateering and piracy, is the militia of the sea. It now takes at least three years to construct a modern battle-ship; and the unspeakably humiliating experience of Jefferson's policy of exactly a century ago should not be wholly forgotten. Consequently, in the present stage of development a nation, situated even as the United States most fortunately is, must be, to a measurable extent at least, in position to protect itself, and cause itself to be respected. The question is over the term "measurable extent";—what does the phrase mean? Dislike it as I may, and denounce it as I have and still do, there is, as Lord Cromer in a talk I had with him at Cairo pointed out, both logic and common sense in the interpretation and outcome of the much abused Monroe Doctrine now being formulated. When, as Secretary of State, J. Q. Adams more than eighty years ago first enunciated that doctrine, forcing it, as a pronunciamiento, on the reluctant President whose name it bears, it was with an eye to world-conditions wholly different from those of the present time. As Disraeli coolly put it, when confronted with his own utterances of an earlier day,—"Since then a great many things have happened"; and, during the last eighty

years, science has put in a good deal of work. Darwin, not less than Watts, Morse and Bessemer, has had his say; and the Book of Genesis has gone the way of the Holy Alliance and "England's wooden-walls." Steam, electricity and dynamite are now very considerable factors; in 1823 in no way did they enter into political prescience, or naval and military calculations. Why shut eyes? The present is probably a period of great impending change. One after another the lesser powers are, on the international chess-board, becoming mere pawns,—negligible quantities. Among nations and with races the newly discovered law known as the survival of the fittest is working in a way not less suggestive than pitiless; and,—something will come of it! In the way of world-policing—what? In the way of armament—what? That the modern iron-clad battle-ship will at no remote day, and for much the same reason, follow the ancient mail-clad man-at-arms into innocuous desuetude is altogether probable. But how about the interim? That other and old-world powers should, under present conditions, obtain naval or military footholds on this side of the two great oceans is hardly compatible with our security. Hence, the logical extension of the Monroe Doctrine to cover the case of even coaling stations. Such, as in Asiatic waters we have recently seen, imply for modern armaments a full naval foothold. But, if we throw a shield over both American continents, so far as European nations and territorial integrity are concerned, what other obligation on us does so doing imply? Lord Cromer put it to me clearly. We have got logically, as President Roosevelt insists, to hold those we shield territorially up to a reasonable sense of their debt to civilization. So far as mere lucre is concerned, the rule of *caveat emptor* is all very well,—well in the case of Egypt in 1882, and well in that of San Domingo in 1905. It should be observed and enforced. Private persons, or companies, accepting foreign franchises, or making investments in strange lands, whether in Africa or the West Indies, or in the States of the Union, do so at their own risk. If the profits of the enterprises tempt them, they must take the accompanying risks. Nations have not proved a success as

bailiffs. On this head Palmerston's famous Don Pacifico *civis Romanus sum* was symbolic. The *civis Romanus* is curiously apt to be a disappointed adventurer who knowingly made a gambler's throw. In behalf of such "Hands-Off" should be the Monroe Doctrine corollary. So far all is plain. But how about negro barbarism? After all, is San Domingo none of our business? The existence of an international nuisance in immediate proximity to one's front door, whether in Africa, or in the Caribbean sea,—or in South America, for that matter,—is something not easily, nor forever, to be ignored. It may have to be abated. Theories are all right; but facts will force themselves into the account. Egypt was a fact, and so is San Domingo; and, for us rights-of-man American theorists, the last is a somewhat awkward fact. In plain language, and as an upshot of what is now taking place, our Declaration of Independence generalities have developed, in presence of the African, unforeseen limitations; but, again, that does not imply a reversion to the old-time counterbalancing barbarisms of slavery and brutal domination. The world, after all, does progress. The record of Great Britain in Hindustan, for instance, covers three centuries; that in Egypt thirty years. Lord Clive and Lord Cromer are ear-marks of a very different kind,—typical of two periods and two systems. As for British rule in the Soudan and Uganda, it dates only from 1898. That thus far it has been one of unmixed beneficence, I bear witness.

THE "VEILED PROTECTORATE"

IMPRESSIONS and conclusions derived from only two Nile winters are necessarily superficial and crude. None the less, a White Nile trip, and the hard facts of Egypt and equatorial Africa, are at just this juncture, for an American, indisputably stimulating. They make him reflect; and, as the journey drew to its close, the foregoing was written down merely to clear the writer's mind. The discussion is immensely complicated, as well as interesting. It involves all sorts and conditions of men and things,—modern military and naval development, international obligations under existing facts,

theories of the rights-of-man, questions of race and ethnology, policies and contentions moral and material, above all, the great final query—What is, humanly speaking, practicable?

At this writing, with what has been done in Egypt, and is to-day doing in the Sudan and Uganda fresh in mind, the impulse is strong to a belief that, properly handled, Cuba, the Philippines and San Domingo might be utilized to establish for the United States a correct, up-to-date, dependent-people policy, and one practically workable under our system of government,—a policy of influence under the “veiled protectorate,” at once sympathetic and altruistic, as contra-distinguished from a system of recognized dependencies, and foreign domination.

But in effecting our results on those lines, diplomacy and the law of moral and material gravitation, not the big stick either quiescent or flourished, must be relied on; our admiration for the man-who-does-things should be tempered by a little respect for him who is wise enough to know when and how to wait. Lord Cromer has been twenty-five years in Cairo; and, to-day, there is hardly a full British battalion in Egypt.

Cuba has been measurably thus dealt with. The Philippines should, I now believe, from the beginning have been dealt with in this way. If so, the steps hitherto there taken cannot too soon be retraced. The pleasing but slightly childish fancy that a few generations of our rule will suffice to transform Filipinos into Yankees is not likely to bear the test. As the vernacular has it—“it will not wash!” And for that matter no amount of “wash,” or white-wash, will cause the

Asiatic to change his skin any more than the leopard his spots. The Malay will to the end, and in the end, be a Malay!—and he will not shade off into a town-meeting Yankee. Why in our boundless self-complacency thus nurse unending delusions! The school-marm can do much; but she cannot make that white which Nature decreed brown or black. Foreign domination, for which the American is ill-adapted, should, then, give way to the largest practicable measure of dependency home-rule; dictation from without to a sympathetic, if alien,—and, because alien, diplomatically “veiled,”—protectorate.


San Domingo next looms on the horizon. Is San Domingo more fitted for self-government than the Philippines? But for San Domingo latter-day Egypt blazes a possible path; the path of self-government subject to foreign influence. On the other hand, it must also be conceded that in the world that now is, just as every citizen, even though he may be more or less irregular in face of money obligations, must still recognize the police power, no community can ignore the debt due from it to civilization. But, again, there is a world of difference between a modern “mandate of civilisation” and the old-time *vis major* warrant. Assuming, therefore, that the influence of the “veiled protectorate,” may for all concerned most advantageously displace and replace foreign domination, the self-constituted international bailiff and policeman may, when he initiates proceedings to compel satisfaction of civilization’s debt, not impossibly get, at just this juncture, quite a number of very useful hints from benighted Africa.



AN ANCIENT GARDEN

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

HE house to which our ancient garden is attached is broad and high—not so high as to lose the brooding look which properly belongs to all old houses where generations of children have shouted in their play; where, grown older, they have danced through the halls or lingered in twilight corners and come to a knowledge of the meaning the world has for each of us; and where, still later, they have watched, with half-regretful, half-hopeful smiles, the games of those who followed in their footsteps: but high enough to afford wide outlooks and free breathing space; with thick stone walls, deep window-seats, wide doorways, and spacious rooms, with a homely history for each one of them.

Along the western and southern sides of this old mansion runs a piazza so high above the ground in front that a flight of many stairs is required to reach it, but needing only one low step where the ground rises at the rear. A driveway and a narrow strip of lawn are between the long southern side of the house and the terraced squares of the old "garden-close."

This garden was the delight of its owner's heart. When she—Mrs. John Cotton Smith—came to her husband's home, in Sharon, Connecticut, the garden had been only sketched in, as it were. Only two years after the close of the war of the Revolution, the times were not only dark in the present, but almost darker in the outlook for the future. The strain of the seven years of struggle between strong foes on the one side and exhausted finances on the other had left, one imagines, scant leisure for thoughts of pleasure-grounds; but the beginnings were already here. Even before the outbreak of war, deep terraces had been cut in the sunward-sloping hillside. Two fish-ponds, affording restful pauses in the downward path of the rapid brook, had been made; and were already shaded with borders of young willows. Imported vines of sev-

eral varieties, and fruit-trees of all the usual and some unusual sorts, had been planted in the orchards behind the house as well as in the future garden; but of flowers there were not many until, in 1785, the bride, who had the inborn love for them that is nearly always found in persons of Hollandic descent, brought seeds, roots, and slips to sow and to plant in the formal way in which she had always seen them arranged in the gardens of her "Father Evertson" and "Grandfather Bloom," the one in the western part of the present town of Amenia, Dutchess County, New York, and the other near Pleasant Valley in the same county.

In mental vision I seem to see this youthful matron as, basket on arm and shears in hand, she would descend the steps on each fair morning before the last drops of dew had vanished from bud and blade. Flowers for *épergne* and vase must be daily gathered from the opening of the first May blossoms till came the gray and shortening days when shining berries, fluffy-seeded clematis, and bright leaves of autumn were pressed into the service to supply the places of the faded blossoms.

Our gardener's fine complexion, "beautiful and rosy even in old age," said those who knew her at the last, was shaded by a big hat of Leghorn straw, shaped something like that known as a "Gainsborough," worn perched above the masses of fair hair turned back over a high cushion of silk of the same shade as the hair, though the exact color of the silk could not have been a matter of much consequence, at least at the time when her miniature was painted, as the hair was then disguised by a plentiful coating of a lavender-colored powder. Probably this was only a temporary freak of fashion's various forms of ugliness, and even in its short day was rarely used save on full-dress occasions. The ivory miniature was painted, poorly enough, shortly be-

fore her marriage, and it is pleasanter to think of her later as wearing her own fair hair unhidden by powder of any color. The high pompadour style, being becoming to the features below it, was retained through life, crowned by lace and ribbon turbans of the days of poor Marie Antoinette. A gentlewoman of the olden time was this young matron. Looking at her rather wooden picture, one must wonder if she were really as handsome as tradition declares, though "fine-looking" she undoubtedly was, and her manners had a gracious and simple stateliness that ever attracted the charmed admiration of strangers, while her affectionate ways retained the love of those near and dear to her. Thus it is that I, who never saw her, love to think of her as, gowned in her scant and short-skirted garb of gaily flowered chintz, she passed along her garden walks with a vigilant eye out for intrusive purslane (we may be sure she called it pussly) and the pestilent quack-grass, abhorred of all gardeners since Adam.

In those days changes were infrequent in most things, and I can well remember this dear, big old garden in nearly the same condition as that in which my great-grandmother had left it. And that was probably very much as she had had it arranged and planted. Her husband survived several years after she had taken her last loving farewell of the coming daffies just showing their gold above their green, and as long as he lived would suffer no alterations to be made in the garden, and their only son permitted few changes until long years after the directing hands of the mother had ceased from their labors.

The garden contained probably about two acres of rich ground, defended from animal intrusions, but not from friendly observations, by a moderately high fence of yellow pine pales attached to cedar posts, with every picket's top, cut by hand, finished to resemble a clover leaf, and the whole painted a mossy green.

Through the spaces between the roadside palings the fragrant Scotch briar sometimes straggled or morning glories flaunted, but all along the rear the fence was nearly hidden by currant, gooseberry, rasp-berry, and elderberry vines and bushes, and by the impudently luxuriant tansy, too usefull in the domestic pharmacopœia to be entirely banished from the garden.

In my early days the winding brook at the garden's foot, which is now full during only the too short wet season, seemed always to run with a riotous abundance of sparkling water from the lowest fish-pond in the southeast corner, gaily prattling over the mossy stones until it passed out under the front fence and a stone foot bridge across the highway, until, under another and a larger stone bridge, it slyly slipped across the west meadow and onward to the "still pasture," half a mile away, to join the "valley brook," a stream now sadly shrunken, but then as big as to-day we find the beautiful little river Webotuck, which winds its leisurely way under overhanging trees a few miles farther southward.

To the brook the ground had rather steeply sloped until, in accordance with the fashion of the day, the hillside had been formed into a series of terraces of different elevations and connected by steps of varying flights. About two thirds of the distance back from the fence which separated the lowest of the terraces from the highway ran a very broad, gravelled, and flower-bordered walk from the house on the north to the brook at the south, where a vine-covered and latticed arbor, provided with seats, filled the double purpose of a resting-place and a foot-bridge over the brook where it merrily fell from the fish-pond to the copse beyond.

With added years the flower borders along this main walk had been given up, being too deeply shaded by the shrubs which, planted behind them, had grown to a height of ten or more feet, and were trimmed to make a high, arched roof above the walk. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was on a certain spring morning, which proved fatal to the beauty of the arched walk. The season had been early, and by the first week in May the shrubs were bending beneath their fragrant masses of buds, blossoms, and tender foliage. "Moses-in-the-burning-bush," laburnums, lilacs, syringas, tall spiræas, snow-balls, and others were all in full bud and some in bloom, when there came a heavy rain which froze even while falling, decking branch, twig, and blossom with the sparkling diamonds of frost. The sun rose brilliantly, and my father aroused us all from sleep to look from our windows. Even

while we gazed came the beginning of the end. A high wind began to blow about an hour after sunrise, and in another hour's time there was hardly a shrub not broken to earth under the weight of the ice-load that it bore and the thrashings of the wind. Few of the shrubs even partly recovered from this storm, and the once beautiful arch-walk had lost its title to the name.

The stiff boxwood borders which were a marked feature of most formal gardens had never found a place here. Its oppressively heavy odor was obnoxious to the lady of the garden, and not a single root of it was allowed upon the premises. Along the outer side of the garden's northern fence ran a hedge of English hawthorne, kept closely trimmed, and one of privet and lilacs, allowed to reach a goodly length, but well clipped, made a kindly screen beneath the high front piazza to the long lines of apple barrels with which the space was filled from the time of their gathering until the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing, when they were rolled into the cellars behind them. Along the line dividing the grounds at the north of the house from those which at that time belonged to General Augustin Taylor—called by his militia title, but most highly respected for his career as captain, major, and colonel in the war of the Revolution—a thick, low growth of junipers, surmounting the bank of a deep trench, served as a substitute for a fence. This was pretty and unusual, but, though admired, was finally abandoned because the shrub alone did not afford sufficient protection from the frequent inroads of the neighbors' cattle. Moreover, in the ditch, hidden from their view by the breadth of the thick-growing juniper, both leaping horses and unruly steers too often met with serious disaster.

Directly in front of the house, about sixty feet from it, and extending across something like one hundred feet, ran a low stone terrace wall connecting the highway side walk, by a wrought iron gate at the foot of stone steps, with the flagged walk leading to the front piazza. On the top of this wall was, and is, a squarely trimmed lilac hedge, too high to prevent much observation from passers-by, but too low to offer an obstacle to the

view from the house over the near and far meadows, the wooded hills, and the well-watered valleys.

The big squares forming the tops of each of the terraces into which the garden was divided were planted with vegetables in a goodly variety that is not much exceeded in the finest modern gardens, and sufficient in quantity to afford abundant supply for a family numbering, inclusive of servants, from twelve to fifteen members, besides many guests. It must be remembered that vegetables could not then be brought from the South, that market-gardening had hardly a beginning, and that each family was mainly dependent upon its own forethought and industry for its winter as well as its summer food-supply. Comparing the vegetables of a century ago as they are named in the household lists of seeds gathered and preserved by this garden's owner with those in the seedsmen's catalogues of to-day, the latter show few and comparatively unimportant additions. It is not actual novelties which have added to the gustatory attractions of the modern kitchen garden, but the many improvements upon old varieties. It is true that tomatoes were not in general use until about twenty years later, but Mrs. Smith records the gathering (for seeds) of four sorts of beans, "sallad,"—meaning lettuce, although this was not the only green thing then used for salad—early and late sweet corn (the earliest rarely ready for use until in September); pease of different sorts, including "English Marrowfats, a fine new variety"; red and sugar beets (the latter were then always white); "cowcumbers"; summer, fall, and winter squash; cabbage; cauliflower; pepper-grass; watercress; kale; leeks; mustard; several sorts of melons; parsley; red-peppers; pumpkins; radishes; spinach; rhubarb, and artichokes. Potatoes, both the common and the sweet kinds, as well as parsnips, turnips, onions, and carrots, were duly dug and stored. Celery was buried in earth in the cellars for use in the early winter months or trenched in the garden for the later season.

Fruits were numerous and apparently fine. Strawberries grew plentifully in the fields, but a few varieties were also cultivated in the garden, including the



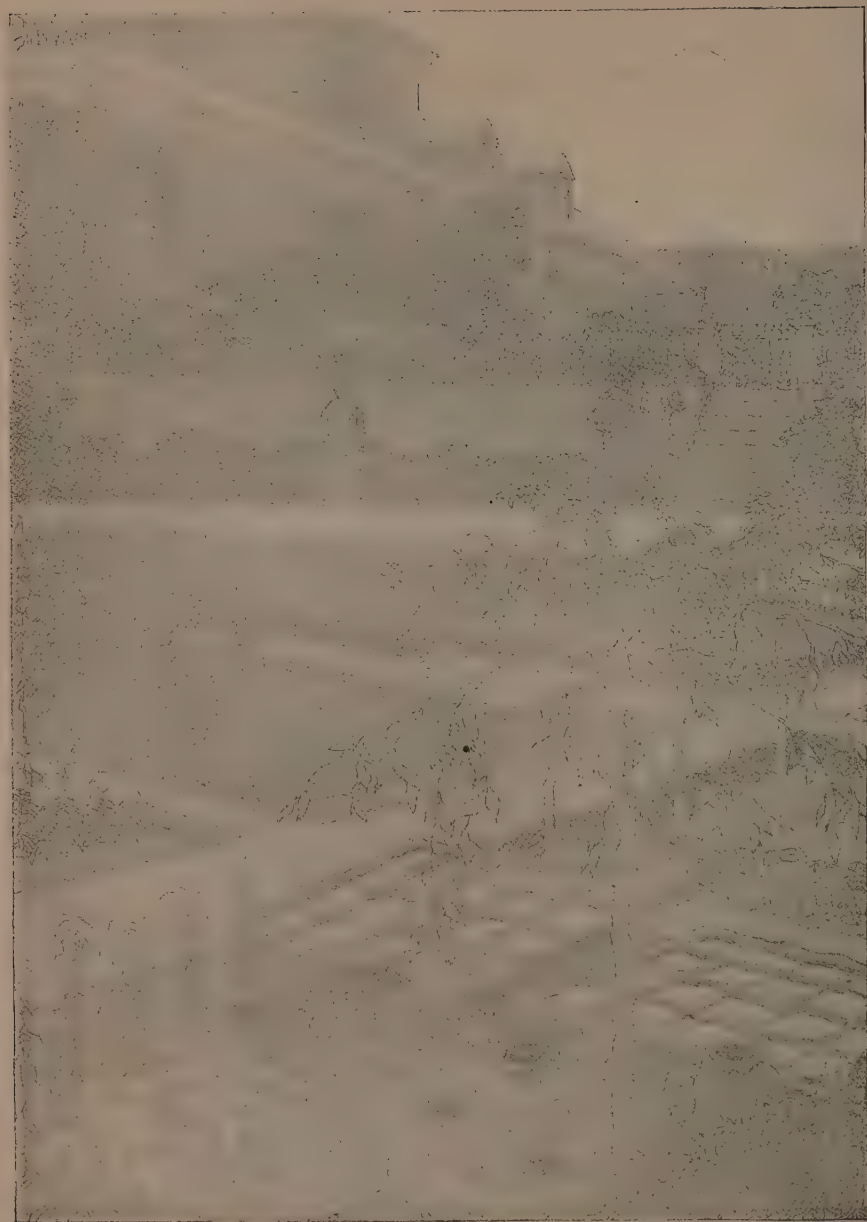
Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE HOUSE, FROM THE ROAD

long and slender "Alpine," which some persons may yet recall as unprolific, but of a remarkably delicate and delicious flavor. Cherries, peaches, pears, and plums bore so abundantly that, after giving to all who would be at the pains to come for them, they were freely fed to the pigs, notwithstanding that the house-mistress and all available hands were kept very busy during their season in drying and otherwise preserving as many of them as possible for winter use, while quantities of red, purple, and white grapes were raised for the manufacture of home-made wine.

An important department of every large or small plantation for the first two hundred years after the settlement of this country was the "garden of herbs." The various tonics, nervines, laxatives, and febrifuges then in use were mostly simple preparations of the bark, foliage,

blossoms, or roots of such plants as experience had proved to possess the desired qualities. Many such grew in a wild state, and a knowledge of their uses had been acquired from the Indians. The astringent properties of white-oak bark and blackberry roots; the emollient effects of slippery elm bark and the berries of the elder bush; the nerve-soothing powers of hops, motherwort, valerian, and sage; the tonic contained in tansy and camomile; the perspirative qualities of feverfew, saffron, and pennyroyal; the drastic effects of pink and senna; and the anti-rheumatic force of dock root, wintergreen, liverwort, and boneset, were probably as well known in England as here; while the lung-healing gifts of the wild cherry, both bark and blossom, the combination of tonic and laxative in dandelion roots, sassafras, and lobelia, the pain-soothing virtues of



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE GARDEN AND TERRACE

peppermint and stramonium leaves, as well as the varied attributes of many other plants, were probably best known in this country. Each, when administered judiciously, often proved to be of much value, and most, if not all, of such plants as could not be found growing wild in the vicinity were sure to be seen under cultivation in some one or other of the herb gardens of every neighborhood. To gather and dry the herbs, each in its proper season, was one of the housewife's many summer duties, and so was the manufacture of some of them into cordials, wines, and waters for refreshment or for toilet purposes. Hence, in large establishments, one finds that a "still room" was an essential feature. Our gardener, in a small diary which she kept for many years, frequently refers to "a busy Morning in my Still Room," and sometimes mentions the quantities of raspberry vinegar, blackberry brandy, elderberry jelly or wine, or wild-cherry cordial which she had laid by for sickness, either in her own house or among her neighbors, and of the rose-water she had distilled for flavoring. Besides spices, the only other flavoring mentioned is vanilla, made by soaking the imported beans and pods in Madeira wine.

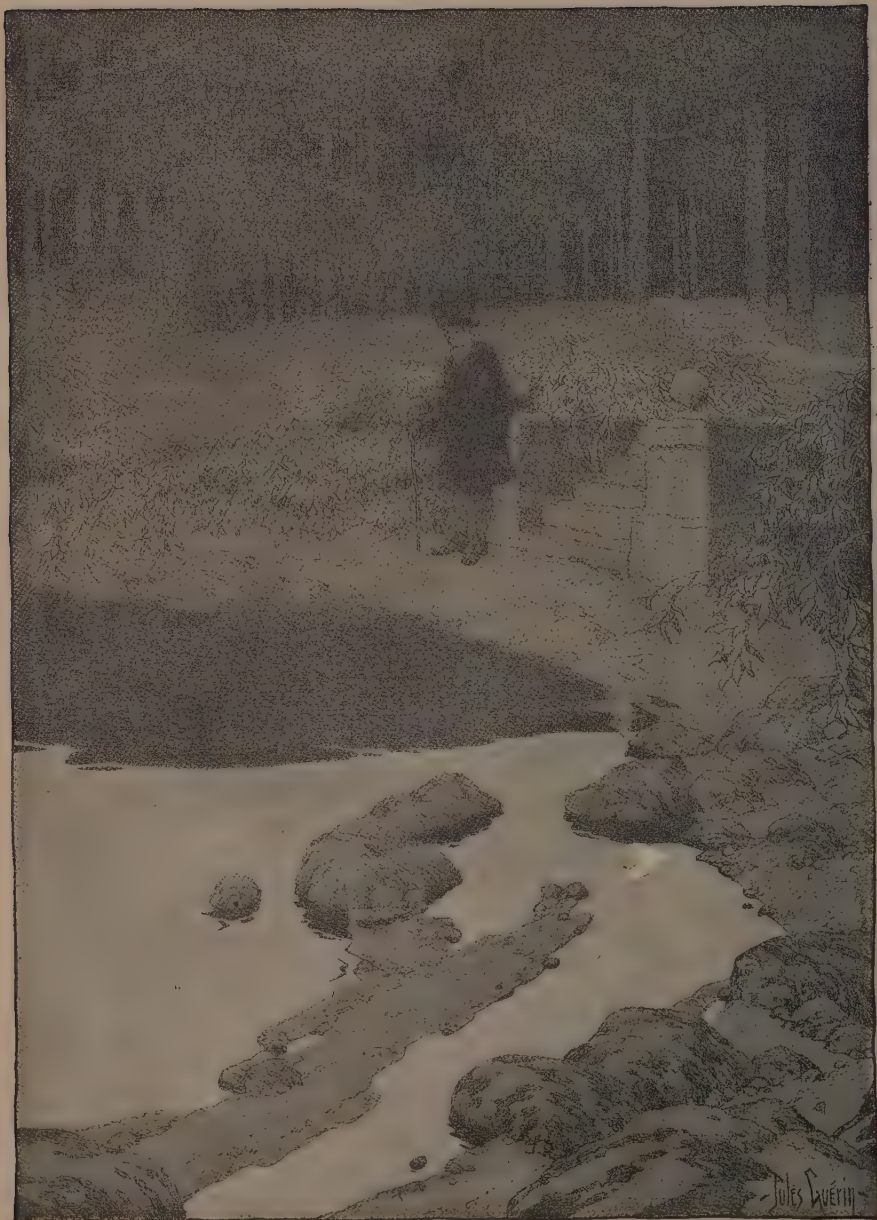
Around every large square of vegetables in the garden ran broad walks, and between vegetables and walks were narrow borders for flowers, broken only at one point on each square where laborers and their tools might go in and out with no danger to the cherished blooms.

The superintending of her garden no doubt caused Mrs. Smith a world of happy thought, but not much manual labor. Thus she writes on a day in October, 1798:

"Donning my galoshes, for it was wet after last night's down-pour, I had Silvy put the camp-stool under the big willow, where I could watch the men and oversee the work on the new Asparagus bed. You know the old one is nearly choked with roots and after giving Papa and Uncle Paul all the roots they wanted I thought I would have an extra bed made for ourselves. It is a good thing to have a plenty of, for our neighbors as well as our own folks, for everybody likes it and few have. It is astonishing how stupid Young Jack can be when he is not in a good humour. He knows perfectly well what I want and *will have* in the end, but when he is sulky he

would try Job's patience, to say nothing of Mine, which you know is at the best not over long. After a while—Fall though it is—I had Silvy out to hold the umbrella over me to shelter me from the Sun and thenceforward, behold! Master Jack lost his sulkiness and worked so well that a very fair beginning was made in laying the clam-shell bottom. Henceforward I shall be able to make some use of that lazy Silvy. She will not work herself, but can make Jack do his duty, because he likes to show her how smart he is. Indeed Silvy is a good looking wench, though she knows it too well, and more than Young Jack puts himself about to win her smiles. I think in the end she will take Ned because he cares little for her, while Nancy, who is a good girl, likes him. If they were still slaves I would see to it that Nancy and Ned should marry, but as matters now stand can do nothing."

The clam-shell bottom for the asparagus bed may need some explanation. When this delicious vegetable was first cultivated in England, it was fully believed that it would perversely and forever grow downward, instead of sending its succulent shoots upward, unless it were impeded by stern facts in the shape of rock or some other impenetrable bottom beneath the soil. In places where such rocks lay too far below the surface it was deemed necessary to dig a sort of cellar to a proper depth, and lay the bottom with broad, flat stones; or, if this were inconvenient, a few layers of closely laid clam shells were supposed to answer the same or even a better purpose. The excavation was then filled in with highly enriched soil, ready for the nourishment of the transplanted roots. In 1773, when a package of asparagus seed was sent by his correspondent in London to Dr. Simeon Smith, of Sharon, Connecticut, the package was accompanied by directions for sowing the seeds in drills and allowing the plants to grow as they listed for from three to five years, when, according to the increase and healthfulness of the roots, they must be transplanted into such beds as previously described. Apparently it was not until after this final planting that the roots developed their depraved tendency to seek China by underground passage. It was in following out these ancient instructions to the doctor that the wife of the latter's nephew was, in 1798, preparing a new bed for the reception of roots



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE FISH POND

descended from the seeds first received a quarter of a century before.

My earliest memories of the old garden are connected with this venerable asparagus bed of my great-grandmother's vicarious planting. Its borders of golden daffodils, narcissus, white and yellow jonquils, blue-eyed myrtle, and stately scarlet crown-imperials, seem to my memory to have been prettier than the most elaborate devices and rarest plants. The quondam asparagus bed is now covered with a soft, rich turf which, in the early spring, is gay with the gold and the snow of the daffodils, narcissus, and jonquils, which, with the luxuriance of a native growth, have spread over this and the neighboring terrace-tops, and, aided by the dark-green runners of the myrtle, contend vigorously with the grass for the ownership of the soil. But the gay crown-imperials, each with its four wonderful pearls and almost equally wonderful carbuncles hiding themselves in the heart of the inverted crowns from which the name is derived, have long since disappeared, although a few may still be found in other gardens in the near vicinity. Beautiful but malodorous flowers they were, being most alluring when held at arm's length. Are they in the florists' catalogues now? I have not seen the flowers themselves for many years, and perhaps, if in the catalogues at all, they are called by another name. The bulbs, which renewed themselves for almost a century in this old garden, were said to be descended from those which were brought from the still older garden at Flüssingen, in the province of Zealand in the Netherlands, which had belonged to Mrs. Smith's ancestor, Admiral Jan Evertsen. Perhaps the guelder-roses also came from the same source, as well as the hollyhocks which grew tall and stiff along some of the wider walks between the beds. Artemisias, unpretending ancestors of the flaunting chrysanthemums, grew there in modest luxuriance. The bells of Canterbury here swung their silent chimes. Gay foxgloves and cockscombs, marigolds and monk's-hood, asters and balsam, pride-of-the-meadow and phlox, stocks,—called "stuck jellies" by "Caius Tite," grandson of a pre-revolutionary servitor of the same name, whose fame as that

of a noted joymaker with his inspired old fiddle still survived in my own childish days,—moss-pinks and sweet-williams, petunias, larkspur, columbines, poppies, pansies, lavender, valerian, gourds, sweet peas, geraniums, cowslips, primroses, marvel-of-Peru, red and white peonies, each in its season, were all here, and probably many more to keep them cheerful company, while along the brook-side smiled the purple-blue fleur-de-lis. But the pride of the gardener was centered in her roses, "ten varieties," besides one considered as "surpassing fine, being very double and a pure, soft white, bearing abundantly; the sweetest and best of all my flowers only that the hateful rose bugs do spoil them so." All alike have bloomed and faded and scattered their seeds and have been succeeded, some by their own descendants, but not in their own places, and some by other flowers more showy and even, perchance, more fragrant, but not more dear.

The shrubs and flowering trees of the old time still remain, many of them in the spots where first set out. The heavy-scented syringas and bushes of purple or white lilacs from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height look freely in at second story windows to which they have been over a century in climbing. The honey locusts have grown to giant heights, and many of them have succumbed to the winds of autumn or the ice storms of spring; but the graceful, feathery foliage of their progeny waves in their places. The button-balls still shed the dingy brown bark of winter over otherwise neatly kept walks or turf, and bare their stiff, ghostly, and angular white arms defiantly to summer's most vehement lightning. The sturdy and formal horse-chestnuts bloom as profusely as if the years they have lived had been but months. The thickly set hawthorn hedge on the garden's northern side was long since uprooted, but its bird-scattered seeds have found shelter in many a fence corner, and its pretty little flowers send their unloved perfume to long distances in the early summer. The soft blooms of the snow-balls still quiver in the gentle June winds, and the clove-scented flowering-currants still linger by favored banks, fragrant and cheery memorials of happy and useful years.



A CLASS IN EMBROIDERY

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF EMBROIDERIES IN ATHENS

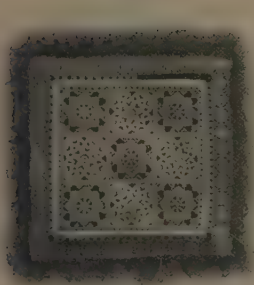
BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

FROM the dust and glare of the windy Athenian streets we passed into a quiet quarter close to the National Museum, where a wide white building housed a hundred and more Athenian children, growing girls, and young women who were workers in the Royal School of Embroideries.

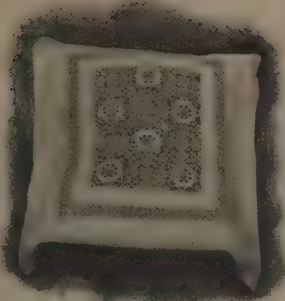
Once the house-door was opened, the hum and buzz of many voices greeted the ear. Amazingly wide-eyed, eager-lipped, and clever-featured were many of those Greek faces. Both the coloring and the facial type proclaimed their Greco-Oriental origin. The white-aproned neatness, the decorous demeanor, as well as the expressive grave grace in posture and gesture of the youthful shapes seated about the wooden frames and of other detached figures close to open windows, made groups full of charm and interest to Western eyes. Below wide, lus-

trous eyes pouted sensuous Attic mouths, replicas of the perfect curves of which one may find in the Parian marbles of two thousand years ago, now safely housed in the museums of Athens. One may see, also, the same widely set, large eyes in certain frescoes recently discovered in Egyptian tombs of Greek colonists of the first and second centuries.

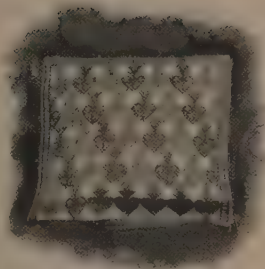
When we turned from the faces to the work over which the nimble fingers were flying, our interest suffered no abatement. Greek fingers have not lost their skill. In and out of the coarser cottons, as well as the most delicate batiste, the shining needles flew as though every embroiderer had been born with a needle between thumb and finger. Here was a whole roomful of children and young growing girls whose skill and ease in their work were no less astonishing than were those of the more mature young women, whose own embroideries had a sharpness of edge that was remarkable. Other factors than those of practice and



GREEK NEEDLEPOINT
LACE



SOFA PILLOW,
CORINTHIAN DESIGN



GREEN AND YELLOW
DESIGN, NAXOS



EXAMPLES OF EMBROIDERY—BYZANTINE PILLOW AT THE LEFT,
PERSIAN HANGING ON THE WALL



CUSHION OF DIFFERENT
SHADES OF BLUE



COPY OF OLD POINT-DE-
VENISE LACE, ÆGINA



CUSHION OF BYZANTINE
DESIGN



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PRINCESS HÉLÈNE (GRAND DUCHESS ELLEN OF RUSSIA), WIFE OF PRINCE
NICOLAS OF GREECE

habit were to be looked for to account for such accuracy and lightness of touch. These embroideries exhibited an instinct and a color sense which only the far East appears to have preserved as a heritage from antiquity.

The history of this school of women reads like a romance. Early in the Turco-Greek war of 1897 thousands of Thessalian women started on mules and donkeys to find in the south a refuge from the dreaded horrors of an invading Turkish army. Whole villages were deserted. Trailing down from crag-like mountain-heights, creeping through leafy defiles, wending their tedious way from stony ridges to grassy valleys, these Thessalian refugees sped southward. Such string-like caravans may be seen to-day in any of the mountain-passes of Greece. The peasants who move from village to village, or who come from the mountains to visit relatives in towns, travel in such simple fashion. Whole families, possessing only a single beast, take turns in walking and riding.

With their children, and, in some instances, with their flocks driven before them, the refugees first made a halt at Chalkis. There a large number determined to remain. Many hundreds, however, continued to wend their way through the Attic passes and over the fertile plains to Athens. To give these newcomers even shelter was no small undertaking, and for a very long time they lived on the bounty of others. Supplies of all sorts, as well as money, came from foreign countries, including America and England. Later, when the streams of benevolence began to run dry, an Athenian committee appointed to look after the refugees had to face the problem of their maintenance, and it was wisely decided that these idle women must work. The difficult task of providing an industry which untrained labor could perform next confronted the ladies of the committee.

Every peasant woman knew, at least, how to spin. The distaff and the loom have been in constant use in Thessalian farm-houses and huts from the time when Hesiod sang the delights of pastoral life. Antique customs maintained full sway in Greece until her war of independence in 1833, and outside Athens and Patras

primitive conditions of life and labor still survive.

This inherited skill with needle and shuttle was turned to good account by the directors. Looms were quickly set up, and the Thessalian women took their accustomed seats behind the flying shuttles. The products were at first made into clothing for the women themselves and for their children. The supply of cottons, homespun, and coarse linens soon exceeded the demand. The ladies then extended the work to a weaving of the brilliant Greek carpets with which every well-to-do peasant's hut and farm-house are supplied. Simple embroideries were next essayed, and these found a ready sale. And thus for several months the building generously lent for the work by a patriotic Greek gentleman was the scene of a contented and busy industry.

After peace came, the looms were deserted. Long strings of mules and donkeys bearing women and children filed back to Thessaly. A few among the refugees elected to remain in windy Athens. These women formed the nucleus of the present flourishing royal school. Others among Athens's own poor eagerly sought the privilege of taking the seats left vacant, and soon proved to the lady directors that they were capable of more ambitious efforts. Their embroideries especially began to show innate, artistic capacity.

At this juncture Lady Egerton, a Russian by birth, the wife of the English minister at the court of King George, took an interest in the school, and for the benefit of the workers undertook a systematic study of classic designs, of lost or forgotten stitches, of antique lace, and of the modern art of lace-making. She went to Constantinople to study Byzantine models; she became a humble pupil of the school of lace-workers in Venice; she made the tour of the Greek islands to learn what secrets in designs and in colors had been transmitted, by long inherited skill, among the Greek women. In her Athenian drawing-room, as well as on the decks of crowded and cramped Greek steamers, Lady Egerton drew, stitched, read, or let her shining needles fly over the stuffed cushions whereon her lace lay. Hers was the unwearied energy of the true artist. Such enthusiasm worked

the usual miracle. Everybody connected with the school became vitalized with new power and capacity. The ladies of the committee were found to be able seconds to such a leader.

The next step was to find a suitable home for the school. "If we are to have a true existence," the committee decided, "a future as well as a present, we must be at home in a house of our own." Not only is it the dream of every Greek in European exile to go back to his loved country, to expend upon her the riches of his purse as well as the stores of his experience, but every foreigner living on Greek soil appears to feel himself to be a true son of that classic land. A French countess, belonging to an historic house, wearied of French republican "massacres" of all that, according to an aristocrat's ideals, made life endurable in France, had elected to adopt Greece as her country. She had brought her bibelots, her family portraits, her property, and her Hellenic enthusiasm to her Athenian home. This lady proved herself the second guardian-angel of Lady Egerton's school. When the story of the needs of the school was told to her, some debate ensued as to the choice of a site, none whatever as to the ultimate question of its purchase. The present site in Michaël Vada street, once fixed upon, was then and there paid for.

Royal interest and generosity completed what had been so generously begun through individual effort. King George himself provided for the building of the house. In some mysterious fashion the furniture "arrived." And thus at last in its own building, within its own grounds, this school of embroideries began its true artistic career. The interest shown by the king was soon extended to other members of the royal family. The queen and the Princess Hélène (the latter the Russian wife of Prince Nicolas, third son of King George) from the first had shown their sympathy with the project.

Few royal families in Europe have allied themselves so conspicuously with the fortunes of the people they govern as has every member of the reigning house in Greece. Foreigners by birth though they are, the queen and her three daughters-in-law, the crown princess, Princess Hélène, and Princess Alice,

prove by their persistent, untiring devotion their interest in the future of Greek women and Greek development.

A large part of this royal, as well as of the less conspicuous individual, enthusiasm arises from certain influences that appear to emanate from the Greek race. The magnetism of her great past is still a potent force to rouse her people to renewed activity. Greece, free, presents that most interesting of historical spectacles—a nation recreated, rejuvenated, with its old glorious instincts still alive and alert.

THE designs produced at the school, embroidered silks, linens, cottons, or batistes, proclaim at a glance their classic origin. Many, indeed, were strangely familiar. Where had one seen yonder Byzantine design—those admirably conventionalized springing leopards? Surely never before on coarse homespun shaped to cover a lady's boudoir pillow. Out of the quiet halls of statue-crowded museums, from the frieze of roofless temples, from glass-encased precious Greek vases, from the monuments of the Athenian Ceramicus, faintly, and then more and more clearly, came remembered shapes, forms, designs, traceries, and architectural ornamentations. On the linens and silks that lay stretched on wooden frames or that were held upon the stiff forefinger, hundreds of such forms, designs, traceries, and ornaments have been ingeniously adapted to as many modern purposes.

A lost artistic era seemed, in truth, to have been recaptured by these workers in silks and wools. Here in modern Athens, in a city as up-to-date as any American metropolis, as well equipped with trolleys, tram-cars, electricity, tall apartment-houses, and with shops displaying the latest Parisian novelty, here was a group of directors and workers whose taste, ingenuity, skill, and cleverness were slowly and surely to influence European and American taste in design.

The directors of the school draw the models for the work executed, of whatever nature or for whatever purpose, from pure Hellenic, Byzantine, or Persian designs—from every antique source that has, indeed, contributed to the history of Greek art. Etruscan and innumerable Greek vases of every great

period have been minutely studied. The monuments in Athenian and other Greek burying-grounds have been made to contribute their delicate traceries and ingenious devices. Architectural reliefs and ornaments have been copied and adapted. Intricate Persian and Saracenic traceries have contributed their vast variety of forms to modern artistic utilitarian or ornamental purposes. Local feeling throughout Greece and its islands has been as painstakingly studied. Such patterns and designs as have been copied generation after generation by peasant maidens and women have been eagerly sought out.

From times long before Homer sang the glittering gorgeousness of the robes of queens until the present day, Greek fingers have known how to work miracles of color in gold and silk embroideries. The dowry system is the preserver of such skill. In primitive countries human greed and human vanity play as active a rôle in the drama of life as in more complex, highly civilized lands. Brides whose dowry includes the most finely worked trousseau and the largest flock will ever be more sought after than penniless, unadorned beauty. The bleak hillsides of Greece are no strangers to the motives at work in Newport and New York. Even wandering nomads can prove to enlightened society the ancient respectability of weighing material consideration in matrimonial choice. The maiden whose homespun is the most elaborately worked and whose silver belt or gold ornaments are the largest and most numerous, is the bride chiefly coveted by the prudent shepherds.

The Greek bride knows better than poets what best pleases a Greek peasant or shepherd husband. Every moment to be snatched from farm-work or the tending of flocks is consecrated to the sacred task of preparing her trousseau. The snowy frieze coat, the back, sleeves, and front of which must be elaborately embroidered in blues and greens; the red-and-crimson borders to her chemise, a remote descendant of the classic chilton, with its wide bands of silk embroideries; the bed-rugs and blankets, the weaving and dyeing of which are of her own toil; the saddlebags the colors and worsted ornamentation of which prove to her

groom her taste and originality—all these artistic and elaborate necessities of a Greek girl's wedding outfit consume every moment of spare time between her girlhood and her marriage.

The universality of this peasant skill suggested to the directors of the school at Athens an enlargement of their original plan. In the islands there were hundreds of rustic embroiderers ready for just such work as was being admirably executed by the girls and women in the capital. Why not utilize this provincial talent? Work must be highly paid for in Athens, where living expenses for even the poor, as in all capitals, are on a scale commensurate with the luxuries of dwelling in a great city. In the islands, schools could be established on an economical basis, and work could be produced at a lower rate of wages. To the schools established in Crete and in Ægina hundreds of women were soon coming to be taught the art of lace-making, fine embroideries, and the intricacies of cut-work.

These island schools have done a more important work than merely to teach old-new stitches and how best to recreate antique effects. All systematic work brings in its train a love of order and neatness, and a sense of personal gain in improved appearance and softened manners is certain to follow. Hundreds of half-savage little islanders, through these schools, have been brought within the sphere of educational influences. Children and young girls who could not be induced to take advantage of the benefits offered by the public schools found in these schools of embroideries an irresistible attraction. The contagion of example did its work. The most conservative nomad could not help observing that certain benefits followed the hateful obedience to rule and industry. It was undeniable that Cora of Naxos, for example, had turned pretty since she began to go to the School of Embroideries. Attention to the rules of cleanliness, apparently, could make a peasant's face as attractive and pink as a lady's.

In Athens itself the same influences have been at work. "In the very first week I noticed a marked change in improved cleanliness and manners among the children," remarked my guide; "the second week ambition began to work

its usual subtle effects. The girls must have their hair artificially coiffed like the older ones. In a month the transformation was complete. When I saw the latest, most effective design in ties and collars worn by a newcomer, the result of her work at home after school-hours, then I knew that the school had done at least half its work."

Few as have been the years since the Royal School of Embroideries began its existence, its handicraft has already gained a wide celebrity. To Paris, to London, and, through these great arteries,

to all the modern, luxurious world of women, go draperies, embroidered strips for blouses, tea-gowns, tea-cloths, scarfs, collars, ties, and ornamental pillow-cases executed by these nimble Greek fingers. You may plume yourself on the delicate color designs of a web-like scarf bought in London; you may glory in the possession of a rare combination of mixed lace, embroidery, and chain work for bedspread or sofa, and little dream that they are the joint product of ancient Attic brains and modern Athenian fingers.



WHAT IS THE MIGHTY ALL?

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

WHAT is the mighty all—the main
Of air, the earth, the ocean's plain,
The wheeling world stupendously
Hung in the void, the stars that flee
And circle through the night, and we,
With life and labor, mind and thought,
And dreams of all things that are not?
What is this all? "It is divine,"
The Lover spake; "'t is mine and thine."

PRAYER

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

I STOOD upon the threshold; musical
Reverberant footsteps ghostlike came and went,
And my lips trembled as magnificent
Before me rose a vision of that hall
Whereof great Milton is the mighty wall,
Shakspeare the dome with incense redolent,
Each latter singer precious ornament,
And Holy Writ the groundwork bearing all.

"Lord," sobbed I, "take thy splendid gift of youth
For the one boon that I have craved so long:
Mold thou my stammering accents and uncouth,
With awful music raise and make me strong,
A living martyr of thy vocal truth,
A resonant column in the House of Song!"

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT

BY LUTHER BURBANK

THE MINGLING OF RACES

IN the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions, and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life. While I have never lost sight of the principle of the survival of the fittest and all that it implies as an explanation of the development and progress of plant life, I have come to find in the crossing of species and in selection, wisely directed, a great and powerful instrument for the transformation of the vegetable kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by a rigid selection of the best and as rigid an exclusion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. The mere crossing of species, unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care, and the utmost patience, is not likely to result in marked good, and may result in vast harm. Unorganized effort is often most vicious in its tendencies.

Before passing to the consideration of the adaptation of the principles of plant cultivation in a more or less modified form to the human being, let me lay emphasis on the opportunity now presented in the United States for observing and, if we are wise, aiding in what I think it fair to say is the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration.

I find by a statistical abstract on immigration, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, that, in the year 1904, 752,864 immigrants came into the United States, assigned to more than fifty distinct nationalities. It will be worth while to look carefully at this list. It shows how widely separated geographically, as well as ethnologically, is the material from which we are drawing in this colossal example of the crossing of species:

Austria-Hungary, including Bohemia, Hungary, and other Austria save Poland		117,156
Belgium	3,976	
Denmark	8,525	
France	9,406	
Germany	46,380	
Greece	11,343	
Italy	193,296	
Netherlands	4,916	
Norway	23,808	
Poland	6,715	
Rumania	7,087	
Russia	145,141	
Spain	3,996	
Sweden	27,763	
Switzerland	5,023	
* Turkey in Europe	5,669	
England	38,620	
Ireland	36,142	
Scotland	11,092	
Wales	1,730	
Europe not specified	143	
Total Europe		707,927
British North America	2,837	
Mexico	1,009	
Central America	714	
West Indies and Miguelon	10,193	
South America	1,667	
Total America		16,420

* Includes Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro

China	4,309
Japan	14,264
Other Asia	7,613
<hr/>	
Total Asia	26,186
Total Oceania	1,555
Total Africa	686
All other countries	90

Total Immigrants . . . 752,864

Study this list from any point of view. Where can there be found a broader opportunity for the working out of these underlying principles? Some of these immigrants will mate with others of their own class, notably the Jews, thus not markedly changing the current; many will unite with others of allied speech; still others marry into races wholly different from their own, while a far smaller number will perhaps find union with what we may call native stock.

But wait until two decades have passed, until there are children of age to wed, and then see, under the changed conditions, how widespread will be the mingling. So for many years the foreign nations have been pouring into this country and taking their part in this vast blending.

Now, just as the plant breeder notices sudden changes and breaks, as well as many minor modifications, when he joins two or more plants of diverse type from widely separated quarters of the globe,—sometimes merging an absolutely wild strain with one that, long over-civilized, has largely lost virility,—and just as he finds among the descendants a plant which is likely to be stronger than either ancestor, so may we notice constant changes and breaks and modifications going on about us in this vast combination of races, and so may we hope for a far stronger race if right principles are followed, a magnificent race, superior to any preceeding it. Look at the material on which to draw! Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended, with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again you have the merging of a cold phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still again the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigor, but with inferior mind. See, too, what a vast number of environmental in-

fluences have been at work in social relations, in climate, in physical surroundings. Along with this we must observe the merging of the vicious with the good, the good with the good, the vicious with the vicious.

SELECTIVE ENVIRONMENT

We are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet the same results that are always seen in a much-crossed race of plants: all the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities. Right here is where selective environment counts. When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite: the finished product will be the race of the future.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE

IN my work with plants and flowers I introduce color here, shape there, size or perfume, according to the product desired. In such processes the teachings of nature are followed. Its great forces only are employed. All that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people. By the crossings of types, strength has in one instance been secured; in another, intellectuality; in still another, moral force. Nature alone could do this. The work of man's head and hands has not yet been summoned to prescribe for the development of a race. So far a preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods finds no place in the making of peoples and nations. But when nature has already done its duty, and the crossing leaves a product which in the rough displays the best human attributes, all that is left to be done falls to selective environment.

But when two different plants have been crossed, that is only the beginning. It is only one step, however important; the great work lies beyond—the care, the nurture, the influence of surroundings, selection, the separation of the best from

the poorest, all of which are embraced in the words I have used—selective environment.

How, then, shall the principles of plant culture have any bearing upon the development of the descendants of this mighty mingling of races?

All animal life is sensitive to environment, but of all living things the child is the most sensitive. Surroundings act upon it as the outside world acts upon the plate of the camera. Every possible influence will leave its impress upon the child, and the traits which it inherited will be overcome to a certain extent, in many cases being even more apparent than heredity. The child is like a cut diamond, its many facets receiving sharp, clear impressions not possible to a pebble, with this difference, however, that the change wrought in the child from the influences without becomes constitutional and ingrained. A child absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its most receptive condition, the effect will be pronounced, immediate, and permanent.

Where shall we begin? Just where we begin with the plant, at the very beginning. It has been said that the way to reform a man is to begin with his grandfather. But this is only a half-truth; begin with his grandfather, but begin with the grandfather when he is a child. I find the following quoted from the great kindergartner Froebel:

"The task of education is to assist natural development toward its destined end.

"As the beginning gives a bias to the whole after development, so the early beginnings of education are of most importance."

I recognize the good that has been accomplished in the early kindergarten training of children, but I must enter a most earnest protest against beginning education, as we commonly use the word, at the kindergarten age. No boy or girl should see the inside of a school-house until at least ten years old. I am speaking now of the boy or girl who can be reared in the only place that is truly fit to bring up a boy or a plant—the country, the small town or the country, the nearer to nature the better. In the case of chil-

dren born in the city and compelled to live there, the temptations are so great, the life so artificial, the atmosphere so like that of the hothouse, that the child must be placed in school earlier as a matter of safeguarding.

But, some one asks, How can you ever expect a boy to graduate from college or university if his education does not begin until he is ten years of age? He will be far too old.

I answer first that the curse of modern child-life in America is over-education. For the first ten years of this, the most sensitive and delicate life in the world, I would prepare it. The properly prepared child will make such progress that the difference in time of graduation is not likely to be noticeable; but, even if it should be a year or two later, what difference would it make? Do we expect a normal plant to begin bearing fruit three weeks after it is born? It must have time, ample time, to be prepared for the work before it. Above all else, the child must be a healthy animal. I do not work with diseased plants. They do not cure themselves of disease. They only spread disease among their fellows and die before their time.

DIFFERENTIATION IN TRAINING

RIGHT here let me lay special stress upon the absurdity, not to call it by a harsher term, of running children through the same mill in a lot, with absolutely no real reference to their individuality. No two children are alike. You cannot expect them to develop alike. They are different in temperament, in tastes, in disposition, in capabilities, and yet we take them in this precious early age, when they ought to be living a life of preparation near to the heart of nature, and we stuff them, cram them, and overwork them until their poor little brains are crowded up to and beyond the danger-line. The work of breaking down the nervous systems of the children of the United States is now well under way. It is only when some one breaks absolutely away from all precedent and rule and carves out a new place in the world that any substantial progress is ever made, and seldom is this done by one whose individuality has been stifled in the schools. So it is impera-

tive that we consider individuality in children in their training precisely as we do in cultivating plants. Some children, for example, are absolutely unfit by nature and temperament for carrying on certain studies. Take certain young girls, for example, bright in many ways, but unfitted by nature and bent, at this early age at least, for the study of arithmetic. Very early,—before the age of ten, in fact,—they are packed into a room along with from thirty to fifty others and compelled to study a branch which, at best, they should not undertake until they have reached maturer years. Can one by any possible cultivation and selection and crossing compel figs to grow on thistles or apples on a banana-tree? I have made many varied and strange plant combinations in the hope of betterment and still am at work upon others, but one cannot hope to do the impossible.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS

I SHOULD not only have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with nature, a bare-foot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love. This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies toward the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality, but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

BE HONEST WITH THE CHILD

THEN, again, in the successful cultivation of plants there must be absolute honesty. I mean this in no fanciful way, but in the most practical and matter-of-fact fashion. You cannot attempt to deceive nature or thwart her or be dishonest with her in any particular without her knowing it, without the consequences coming back upon your own head. Be honest with your child. Do not give him a colt for his very own, and then, when it is a three-year-old, sell it and pocket the proceeds. It does not provoke a tendency in children to follow the Golden Rule, and seldom enhances their admiration and respect for you. It is not sound business policy or fair treatment; it is not honest. Bear in mind that this child-life in these first ten years is the most sensitive thing in the world; never lose sight of that. Children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which would leave no more impression upon a plant than they would upon the sphinx. Vastly more sensitive is it than the most sensitive plant. Think of being dishonest with it!

Here let me say that the wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping up over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. Be dishonest with a child, whether it is your child or some other person's child—dishonest in word or look or deed, and you have started a grafter. Grafting, or stealing,—for that is the better word,—will never be taken up by a man whose formative years have been spent in an atmosphere of absolute honesty. Nor can you be dishonest with your child in thought. The child reads your motives as no other human being reads them. He sees into your own heart. The child is the purest, truest thing in the world. It is absolute truth: that's why we love children. They know instinctively whether you are true or dishonest with them in thought as well as in deed; you cannot escape it. The child may not always show its knowledge, but its judgment of you is unerring. Its life is stainless, open to receive all impressions, just as is the life of the plant, only far more pliant and responsive to influences, and

to influences to which no plant is capable of being responsive. Upon the child before the age of ten we have an unparalleled opportunity to work; for nowhere else is there material so plastic.

TRAITS IN PLANTS AND BOYS

TEACH the child self-respect; train it in self-respect, just as you train a plant into better ways. No self-respecting man was ever a grafter. Make the boy understand what money means, too, what its value and importance. Do not deal it out to him lavishly, but teach him to account for it. Instil better things into him, just as a plant-breeder puts better characteristics into a plant. Above all, bear in mind repetition, repetition, the use of an influence over and over again. Keeping everlastingly at it, this is what fixes traits in plants—the constant repetition of an influence until at last it is irrevocably fixed and will not change. You cannot afford to get discouraged. You are dealing with something far more precious than any plant—the priceless soul of a child.

KEEP OUT FEAR

AND, again, keep fear out that the child may grow up to the end of the first ten-year period and not learn what physical fear is. Let him alone for that, if he is a healthy normal child; he will find it and profit by it. But keep out all fear of the brutal things men have taught children about the future. I believe emphatically in religion. God made religion, and man made theology, just as God made the country, and man made the town. I have the largest sympathy for religion, and the largest contempt I am capable of for a misleading theology. Do not feed children on maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Do not terrify them in early life with the fear of an after-world. Never was a child made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let nature teach them the lessons of good and proper liv-

ing, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant absorbs the sunshine and the dew.

Let me bring the matter still closer to you. I cannot carry a great plant-breeding test to a successful culmination at the end of a long period of years without three things, among many others, but these three are absolutely essential—sunshine, good air, and nourishing food.

SUNSHINE

TAKE the first, both in its literal and figurative sense—sunshine. Surround the children with every possible cheer. I do not mean to pamper them, to make them weak; they need the winds, just as the plants do, to strengthen them and to make them self-reliant. If you want your child to grow up into a sane, normal man, a good citizen, a support of the state you must keep him in the sunshine. Keep him happy. You cannot do this if you have a sour face yourself. Smiles and laughter cost nothing. Costly clothing, too fine to stand the wear and tear of a tramp in the woods or sliding down a haystack or a cellar door, are a dead weight upon your child. I believe in good clothes, good strong, serviceable clothes for young children—clothes that fit and look well; for they tend to mental strength, to self-respect. But there are thousands of parents who, having not studied the tremendous problems of environmental surroundings, and having no conception of the influence of these surroundings, fail to recognize the fact that either an over-dressed or a poorly dressed boy is handicapped.

Do not be cross with the child; you cannot afford it. If you are cultivating a plant, developing it into something finer and nobler, you must love it, not hate it; be gentle with it, not abusive; be firm, never harsh. I give the plants upon which I am at work in a test, whether a single one or a hundred thousand, the best possible environment. So should it be with a child, if you want to develop it in right ways. Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter, let them have a

good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; give them to your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all the years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next; they cannot stand it. Remember that you are training not only for to-day, but for all the future, for all posterity.

FRESH AIR

To develop indoors, under glass, a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is immeasurably absurd. There must be sunlight, but even more is needed fresh, pure air. The injury wrought to-day to the race by keeping too young children in doors at school is beyond the power of any one to estimate. The air they breathe even under the best sanitary regulations is far too impure for their lungs. Often it is positively poisonous—a slow poison which never makes itself fully manifest until the child is a wreck. Keep the child outdoors and away from books and study. Much you can teach him, much he will teach himself all gently, without knowing it, of nature and nature's God, just as the child is taught to walk or run or play; but education in the academic sense shun as you would the plague. And the atmosphere must be pure around it in the other sense. It must be free from every kind of indelicacy or coarseness. The most dangerous man in the community is the one who would pollute the stream of a child's life. Whoever was responsible for the saying that "boys will be boys" and a young man "must sow his wild oats" was perhaps guilty of a crime.

NOURISHING FOOD

It is impossible to apply successfully the principles of cultivation and selection of plants to human life if the human life does not, like the plant life, have proper nourishment. First of all, the child's digestion must be made sound by sufficient, simple, well-balanced food.

But, you say, any one should know this. True, and most people do realize it in a certain sense; but how many realize that upon the food the child is fed in these first ten years largely depends its moral future? I once lived near a class of people who, from religious belief, excluded all meat, eggs, and milk from the dietary of their children. They fed them vegetables and the product of cereals. What result followed? The children were anemic, unable to withstand disease, quickly succumbed to illness. There were no signs of vigor; they were always low in vitality. But that was not all. They were frightfully depraved. They were not properly fed; their ration was unbalanced. Nature rebelled; for she had not sufficient material to perfect her higher development.

What we want in developing a new plant, making it better in all ways than any of its kind that have preceded it, is a splendid norm, not anything abnormal. So we feed it from the soil, and it feeds from the air, and thus we make it a powerful aid to man. It is dependent upon good food. Upon good food for the child, well-balanced food, depends good digestion; upon good digestion, with pure air to keep the blood pure, depends the nervous system. If you have the first ten years of a boy's or a girl's life in which to make them strong and sturdy with normal nerves, splendid digestion, and unimpaired lungs, you have a healthy animal, ready for the heavier burdens of study. Preserve beyond all else as the priceless portion of a child the integrity of the nervous system. Upon this depends their success in life. With the nervous system shattered, what is life worth? Suppose you begin the education, so-called, of your child at, say, three or four, if he be unusually bright, in the kindergarten. Keep adding slowly and systematically, with what I think the devil must enjoy as a refined means of torment, to the burden day by day. Keep on "educating" him until he enters the primary school at five, and push him to the uttermost until he is ten. You have now laid broad and deep the foundation; outraged nature may be left to take care of the rest.

The integrity of your child's nervous system, no matter what any so-called educator may say, is thus impaired; he can

never again be what he would have been had you taken him as the plant-cultivator takes a plant, and for these first ten precious years of his life had fitted him for the future. Nothing else is doing so much to break down the nervous systems of Americans, not even the insane rushing of maturer years, as this over-crowding and cramming of child-life before the age of ten. And the mad haste of maturer years is the legitimate result of the earlier strain.

NEITHER PLANT NOR CHILD TO BE OVERFED

NOR should the child, any more than the plant, be overfed, but more especially should not be given an unbalanced ration. What happens when we overfeed a plant? Its root system, its leaf system, its trunk, its whole body, is impaired. It becomes engorged. Following this, comes devitalization. It is open to attacks of disease. It will easily be assailed by fungous diseases and insect pests. It rapidly and abnormally grows onward to its death. So with a child you can easily over-feed it on an unbalanced ration, and the result will be as disastrous as in the case of the plant. The effect of such an unbalanced ration as that fed to the children in the community I have referred to was to shorten life; they developed prematurely, and died early.

Again some one says, But how can the very poor feed their children plenty of nutritious food?

I answer that the nation must protect itself. I mean by this that it is imperative, in order that the nation may rise to its full powers and accomplish its destiny, that the people who comprise this nation must be normal physically. It is imperative, in order that the nation be normal, that the plants of the nation from which it derives its life and without which the nation dies must be sound. All human life is absolutely dependent upon plant life. If the plant life be in any measure lowered through lack of nourishment, the nation suffers. To the extent that any portion of the people are physically unfit, to that extent the nation is weakened.

Do not misunderstand me: I am not advocating paternalism in any sense; far from it. But is not the human race worth

as much care as the orchards, the farms, the cattle-ranges? I would so work upon this great blending of races, upon each individual factor in it, that each factor should be called upon to do its very best, be compelled to do its very best, if it was shirking responsibility. But in any great nation there must be a large number who cannot do their best, if I may use a contradictory term, who do not seem able to rise to their opportunities and their possibilities. Already you may see in our larger cities efforts in a small way to help feed the very poor. It can be done nationally as well as municipally, and it can be done so that no loss of self-respect will follow, no encouragement and fostering of poverty or laziness.

Then, too, there are the orphans and the waifs; these must be taken into account. They must have wise, sane, consistent state aid. I am opposed to all sectarian aid. I would do away with all asylums of all types for the indigent under sectarian or private control. The nation, or the commonwealth, should take care of the unfortunate. It must do this in a broad and liberal and sane manner, if we are ever to accomplish the end sought, to make this nation rise to its possibilities. Only through the nation, or State, can this work be done. It must be done for self-protection.

DANGERS

IN the immediate future, possibly within your life and mine, unquestionably within the life of this generation, what have we most to fear in America from this vast crossing of species? Not in the vicious adults who are now with us, for they can be controlled by law and force, but in the children of these adults, when they have grown and been trained to responsible age in vice and crime, lies the danger. We must begin now, to-day, the work of training these children as they come. Grant that it were possible that every boy and girl born in the United States during the next thirty years should be kept in an atmosphere of crime to the age of ten. The result would be too appalling to contemplate. As they came to adult years, vice would be rampant, crime would go unpunished, all evil would thrive, the nation would be de-

stroyed. Now, to the extent that we leave the children of the poor and these other unfortunates,—waifs and foundlings,—to themselves and their evil surroundings, to that extent we breed peril for ourselves.

The only way to obviate this is absolutely to cut loose from all precedent and begin systematic State and national aid, not next year, or a decade from now, but to-day. Begin training these outcasts, begin the cultivation of them, if you will, much as we cultivate the plants, in order that their lives may be turned into right ways, in order that the integrity of the state may be maintained. Rightly cultivated, these children may be made a blessing to the race; trained in the wrong way, or neglected entirely, they will become a curse to the state.

ENVIRONMENT

LET us bring the application still nearer home.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit, or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation, and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child,—I shall speak of the abnormal later,—be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding them well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving them all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all their life all of these traits. Naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits; but, in the main, with the normal child, you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently, guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty fac-

tory or an unwholesome school-room or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces; cram his little brains with so-called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it, it must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life, and then set fire to them by wrong environment.

THE ABNORMAL

BUT, some one asks, What will you do with those who are abnormal? First, I must repeat that the end will not be reached at a bound. It will take years, centuries, perhaps, to erect on this great foundation we now have in America the structure which I believe is to be built. So we must begin to-day in our own commonwealth, in our own city or town, in our own family, with ourselves. Here appears a child plainly not normal, what shall we do with him? Shall we, as some have advocated, even from Spartan days, hold that the weaklings should be destroyed? No. In cultivating plant life, while we destroy much that is unfit, we are constantly on the lookout for what has been called the abnormal, that which springs apart in new lines. How many plants are there in the world to-day that were not in one sense once abnormalities? No; it is the influence of cultivation, of selection, of surroundings, of environment, that makes the change from the abnormal to the normal. From the children we are led to call abnormal may come, under wise cultivation and training, splendid normal natures. A great force is sometimes needed to change the aspect of minerals and metals. Powerful acids, great heat, electricity, mechanical force, or some such influence, must be brought to bear upon them. Less potent influences will work a complete change in plant-life. Mild heat, sunshine, the atmos-

phere, and greatly diluted chemicals, will all directly affect the growth of the plant and the production of fruits and flowers. And when we come to animal life, especially in man, we find that the force or influence necessary to affect a transformation is extremely slight. This is why environment plays such an important part in the development of man.

In child-rearing, environment is equally essential with heredity. Mind you, I do not say that heredity is of no consequence. It is the great factor, and often makes environment almost powerless. When certain hereditary tendencies are almost indelibly ingrained, environment will have a hard battle to effect a change in the child; but that a change can be wrought by the surroundings we all know. The particular subject may at first be stubborn against these influences, but repeated application of the same modifying forces in succeeding generations will at last accomplish the desired object.

No one shall say what great results for the good of the race may not be attained in the cultivation of abnormal children, transforming them into normal ones.

THE PHYSICALLY WEAK

So also of the physically weak. I have a plant in which I see wonderful possibilities, but it is weak. Simply because it is weak do I become discouraged and say it can never be made strong, that it would better be destroyed? Not at all; it may possess other qualities of superlative value. Even if it never becomes as robust as its fellows, it may have a tremendous influence. Because a child is a weakling, should it be put out of the way? Such a principle is monstrous. Look over the long line of the great men of the world, those who have changed history and made history, those who have helped the race upward,—poets, painters, statesmen, scientists, leaders of thought in every department,—and you will find that many of them have been physically weak. No, the theory of the ancients that the good of the state demanded the elimination of the physically weak was, perhaps, unwise. What we should do is to strengthen the weak, cultivate them as we cultivate plants, build them up, make

them the very best they are capable of becoming.

THE MENTALLY DEFECTIVE

BUT with those who are mentally defective—ah, here is the hardest question of all!—what shall be done with them? Apparently fatally deficient, can they ever be other than a burden? In the case of plants in which all tendencies are absolutely vicious there is only one course—they must be destroyed. In the case of human beings in whom the light of reason does not burn, those who, apparently, can never be other than a burden, shall they be eliminated from the race? Go to the mother of an imbecile child and get your answer. No; here the analogy must cease. I shall not say that in the ideal state general citizenship would not gain by the absence of such classes, but where is the man who would deal with such Spartan rigor with the race? Besides all this, in the light of the great progress now being made in medical and surgical skill, who shall say what now apparently impossible cures may not be effected?

But it is as clear as sunlight that here, as in the case of plants, constant cultivation and selection will do away with all this, so that in the grander race of the future these defectives will have become eliminated. For these helpless unfortunates, as with those who are merely unfortunate from environment, I should enlist the best and broadest state aid.

MARRIAGE OF THE PHYSICALLY UNFIT

BUT right here let me lay emphasis upon a related point. It would, if possible, be best absolutely to prohibit in every State in the Union the marriage of the physically unfit. If we take a plant which we recognize as poisonous and cross it with another which is not poisonous and thus make the wholesome plant evil, so that it menaces all who come in contact with it, this is criminal enough. But suppose we blend together two poisonous plants and make a third even more virulent, a vegetable degenerate, and set their evil descendants adrift to multiply over the earth, are we not distinct foes to the race? What, then, shall we say of two people of absolutely

defined physical impairment who are allowed to marry and rear children? It is a crime against the state and every individual in the state. And if these physically degenerate are also morally degenerate, the crime becomes all the more appalling.

COUSINS

WHILE it seems clear now in the light of recent studies that the children of first cousins who have been reared under different environmental influences and who have remained separated from birth until married are not likely to be impaired mentally or physically, though the second generation will be more than likely to show retrogression, yet first cousin marriages when they have been reared under similar environment should, no doubt, be prohibited. The history of some of the royal families of Europe, where intermarrying, with its fatal results, has so long prevailed, should be sufficient.

TEN GENERATIONS

BUT let us take a still closer view of the subject. Suppose it were possible to select say, a dozen normal families, the result of some one of the many blendings of these native and foreign stocks, and let them live by themselves, so far as the application of the principles I have been speaking of are concerned, though not by any means removed from the general influences of the state. Let them have, if you will, ideal conditions for working out these principles, and let them be solemnly bound to the development of these principles—what can be done?

In plant cultivation, under normal conditions, from six to ten generations are generally sufficient to fix the descendants of the parent plants in their new ways. Sufficient time in all cases must elapse so that the descendants will not revert to some former condition of inefficiency. When once stability is secured, usually, as indicated, in from six to ten generations, the plant may then be counted upon to go forward in its new life as though the old lives of its ancestors had never been. This, among plants, will be by the end of from five to ten generations, varying according to the plant's character

—its pliability or stubbornness. I do not say that lack of care and nourishment thereafter will not have a demoralizing influence, for no power can prevent a plant from becoming again part wild if left to itself through many generations, but even here it will probably become wild along the lines of its new life, not by any means necessarily along ancestral lines.

If, then, we could have these twelve families under ideal conditions where these principles could be carried out unswervingly, we could accomplish more for the race in ten generations than can now be accomplished in a hundred thousand years. Ten generations of human life should be ample to fix any desired attribute. This is absolutely clear. There is neither theory nor speculation. Given the fact that the most sensitive material in all the world upon which to work is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, and the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of the plant. There will be this difference, however, that it will be immeasurably easier to produce and fix any desired traits in the child than in the plant, though, of course, a plant may be said to be a harp with a few strings as compared with a child.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

BUT some one says, You fail to take into account the personal element, the sovereign will of the human being, its power of determining for itself.

By no means; I give full weight to this. But the most stubborn and wilful nature in the world is not that of a child. I have dealt with millions of plants, have worked with them for many years, have studied them with the deepest interest from all sides of their lives. The most stubborn living thing in this world, the most difficult to swerve, is a plant once fixed in certain habits—habits which have been intensified and have been growing stronger and stronger upon it by repetition through thousands and thousands of years. Remember that this plant has preserved its individuality all through the ages; perhaps it is one which can be traced backward through

eons of time in the very rocks themselves, never having varied to any great extent in all these vast periods. Do you suppose, after all these ages of repetition, the plant does not become possessed of a will, if you so choose to call it, of unparalleled tenacity? Indeed, there are plants, like certain of the palms, so persistent that no human power has yet been able to change them. The human will is a weak thing beside the will of a plant. But see how this whole plant's lifelong stubbornness is broken simply by blending a new life with it, making, by crossing, a complete and powerful change in its life. Then when the break comes, fix it by these generations of patient supervision and selection, and the new plant sets out upon its new way never again to return to the old, its tenacious will broken and changed at last.

When it comes to so sensitive and pliable a thing as the nature of a child, the problem becomes vastly easier.

HEREDITY—PREDESTINATION—TRAINING

THERE is no such thing in the world, there never has been such a thing, as a predestined child—predestined for heaven or hell. Men have taught such things in the past, there may be now those who account for certain manifestations on this belief, just as there may be those who in the presence of some hopelessly vicious man hold to the view, whether they express it or not, of total depravity. But even total depravity never existed in a human being, never can exist in one any more than it can exist in a plant. Heredity means much, but what is heredity? Not some hideous ancestral specter forever crossing the path of a human being. Heredity is simply the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life forces. There is no doubt that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change. Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian. Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality, integrity, and love, and the chances are that he will not grow into a criminal, but into an upright man. I do

not say, of course, that heredity will not sometimes assert itself. When the criminal instinct crops out in a person, it might appear as if environment were leveled to the ground; but in succeeding generations the effect of constant higher environment will not fail to become fixed.

Apply to the descendants of these twelve families throughout three hundred years the principles I have set forth, and the reformation and regeneration of the world, their particular world, will have been effected. Apply these principles now, to-day, not waiting for the end of these three hundred years, not waiting, indeed, for any millennium to come, but *make* the millennium, and see what splendid results will follow. Not the ample results of the larger period, to be sure, for with the human life, as with the plant life, it requires these several generations to fix new characteristics or to intensify old ones. But narrow it still more, apply these principles to a single family,—indeed, still closer, to a single child, your child it may be,—and see what the results will be.

But remember that just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. If it be worth while to spend ten years upon the ennoblement of a plant, be it fruit, tree, or flower, is it not worth while to spend ten years upon a child in this precious formative period, fitting it for the place it is to occupy in the world? Is not a child's life vastly more precious than the life of a plant? Under the old order of things plants kept on in their course largely uninfluenced in any new direction. The plant-breeder changes their lives to make them better than they ever were before. Here in America, in the midst of this vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influence of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food. We may give them music and laughter. We may teach them as we teach the plants to be sturdy and self-reliant. We may be

honest with them, as we are obliged to be honest with plants. We may break up this cruel educational articulation which connects the child in the kindergarten with the graduate of the university while there goes on from year to year an uninterrupted system of cramming, an uninterrupted mental strain upon the child, until the integrity of its nervous system may be destroyed and its life impaired.

I may only refer to that mysterious prenatal period, and say that even here we should begin our work, throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful, and ennobling influence; for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate. The fittest has not yet arrived. In the process of elimination the weaker must fail, but the battle has changed its base from brute force to mental integrity. We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he who can say man will not develop

new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in most of the higher institutions of learning throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future ages will prove a somewhat different order of being from that of the present. He may look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality or genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the weeding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.



THE SERVICE-TREE

(TO JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL)

BY JOHN FINLEY

THERE 's an old Icelandic rune,
Chanted to a mournful tune,
Of the service-tree, that grows
O'er the sepulchers of those
Who for others' sins have died,—
Others' hatred, greed, or pride,—
Living monuments that stand,
Planted of no human hand.

So from her fresh-flowered grave—
Hers who all her being gave
Other lives to beautify,
Other ways to purify—
There shall spring a spirit-tree,
In her loving memory,
Till its top shall reach the skies,
Telling of her sacrifice.



THE GARDEN

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I KNOW a garden, sweet and beautiful,
Where tall flowers grow, as fragrant all as those
Which make the longed-for country wonderful—
The lily and the rose
And smaller blossoms of forgotten naming
That kindle its dim corners into flaming
Or welcome the tired eyesight to repose.

Beyond, the noisy city keeps her march
With fevered step, with shoutings and with cries;
Her iron streets beneath the hot sun parch;
She glares at glaring skies.
Within these charmed high walls a hidden fountain
Whispers lost memories of moor and mountain,
Singing to heavy hearts low lullabies.

The weary city girdles it with stone
And breathes her sodden breath about the walls—
The city seeks to slay it there alone!
Peace still upon it falls.
For the soft breeze that stirs its heavy roses
Comes laden with the scent of country posies
And in its rustling all the country calls.

Imprisoned! Are you in me or without,
Strange garden, all unknown to alien sight?
The cruel city presses all about,
But, flushed with fairy light,
Your moving branches by far winds set blowing,
And mystic flowers in your borders growing,
I know you mine by right.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA

IN Mr. Charles Francis Adams's vivid recountal in this number of *THE CENTURY* of impressions recently received during an African sojourn, and in his frank record of deductions from those impressions, the distinguished publicist seems to be "thinking aloud" with the definite intention of inviting public discussion of grave questions as to race and government.

Mr. Adams speaks of the necessity of the ethnological point of view in the consideration of these questions. In this connection it is both curious and important to note by way of contrast the results of the studies of the ethnologist Prof. Franz Boas, especially in his paper on "What the Negro Has Done in Africa," published in "The Ethical Record" of March, 1904. From a general review of the subject he comes to remarkably optimistic conclusions. He says that all over the African continent the negro is either a tiller of the soil or the owner of large herds, only the Bushmen and a few of the dwarf tribes of Central Africa being hunters. "Owing to the high development of agriculture, the density of population is much greater than that of primitive America, and consequently the economic conditions of life are more stable. . . . At a time," he remarks, "when our own ancestors still utilized stone implements, or at best, when bronze weapons were first introduced, the negro had developed the art of smelting iron; and it seems likely that their race has contributed more than any other to the early development of the iron industry." He refers to the beautiful, inlaid iron weapons of Central Africa and the perfection to which the art of wood-carving, by means of iron implements, has been brought by the African. He adds:

"It may safely be said that the primitive negro community—with its fields that are tilled with iron and wooden implements, with its domestic animals, with its smithies, with its expert wood-carvers—is a model of thrift and industry, and compares favorably with the conditions of life among our own ancestors."

Prof. Boas makes special mention of the legal trend of mind among the natives, declaring that "no other race on a similar level of culture has developed as strict methods of legal procedure as the negro has." "Local trade," he says, furthermore, "is highly developed in all parts of Africa." The power of organization manifested in negro communities in Africa is declared to be quite striking:

"Travelers who have visited Central Africa tell of extended kingdoms, ruled by monarchs, whose power, however, is restricted by a number of advisers. The constitution of all such states is, of course, based on the general characteristics of the social organization of the negro tribes, which, however, has become exceedingly complex with the extension of the domain of a single tribe over neighboring peoples.

"The Lunda Empire, for instance, is a feudal state governed by a monarch. It includes a number of subordinate states, the chiefs of which are independent in all internal affairs, but who pay tribute to the emperor. The chiefs of the more distant parts of the country send caravans carrying tribute once a year, while those near by have to pay more frequently. The tribute depends upon the character of the produce of the country. It consists of ivory, salt, copper, slaves, and even, to a certain extent, of European manufactures. In case of war the subordinate chiefs have to send contingents to the army of the emperor."

A female dignitary, considered the mother of the emperor, has an important part in the government. The emperor is elected by the four highest counselors of

the state, and his election must be confirmed by the female dignitary; her election taking place in the same way, and being confirmed by the emperor. The office of counselors of the state is hereditary. Besides this, there is a nobility. This Lunda empire is known to have existed, though probably in changing extent and importance, for over three hundred years. In 1880 the state is said to have been about as large as the Middle Atlantic States.

The anthropologist from whom we quote states that in all the regions in Africa where the whites have come in contact with the negro, his own industries have disappeared or have been degraded, a phenomenon "not by any means confined to the negro race," owing to the substitution of machine-made European goods for the more attractive native products, the manufacture of which takes a great deal of time and energy.

The number of strong African kings met by explorers Prof. Boas regards as very significant, and "the best proof that among the negro race men of genius and indomitable will power exist," and he closes his essay with the following language:

"These brief data seem sufficient to indicate that in the Soudan the true negro, the ancestor of our slave population, has achieved the very advances which the critics of the negro would make us believe he cannot attain. He has a highly developed agriculture, and the industries connected with his daily life are complex and artistic. His power of organization has been such that for centuries large empires have existed which have proved their stability in wars with their neighbors, and which have left their records in the chronicles.

"The achievements of the negro in Africa, therefore, justify us in maintaining that the race is capable of social and political achievements; that it will produce here, as it has done in Africa, its great men; and that it will contribute its part to the welfare of the community."

In a subsequent number of *THE CENTURY* will be printed a paper on the negro in our Southern States by a well-known Southern author, in which the writer takes an extremely hopeful view of the situation in this country.

Whether one denies or agrees with the conclusions of Mr. Adams, the necessity is apparent of special effort on the part of the American people for the uplifting of a race so lately in a state of slavery. If one should admit his conclusions, perhaps the necessity would become all the more apparent. Surely the work being done by the Southern communities themselves, and by such institutions as those at Hampton and Tuskegee, cannot be overestimated. It is demonstrable that the graduates of these institutions rapidly increase the number of self-respecting and useful members of our body politic, and statistics show that the amount of property held by a population not long ago themselves property, and legally incapable of ownership, is augmenting at an enormous rate.

SAVING NIAGARA

THE question as to whether Niagara should be used solely as a source of mechanical power, or be preserved as a beautiful and wonderful natural feature, has come up in our day for permanent decision. There are some minds that have decided, for themselves, in favor of the former proposition. But they seem, fortunately, to be in a minority both in Canada and in the United States. Niagara is to be preserved both in what have been called its "little lovelinesses" and in its grandeurs. America is "practical"; it has allowed its forest to be dangerously diminished, it has allowed Niagara to be seriously threatened: but American sentiment, when once aroused, is irresistible, and American sentiment has declared in favor of Niagara as Niagara.

But the threat against Niagara is not yet removed. Important work still presses to be done—work of organized education, of organized protection. It is the privilege of every reader of *THE CENTURY* to assist in this work by sending two dollars for annual membership (and more as contributions) to the American Civic Association, North American Building, Philadelphia.

OPEN LETTERS

Mount Vernon in Washington's Time

READERS of Mr. Leupp's paper on "The Old Garden at Mount Vernon" (page 73) will be interested in the sketch map of the grounds at Mount Vernon on the opposite page. It was made in color by Mr. Samuel Vaughan, a merchant of London, who visited General Washington at Mount Vernon in 1787, and is part of a manuscript journal kept by Mr. Vaughan during a journey through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. This journal is now in the possession of a descendant of its author, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan of Boston, who has furnished the CENTURY with a copy of the plan, and the following description of them taken from the journal literally except as to paraphrasing:

"The General's house is 96 feet by 32 upon an eminence, with a piazza next the Potomack of like length 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide and 18 feet high. Between the house & the River is a Lawn about 100 yards broad, from thence Declining to the River about 400 yards on which is a hanging wood, but not seen from the house, from which the River appears to be very near, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile over, but higher and lower much wider, and meanders in different directions. Maryland on the opposite side of the River, is variegated and in high cultivation. On each end of the house there are sections of semi-circular colonnades to outhouses, from whence a street is formed on each side at right angles above 200 feet long in which are sundry houses for domesticks, Tradesmen, Workshops, &c. Before the front of the house (which has a cupola in the center) there are lawns, surrounded with gravel walks 19 feet wide, with trees on each side the larger, for shade, outside the walks trees and shrubberies.

"Parallel to each exterior side a Kitchen Gardens, with a stately hothouse on one side, the exterior side of the garden enclosed with a brick wall. vide a sketch on the other side.—

"The General has near 12,000 acres surrounding this delightful mansion whereon are several Farms, five of which are kept under cultivation, under separate negro overseers, who every saturday-night give an exact account of the Stock the increase, decrease, condition, work done, &c., &c.

"the General breakfasts at 7 then mounts his horse & canters 6 days in the week to every one, a circuit of about 20 miles, in-

specting & giving directions for management at each & returns home at 2 o'Clock.

"In good years he raises 10,000 bushels of wheat a like quantity of corn besides Oats barley rye buckwheat peas potatoes &c., breeds horses Cattle mules & has 700 sheep, plants no tobacco. has an excellent grist mill on a creek supplied by various springs collected in a run of two miles, flower &c. shipped on craft in the creek very near the River, has a fishery & a ferry.

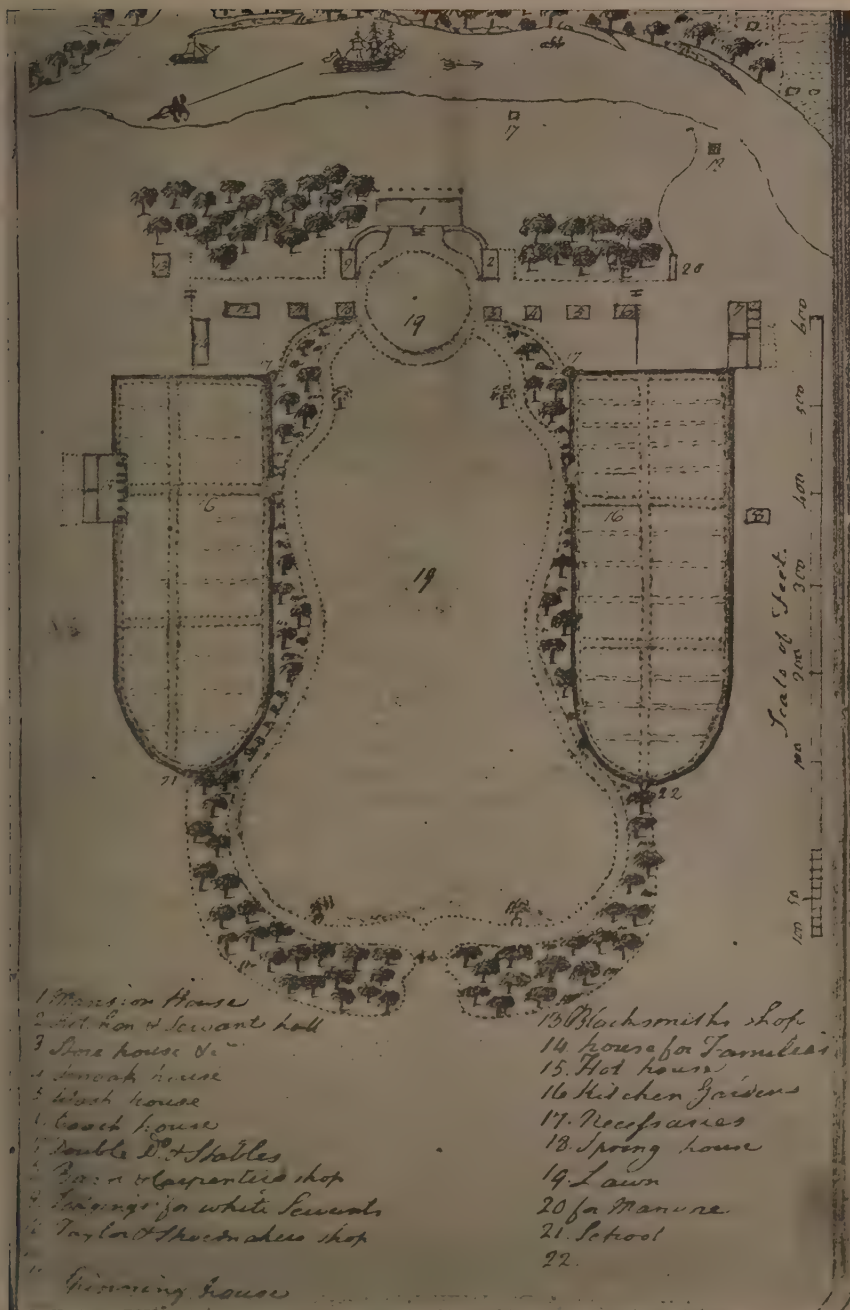
"The General has 200 mouths to feed, makes most part of the woollen cloathing & a considerable quantity of linen made at home. —The General seldom goes out but on public business, always making experiments. The farms neat, kept perfectly clean & in prime order. Keeps an excellent table, & is indisputably the best, if not the only good farmer in the State.

"NB during the General's absence as president to the Convention, the farms are Kept in excellent order by Maj. George Washington, the Gen.s nephew, who with his Lady lives in the house."

Mr. Benjamin Vaughan informs us that "About the time or within a couple of years of the date of this journal, Samuel Vaughan sent to General Washington, as a present, the marble mantle which is now in the dining room, or, as then called, the 'Banquet Hall' at Mount Vernon."

In the "Writings of George Washington" by Sparks (Vol. IX, page 281) there is a letter from Washington to Samuel Vaughan dated Mount Vernon, 12 November, 1787, in which he indicates an error in the plan, as follows:

"The letter without date, with which you were pleased to honor me, accompanied by a plan of this seat, came to my hands by the last post. For both I pray you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks. The plan describes with accuracy the houses, walks, and shrubs, except in the front of the lawn, west of the court-yard. [The bottom of the plan is west.] There the plan differs from the original. In the former you have closed the prospect with trees along the walk to the gate; whereas in the latter the trees terminate with two mounds of earth, one on each side, on which grow weeping willows, leaving an open and full view of the distant woods. The mounds are sixty yards apart. I mention this, because it is the only departure from the original."



From a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge of the original color sketch owned by Benjamin Vaughan

A PLAN OF MOUNT VERNON, MADE IN 1787

Elizabeth of Rumania and the Jews

THIS world is full of contradictions. There is Her Majesty, the German-born-and-bred Queen of Rumania, writing an article on the Rumanian-born Jews, in which they are designated as "foreigners" and in which, incidentally, the country and nation are most cunningly slandered, and here am I, one of these Rumanian-born-and-bred "foreigners," up in arms and coming to the defense of that same country. The contradiction is, of course, intensified by the fact that although a Rumanian for many generations, although schooled in her schools, and raised in her traditions and history, I have been compelled to leave the country when I neared man's estate because that country, the only one I knew, and, God knows, loved with heart and soul, reckoned me a "foreigner" and, as such, deprived me of the chance of earning a livelihood. Perchance Her Majesty has forgotten the insignificant fact of her un-Rumanian birth?

What Carmen Sylva says of the foreigners is true; yet it applies not to the Jews, but to those high in power. The German Royal Household, every member of which draws an enormous "civil list," is surrounded by a numerous bureaucracy, the fat jobs being invariably held by Greeks. The members of His Majesty's cabinet, be the Liberals or the Conservatives or the Junimists in power, are invariably Greek. There are Cantacuzen and Lahovary, and old Lascar Catargi, recently deceased, and Karp and Ferichide and Marghiloman, and all the rest of them, who can count less generations of Rumanian residence than most of the "foreign" Jews. The fact is, that the King, fearful that the native nobility, if allowed to acquire any power, may do to him what was done to Cuza, and reinstate a Rumanian dynasty, has consistently crowded them out and replaced them by foreign upstarts.

The condition of the nation is truly as Carmen Sylva describes. The five million peasants, the nation, live in abject misery, poverty, and ignorance, and are kept there. They do not count; they and the Jews are equally unfortunate, the only difference being that the Jew is considered a "constitutional foreigner," and therefore not affected by the provision that "all Rumanians are equal before the law," while the peasant is conceded to be a Rumanian within the constitution, yet is deprived of all rights of citizenship and all economical opportunities by that law, before which all Rumanians are constitutionally equal.

Rumania has a population of five and a half millions; of these, five millions are peasants, 250,000 are Jews, and 250,000 are the "rulers." The Jews have no political rights

whatever. The five million peasants, forming the third electoral college, elect 30 members to the lower house of the national legislature, or about one twelfth its number, and *none* to the Senate. The 250,000 rulers elect *all* the rest. From these 250,000 are recruited the office-holders, as each full-grown male of them holds office either under the Conservative or the Liberal government, or under both.

Were the treaty of Berlin lived up to, and the Jews given emancipation, they being all literate and city-dwellers, they would, according to the provisions of the electoral law, belong to either the first or the second electoral college, and would therefore either share the privileges of the present privileged class, whose number exactly equals that of the resident Jews, and share its power, or would compel that privileged class to give up its privileges and change the laws so as to give the great mass of people a voice in the running of their public affairs. The cause of the Jew and that of the nation at large is therefore one and the same. The emancipation of the Jews means neither more nor less than the emancipation of the five million Rumanian peasants and producers and the ousting from power of the 250,000 foreign parasites. That is the reason why the emancipation of the Jew is so obstinately opposed as a danger to the nation. If the governing class is the nation, the emancipation of the Jews is a danger to it, and the greatest danger.

Carmen Sylva calls the Rumanian Jews "foreigners" and says that they are incapable of feeling the hardships of the fatherland and fighting its battles; yet, and despite their legal inabilities, they range among the best and highest in the country in all branches of activity where their genius or the public need has made for them an opening.

Carmen Sylva speaks of the lack of money in the country, of its lack of industries. Here again her statements, though exaggerated, are true. But why is it so? For the reason that the same ruling class prohibits "foreigners" to acquire lands in the country, and by means of this and other laws keeps foreign capital from coming in. They prefer to keep the country in poverty and misery and keep their privileges rather than to open the barriers and lose their privileges.

Rumania is a rich country, and is inhabited by a strong, vigorous, intelligent, noble race. It is a beautiful country, and its language is unexcelled in sweetness and harmony. The Jews are faithful and loyal citizens, and have proved it in many fashions and whenever there was an opportunity. The Rumanian is not an antisemite, and the relations between him and his Jews are cordial and friendly. The curse from which Rumania suffers is her laws, which exclude both

the Rumanian and the Jew from all political rights and economical opportunities, and keep the country's natural resources closed and non-productive. Let Rumania emancipate her own peasants, and let her open up her resources to the world, and a general and unprecedented prosperity will be the result, and incidentally the emancipation of the Jew and the fall of the political parasites who now suck up and swallow the nation's substance.

Alexander A. Landesco.

Murillo's "Prodigal Son Feasting"

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 99)

THIS is one of a series of four small sketches, $10\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, carefully finished, as all Murillo's work is, and representing the

Prodigal Son at various stages of his career, according to the parable of the New Testament. They are to be seen in the Murillo Room—the Octagonal—of the Prado Museum at Madrid. They are painted in the artist's best and latest manner. I saw the large finished picture from which this sketch was evidently made at the Spanish Loan Exhibition, held at the Guild-hall, London, in 1901, but it struck me as being heavy, compared with this sketch, the darks in the background, even in the bushes beyond the wall, being as murky as those of the foreground. But this little sketch is gay and clear and brilliant, with gemlike coloring, and has the spontaneity of touch of a work of first hand.

T. Cole.



Ballade of the Social Pariah.

THE art of dining's on the wane,
And fearsome folk sit down with me:
The boor who splits his partner's train
And "talks across" incessantly,
The tardy guest, who ought to be
On bread and water in a garret,
But worst, as housewives will agree,
The diner-out who spills the claret.

One may forgive the untutored swain
(Poor parvenu, sans family-tree)
Who bites asparagus in twain
Or helps himself to *all* the brie,
Forgive that source of idiocy,
The silly-story-telling parrot,
But unforgiven on any plea
The diner-out who spills the claret.

What boots the salt? That blood-red stain,
His horrid deed, he cannot flee.
It marks him like the brand of Cain,
It kills his clever repartee.
His is a darker tragedy
Than any played by Booth or Barrett:
The Furies scourge with hellish glee
The diner-out who spills the claret.

Ewvoi.

Hostess, our hearts are all with thee;
The dread rebuke is thine, yet spare it!
Be merciful, for—I am he,
The diner-out who spills the claret!

Samuel F. Batchelder

The Bat

AIRY mouse, hairy mouse,
Keen-eared, contrary mouse,
Come from your cavern—a star's in the sky!
Fluttering, fluttering,
Eerily chittering,
Swoop on your quarry, the dusk-haunting fly.

Airy mouse, wary mouse,
Witch-bird or fairy-mouse,
Soft through the shadow the dawn-glimmer
steals;
Night's your carousing time,
Day brings your drowsing time;
Hence to your hollow and hang by your heels!

Arthur Guiterman.

Follies and Foibles

VANITY holds the mirror while Self-conceit
tries on a larger hat.

Ambition, not being content in a captive balloon,
cut the cable of Scruples, and was blown to sea.

When Happiness came to town he fell in with
two bunco-steerers, Inconstancy and Fickle-
ness. One took his cash, and the other gave
him in return a gold brick.

Pettiness brought the razor with which Spite
cut off his own nose.

N. H. McGilvary.

The Dutchman's-Breeches

I KNOW a flower of springtime early,
With fragile form and color pearly,
With foliage fine as wood-nymph's tresses;
Its wondrous charm my heart confesses:
But, though its beauty thus bewitches,
The name that sticks is—Dutchman's-
breeches.

And if in shaded nook you find it,
And with your rarest treasures bind it,
Its costume much will move your wonder;
Here is no room for chance or blunder—
You 'll see, while mirth your lip still twitches,
A chubby pair of Dutchman's breeches.

'T is sad to witness Time's mutations,
The changes wrought in many stations;
Old forms and names he often alters,
And yet with some he never palters:
This choicest gem of woodland riches
Is still, alas! the Dutchman's-breeches.

Yet let no captious critic chide thee,
Nor lady fair in scorn deride thee;
By any name we still must love thee,
And place no other bloom above thee.
Nature's most delicate of stitches
Are set in thee, dear Dutchman's-breeches!

Emily S. Barber.

Certainly Not!

WHEN Bennie came to visit us,
He was not homesick, no!
Admitting that he 'd like first-rate
To see his mother, though.

He claimed that he was having fun,
With lots of things to do;
But guessed that he would not decline
To see his father, too.

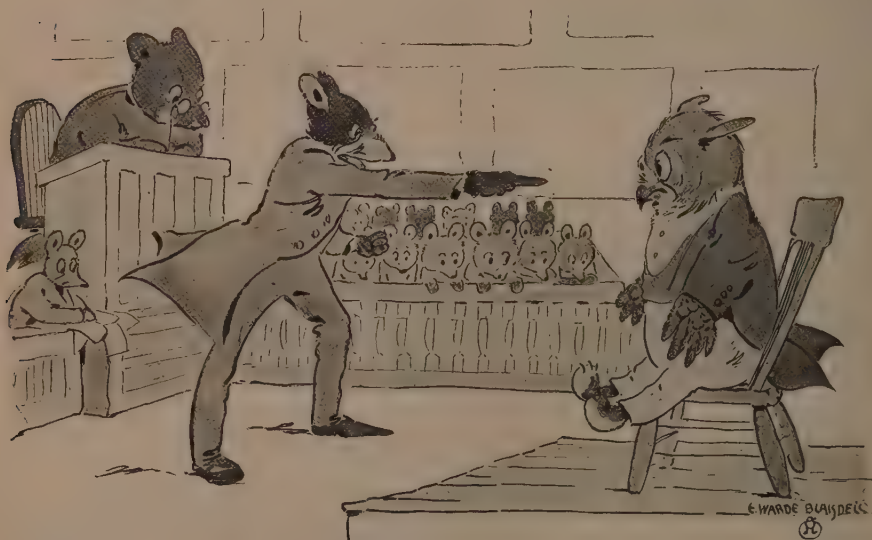
All talk of "homesick" made his lips
In scorn unmeasured curl.
Still, moments came when he 'd be glad
To see the hired girl.

He vowed that he could stay a year,
This funny, funny Ben;
But in the meantime 't would be nice
To see old Sport again.

And when we caught him unaware
And found him winking hard,
He said 't was "nothing"—save he 'd like
To see the house and yard.

And since we could not give all these
(He was not homesick, *no!*),
When he had been with us three days
He thought he 'd better go.

Edwin L. Sabin.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

ON THE WITNESS STAND

BEAR (the lawyer): "We have positive proof that this act was done under cover of darkness, and you swear you saw it!"
OWL (the witness): "Yes, sir, I do!"
BEAR: "You're excused."



MUSIC RACK, SHOWING INLAID CARVING, "OLD ENGLISH" STYLE

The Knabians



the quaint old text "WM. KNABE & CO." has challenged the eyes of the piano players of the world to find any but a good instrument behind that name. The full meaning of the inscription, however, can be learned nowhere but in Baltimore.

Quality, excellence, merit,—the musician reads them all in the firm name; but a visit to the great factories in that charming Southern city transforms these generalities into living facts, into *men* who make good pianos because that is their life-work, their duty, their pride,—their "piano patriotism," to coin a most expressive and understandable phrase.

For in the factories they all are "KNABIANS," man and boy, rank and file, father and son. They all believe they make the best pianos in the world, and they are ready with reasons for their faith. In fact, they are such excellent and con-

HERE is only one place in the world where you can know just what and how much is meant by the old name "KNABE." For sixty-nine years, or since the year 1837,

vincing missionaries that the visitor comes away a true-blue Knabian too.

Let us go in, and get some idea of the genius—the "capacity for taking pains"—that by its hours of labor here "witches the world with noble" harmony outside. Here is where the Knabe piano is taught to sing; let us see something of the process and of the wonder-workers.

Do you know what goes into the construction of a piano? Do you think you would be able to write down a list of all the materials that are enclosed in that exquisitely polished, beautifully proportioned box, from which skilled fingers are able to extract melodies that would ravish the ears of the immortals on Olympus?

But when all of them, and more, have been named, the main essential will not have been touched upon. The great factor upon which all else depends, without which all else is useless, the very soul without which the instrument is but dead matter, has not been named. It is the "human element" that counts.

Perhaps a parallel from literature will most easily suggest what is meant. If we place side by side the works of Shakespeare and those of some commonplace poetaster, we shall find that up to a certain point we may make an inventory of the contents of the two books that shall seem

to show them alike: Each has the same binding, its paper, pages held together by strong cord, its white paper, its black ink, its titles, divisions, paragraphs, words, letters; and were these all we were seeking, the two books might be



THE DAYS OF THE FIRST PIANOS
THIS, AND THE INITIAL CUT FROM KNABE "VERNIS MARTIN" DECORATION



WHERE THE FIRST KNABES
WERE MANUFACTURED

considered identical in value.

In the same way, when a comparison has been instituted between pianos of various makes, we shall find at first a superficial likeness. In general, so long as

we confine ourselves to surface characteristics, we shall find little to make the enormous difference between the piano of supreme excellence and its specious rival. But with every inclusion of higher characteristics we shall find that the gulf between them widens, and at last it will seem that the great piano has as far surpassed its rival as Shakespeare is superior to the petty rhymester.

"But," you may say, "these are mere fine words. Cannot any one put together a hardwood box, stretch wires across an iron frame, tune them, arrange a set of hammers governed by levers to set these strings in vibration, and thereby produce a piano?" Or, if the question is put in not quite so crude a form, will it not be said that there is no essential secret in piano-making, that it is no more difficult for one maker than another to produce a good instrument?

Here, again, we may reply by an illustration: Let us suppose a finished, perfect Knabe piano standing upon a stage in a concert hall. It stands ready to respond with equal readiness to the touch of any ten fingers. Why is it that among the thousands of piano players there are but two or three supreme masters to whom all the world is glad to listen? The same music lies before them all upon the rack; the instrument upon which they play is the same for each; there is apparently

nothing making it impossible for any one of them to produce as good music as any other save—only this one essential factor—the individual genius of the performer.

In the same way the instrument upon which that pianist has performed is a piece of completed work quite as much due to the co-operation of individual skill as is the playing of the masterpiece which has been performed. Every minute portion of the great instrument has been brought into absolute artistic harmony with every other, and a dominant purpose has controlled the bringing together of all the parts until the completed piano is as much a triumph of musical skill as a master symphony is a triumph of its great composer.

There is so close an intimacy among the whole assemblage of strings, of metal, of wood, that a touch upon a single stretched cord brings all the rest to life. Each tone has its echoes, its sympathetic, its trembling answers, and all must sing together in one grand harmony. The searching test of vibration tries the quality of every particle throughout the instrument. So all must be perfect.

To accomplish this no mere mechanical art is adequate; no measure, no gauge, can guide workmen aright to the production of an artistic piano, a piano that is the musician's second self and expresses for him all his nature can express in music. There must be the "men behind the piano"—the human souls that *care*.



THE KNABE FACTORIES OF TO-DAY

Let us become acquainted with these men. First we shall meet in their studio an artist and an enthusiast, a master-worker and a man of science, and as we hear the eager voices and see the brightening eyes, we learn that the problems and theories of pianos and their action, the principles and the arts of music-making are here thought out and brought to the test of experiments. The *reason why* is sought and found. If one appliance is better than another, if a new adjustment, a new invention is needed, here will meet the "general staff" to discuss and to devise changes and novelties. But good ideas, hints, suggestions, may come from anywhere—from the new apprentice, the outside inventor, from a customer, from Mr. Who-Knows-Who; and so the latch-string always hangs outside the "theory room" and every worthy notion receives a hearty "come in!"

If an invention be good and available, it will find a welcome here—whatever its source.

Then on leaving this department, we begin at once to deal with practicalities. We are reminded at every step that a piano is meant to lead a strenuous life—a life hardly less trying than that of a boy's jack-knife. While it is to have its pianissimo and its *lento*, it must also be ready for service when the excited performer demands fortissimo and *accelerando*, and hurl himself recklessly upon the keyboard.

For violence there must be strength; for delicacy, sensitiveness. These contrasting needs spell one thing—quality.

When we are shown the stock, that is the the word we shall hear—the best *quality*. Wood, metal, ivory, felt, leather, all are exhibited to us with pride. The man in charge explains the good points as if he were a proud young mother with her first infant. "It is the *best*," he declares over and over again, as he makes us test the felt, bend the wood, examine the ivory through a magnifier. Now and then in passing we see the experts trying a suspected

piece, ruthlessly condemning the flawed or imperfect to the trash-box.

The harmony between the various coöperating parts of the piano it is hardly too much to compare



THE KNABE BEETHOVEN GRAND

to the harmony in the life of good men and women. Every tiniest portion must ring true; there must be the command of controlled force; the power of united action; the delicacy of responsiveness to the slightest impulse,—a compromise that unites the strength of the oak to the sympathy of the gossamer thread. No vibration must be too light for record, none too strong to be easily compassed.

And that this should be accomplished, there is but one way. From the beginning, when the eye of the workman shall choose the block from the forest tree, to the end, when the master's artist finger shall measure the play of the key to the thousandth of an inch, every step in the creation of this masterpiece of musical art must be answerable to the instincts

KNABE GRAND, DECORATED IN "OLD ENGLISH" STYLE.
FOR DETAILS SEE HEADPIECE AND TAILPIECE OF THE ARTICLE

of a human soul. There must be no guess-work. Each tiniest fibre of wood must be directed into its place so that its resisting power shall be exactly aligned and adjusted to the work it is to perform. Every lever must play within its right limits to the thousandth part of an inch. Every bit of material, be it felt, cloth, leather or wood, must have been sought to the ends of the earth, if necessary, in order that it shall be the best of its kind.

"What goes into the Knabe must be perfect" is the explanation, as a slightly warped or twisted specimen is rejected.

And while each lever, pivot and check must answer to such inspectors, the same rigid insistence upon rightness is found everywhere—from the brawny fellows who construct the case so strongly that (as one told us) "You might almost throw it out of a five-story window without hurting it!" to the men whose delicacy of touch appreciates thousandths of an inch; the whole army of Knabians are ever upon their guard lest some defect escape them to be detected by the inspectors, and to bring shame upon their pride of workmanship.

They have naught but contempt for those who "make a price, and then a piano to fit the price." Their principle is precisely the opposite—they make a *piano*, and then fit the price justly to the instrument.

Gradually, from the days of the founder, William Knabe I, to that of the Knabes of to-day, his grandsons, there have been developed men whose skill in their own line is simply unrivaled. It is not for us to know by what slow steps of practice, of theory, of heredity, these men have attained a power which to us is inexplicable; but it is undoubted that there are certain men who can read the character of materials as others read the faces of their fellow men. They can with invariable touch decide what should be retained and what rejected; they can choose and adjust a piece of

wood to take its place in the pianoforte-choir as heaven-born teachers can train a child in the way he should go.

Above all these, the men of theory, the men of instinct, the men of experience, and their subordinates, there is, as in the army, the need of coördinating generalship. All these energies must be confined within one field and directed to one object. Thus only can the completed product be attained.

And quite as important as the limiting of these activities is their inspiring and their liberating. The born head of a great manufactory is one who encourages as well as restrains; who welcomes originality and directs it, at the same time that he represses useless innovations, or applies a curb to the too-eager.

It is by this creed that the makers of the Knabe piano have been guided from the beginning. As one of their workmen put it, "The Knabes are broad gauge manufacturers."

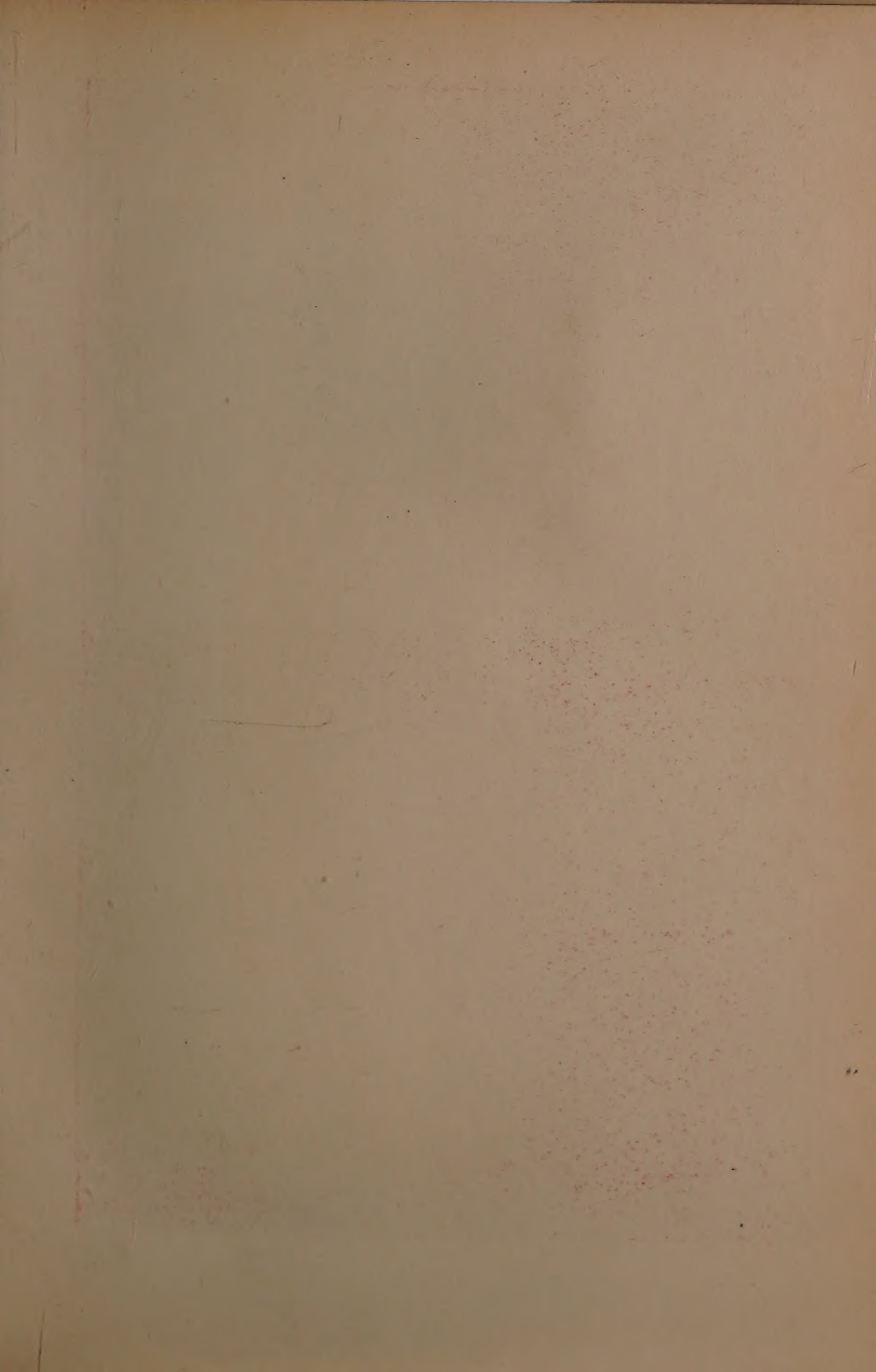
Such is the result achieved, and such is the meaning of the name "Knabe" on the front of your piano.

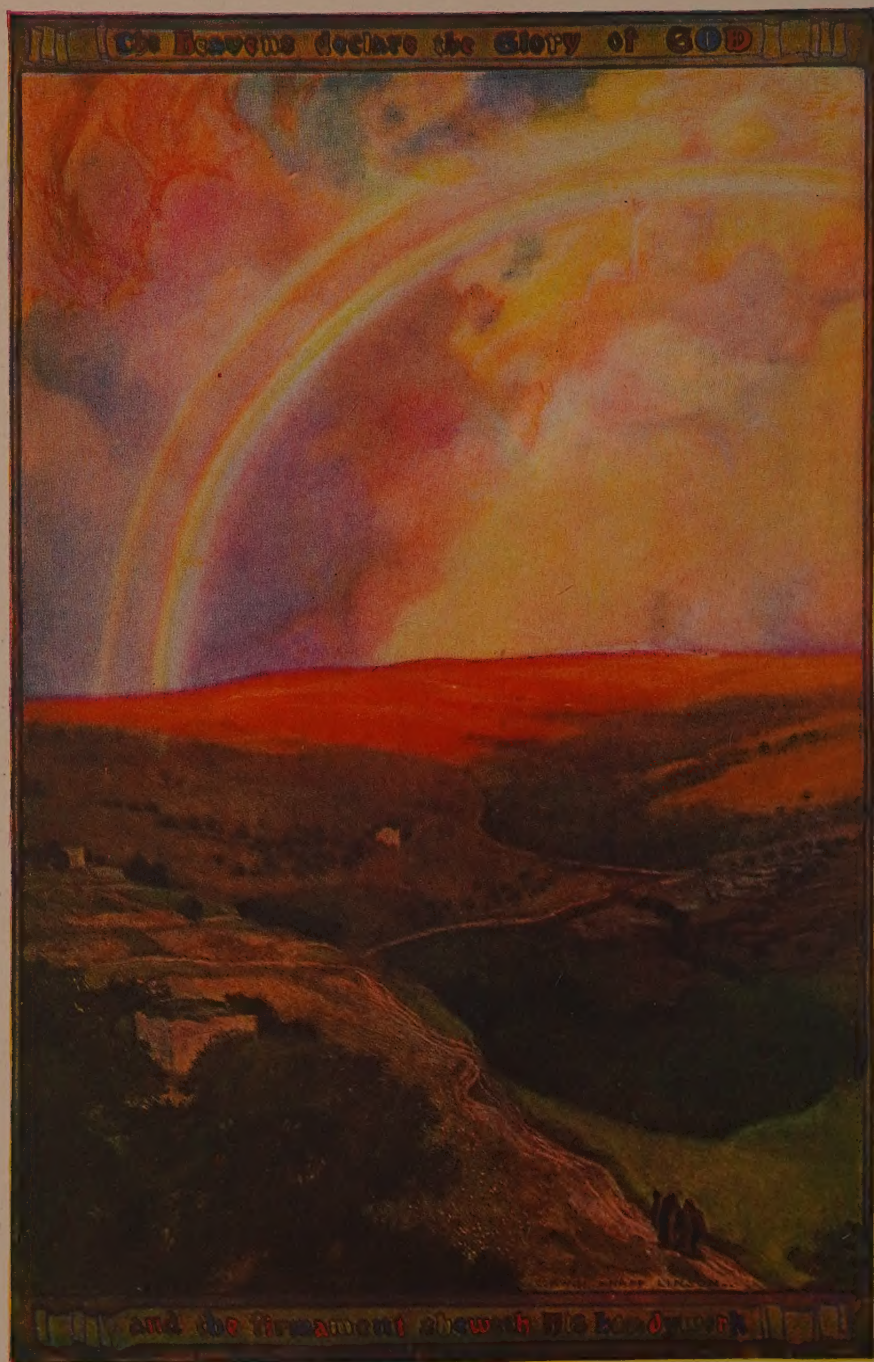
It spells the career of a family to whom the making of artistic pianos is a cherished tradition; it recalls the history of an enterprise that began in a tiny cottage and has grown to gigantic proportions; it speaks of steady progress to the forefront of the calling; it is the rallying cry of thousands of workers who look for more success than money-earnings can represent; it is one of the names that denote supreme excellence in manufacture.

From the earliest choosing of raw materials to the last smoothing of the varnished surface, every employee strives to do his part toward insuring a satisfactory result under the crucial trials of the five inspectors who must pass every Knabe piano, and even under the final testing caress of the head of the house, so that the last authority shall say, "It is a piano worthy to bear our name: It is a—KNABE."



The Knabes will gladly send you their two finely illustrated catalogues (L) that show their pianos and fully describe them. Address, William Knabe & Company, Baltimore, Maryland





Color drawing by Corwin Knapp Linson

A SUNSET RAINBOW NEAR JERUSALEM